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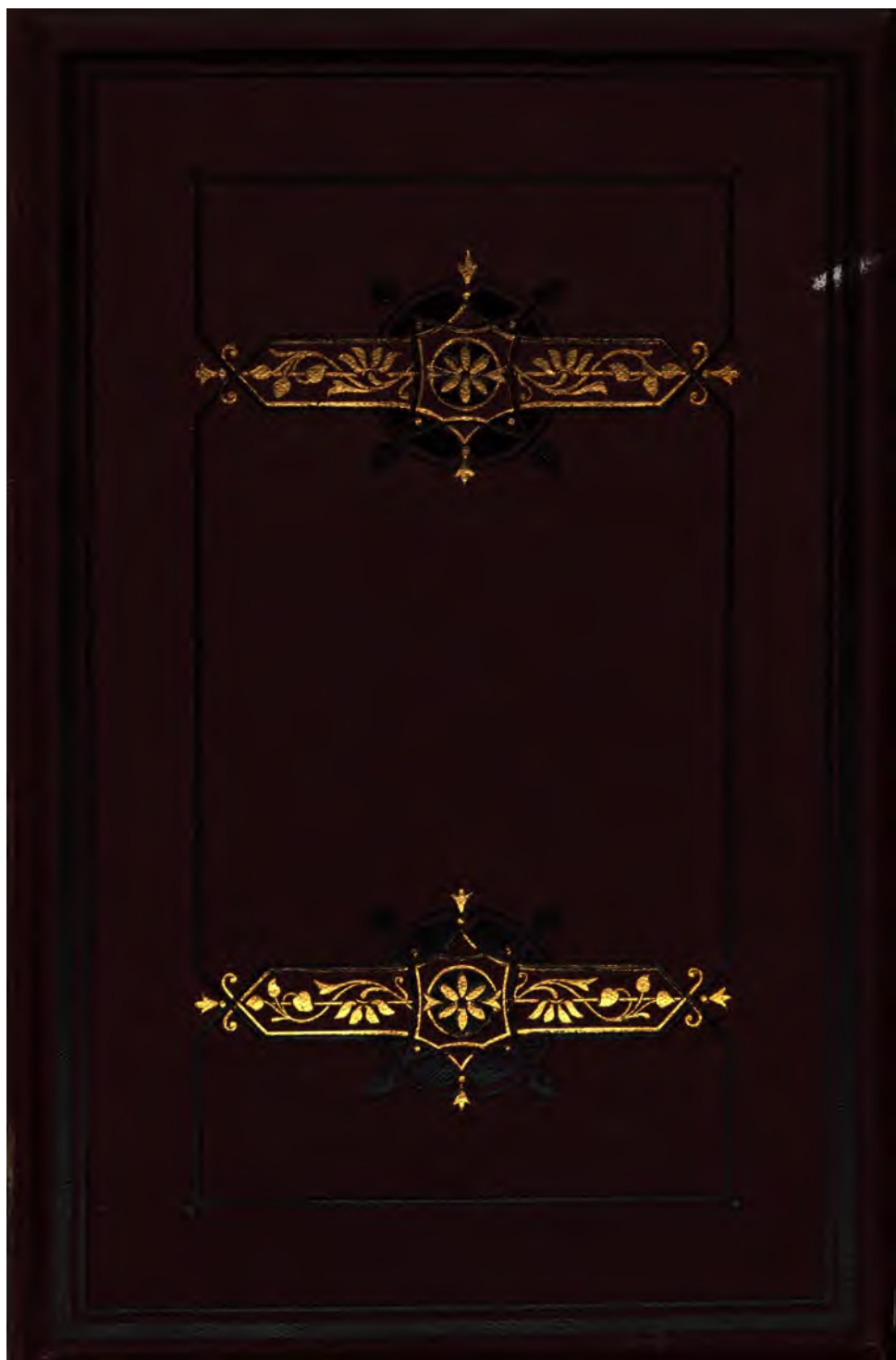
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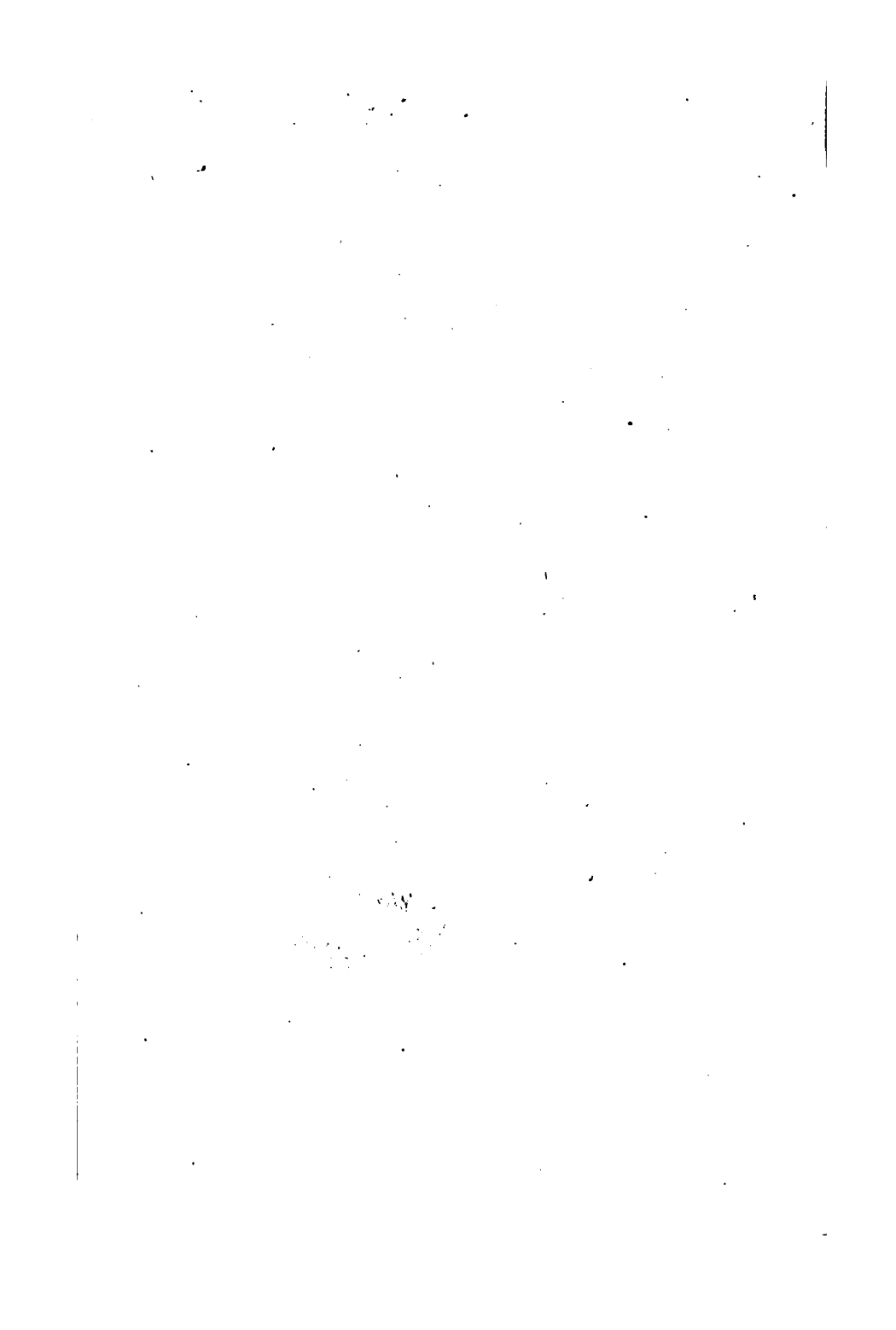




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# LEBANON LEAVES:

METRICAL SOLILOQUIES

ON PASSAGES OF HOLY SCRIPTURE

FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

BY

EBENEZER PALMER,

*Author of "Tendrils, in Verse."*

"I will meditate also of all Thy work, and all of Thy doings."  
PSALM lxxvii. 12.

SECOND EDITION

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BUTLER & TANNER,  
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TO MY OWN BELOVED S—,

THE COMPANION OF MY PILGRIMAGE,

THE MOTHER OF MY CHILDREN,

THE LIGHT OF MY DWELLING,

*This Little Volume,*

IN TESTIMONY OF TWENTY-THREE YEARS

(NOW THIRTY-SIX YEARS)

CONJUGAL UNION, UNSHADOWED

BY AN ANGRY WORD,

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

HER HUSBAND.



"BUT some may say that he who thus exhorts  
Should perhaps exhort himself! Most true, my friend;  
The writer bows in full acknowledgment.—  
What hath he done for Jesus? less than nought!  
But he would work for Christ, would serve the Lord,  
For Jesus Christ is precious to his soul!  
*This volume is his offering, worthless else!*  
Oh, that the Lord, accepting what is nought,  
Would bless the effort, by such feeble means  
Calling some souls to seek and find and love!"

*Lebanon Leaves. September 1st.*

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

---

LIKE the Author's previous volume, many of the "LEAVES" in this were written for and published in the poetical department of a religious magazine with which, for a period of seventeen years, he held editorial connection.

It was his design to write one for each day in the year, and should this volume meet with a favourable reception, that design may perhaps be carried out in a future edition.

It is not presumed that the reader will assent to every thought embodied in these "LEAVES." They are offered in all humility, but in all confidence, that nothing contained in the volume is derogatory to the glory or contrary to the revealed word of God.

That the Lord may accompany it with His blessing is the Author's most earnest prayer.

*Nov. 15, 1866.*

## ADVERTISEMENT TO SECOND EDITION.

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IN this second edition the Author fulfils his intention of supplying one of these Metrical Soliloquies for each day in the year. The first edition was issued anonymously, and had chiefly a private circulation.

The Author is grateful for the measure of approbation given, and submits the complete work, only remarking that having been written during the engagements of business, and very generally when walking thereto from where he dwelt, the volume is scarcely open to criticism.

If it should yield comfort or encouragement to any during the cares of this life's pilgrimage, the Author will be abundantly rewarded. May our Heavenly Father be graciously pleased to accept it and to bless it to this end.

THE PRIORY, LOWER CLAPTON,  
Nov. 15, 1879.

## INVOCATION.

---

My God ! my Father !

Who hast to me, the most unworthy, given  
To know Thy love, to realize Thy grace,  
To read my title to the inheritance  
Of glory and of heaven, grant one gift more !  
Let this poor offering, offered tremblingly,  
Offered on the one altar which alone  
Can sanctify the gift, be owned and blessed !  
Oh, let some sinner find the Saviour here !  
Some Gallic, full of knowledge, but with heart  
Steeled in indifference, as long was mine,  
Oh, let him here be melted into love !  
The troubled, may they find encouragement !  
The oppressed, the sorrowing, the bereaved, the poor,  
May they discern that brightness still succeeds  
The darkest cloud, and that cares sanctified  
Are heaven's peculiar blessings, only given  
To heaven's predestinate inheritors !

My God ! my Saviour !

The world's anxieties engrossed too much  
My earlier years ; battling with trouble,  
Battling successfully, for Thou didst aid !  
O Thou, who chose for me my path in life,  
So different from what in youth I coveted !  
O Thou, who in the dreary wilderness  
Spake comfortable words, and brought me thence,  
Leaning alone on Thee ! now that hoar hairs  
And some repose are mine, give me to shew  
My thankfulness, my love, in something done  
For Thee and for Thy glory !

My God ! my Guide !

Thou other Comforter, by Jesus given !  
Who dost awaken, teach, and discipline  
The several members of the Church of Christ,  
The Zion of the Holy One, by means  
Only commensurate because Thy power  
Works in them, by them ; oh, let Thy smile  
Make this a blessing, blessing me herein !

## PROEM.

---

THESE humble thoughts were penned,  
These leaflets were promiscuously plucked,  
While busied with the engrossing world's demands,  
From the broad field of Scripture ; blooming where,  
In lofty, ever-living fragrance, waves  
The tree of life its branches, scattering wide  
Green leaves of joy and hope and condolence,  
For all who seek its wealth ! Often here,  
In the soul's winter time, when earth's trees stand  
In frowning barrenness, the Christian finds,  
Fresh as at spring-time, and of rare perfume,  
Leaves with inscriptions yielding blissfulness,  
By which invigored, he his course resumes,  
With all affections heavenward ! And repaid  
Amplly will be the visitant who turns,  
In the world's sunshine, hither thoughtfully !  
The sacred leaves in soft persuasiveness,  
Telling of Jesus and His deeds of love,  
Picturing the brightness of the brighter world,  
And whispering words of caution in his ear,  
Will teach him to avoid the numerous snares  
Set in the pathway of this pilgrimage,  
And lead right on in the one only way  
Which openeth into life !

To habituate

A wandering mind, much wedded to the world,  
To muse thus profitably, a task was given,  
Given by myself, and the result is seen,  
In what is now before thee

# LEBANON LEAVES.

---

January I.

"Behold, I make all things new." Rev. xxi. 5.

"TWAS a glad morning when the new-born world  
Upsprang from chaos, fresh in all the pride  
And loveliness of youth: brief loveliness  
Which the sad inrush of forbidden deeds  
Soon breathed upon and blighted, making that  
Which God had callèd good now worse than bad.  
"Twas a glad morn when from the gopher ark  
Stepped Noah on the velvet green which then  
Carpeted the new world, and heard the songs  
Of the freed skybirds, overjoyed once more  
To bask amid the sunshine. But alas!  
Unwarned by judgments, unallured by love,  
Man's heart, inclined to evil, sinneth still,  
And the world sits in widowhood!

Yet once more  
Shall a glad morning break, for God hath spoke,  
God, earth's Creator and Restorer, speaks: "Behold,  
I will make all things new!" Sovereign Lord!  
How Thou wilt purify and how restore,  
Becomes not me to ask; one thing I pray,  
Lord! wilt Thou give it as a new year's boon!  
Create in me, fit tenant for Thy new  
And lovely world, create in me, my Lord,  
A new obedient heart, that when shall rise,  
In all their splendour, the new earth and heaven,  
I, not ashamed, amongst Thy ransomed ones  
May find my home there!

B

## January 2.

"O God, Thou art my God." Ps. lxxiii. 1.

## THE interview

My friend Eugenio thus described to me :—  
 He led me to a terrace, whence the eye  
 Drank in a boundless prospect, hills and dales,  
 Meadows and cornfields. "Seest thou," he said,  
 "Yon distant farm, just where the river bends?  
 Well, that is mine. And this way, dost thou see  
 A small white cottage? That is likewise mine;  
 Each bounds my estate; the intervening lands  
 Are all my own; and I must fain confess  
 I think that few own better." Eugenio smiled;  
 "Seest thou," he said, "yon village? Dwelling there  
 In a thatched hovel, lives a widow, poor indeed  
 In this world's wealth; a barley crust sometimes,  
 With water, all her meal; yet she can boast  
 Richer possessions." "Why, what can she say?"  
 "Sir, she can say, 'I'm rich, for Christ is mine!'  
 I think her wealth superior!"

This was Eugenio's tale, and often since  
 I've thought about the widow and her wealth;  
 And when I see some rich and titled ones  
 Roll by in their proud stateliness, I think  
 How very poor are they, compared to her  
 Who dwelt in the thatched cottage; and my prayer,  
 Reckless of gold and lands and palaces,  
 Asks but the widow's wealth: May Christ be mine!

## January 3.

"And God saw the light, that it was good." GEN. i. 4.

OFt seeks my soul the mercy throne of heaven,  
 Desiring knowledge of myself, of God,  
 Of heaven, and of salvation's mysteries.  
 Fain would I fathom the profoundest deep,  
 Attain the height, and tread the furthest verge

Of the strange wonders in redemption's scheme.  
 Fain would I read the seven-sealed scripture book,  
 Its symbols, types, and metaphors all known.  
 But what are they whose mental eye seemed cleared  
 From all obstructing shadows, whose vast minds  
 Could grasp things almost boundless, and whose tongues  
 Could fluently communicate the wealth—  
 They who in after years, surprised, I've seen  
 Lose the bright beam which made them beacon lights,  
 And dying, die, reft of all knowledge, love,  
 And even hope? Lord! tell me what are they?

I would gain knowledge; but when pondering thus,  
 Trembles my soul lest theory alone  
 Should satisfy my seeking, and I die  
 Like these, a hypocrite! Behold the light,  
 The flame of knowledge in my anxious breast,  
 See that it sprang to life, touched by a spark  
 From Thine own holy altar; be it fed  
 By frequent unction of the Holy Ghost;  
 And when, O God! Thine eye doth look upon  
 The feeble glimmering of my knowledge gained,  
 Increase the flame, if such Thy sacred will,  
 But call it good!

#### January 4.

“And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children.”  
 DEUT. vi. 7.

THE Hebrew father, in the olden time,  
 Was by the Lord commanded to declare  
 Unto his children frequently the great things  
 The Lord, with mighty hand and outstretched arm,  
 Had done for his deliverance; freeing him  
 From Egypt's cruel bondage; leading him  
 Through the Red sea's riven current, and long time  
 About a dreary wilderness, to teach,  
 To humble, prove, and to make manifest  
 The evil that was in his heart; and afterwards,  
 Bringing him to Canaan's promised land, where wine,



Honey, and milk abounded. Thou shalt tell,  
 The mandate said, when sitting in thy house,  
 When walking by the way, when lying down,  
 When rising up, yea, it shall be in thine heart,  
 And on thine hand, between thine eyes,  
 And all around thee.—

—And shall the Hebrew now,  
 The Israelite indeed, be mindful less  
 Of this, his Lord's commandment? He was once  
 In bondage worse than Pharaoh's, yea, a slave  
 Hugging his chains; but now released, and brought  
 Into the freedom of a child of light,  
 Reposing in the promised rest of faith,  
 And looking for a brighter mansion still,  
 Where e'en the Canaanite shall trouble not,  
 'Tis bliss to him to magnify the Lord!  
 To tell his past deliverances, and point  
 To bygone Ebenezers he had built:  
 That thus his children's children may be led  
 Their fathers' God to worship!

### January 5.

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." 2 Cor. ix. 15.

WHO can describe a gift unspeakable?  
 Go, gauge the deep, deep sea, and give  
 Its aggregate in measure! Go and count  
 The sands which line its margin, or the stars  
 Which sparkle in night's limitless expanse!  
 Either were easier than to tell the worth  
 Of that free favour which Jehovah gave,  
 Prospective, to His chosen ere they fell:  
 That grace which called a council in the skies,  
 And planned a scheme for which sufficient praise  
 Cannot be uttered through eternity.  
 This was the source of every other gift,  
 The fountain whence the love of Deity  
 Gushed in unseparated stream at first,  
 Dividing afterwards in deeds of love.

This sent the inquiry round the pearly walls  
 Of Heaven's pavilion: "Whom shall We send?" and  
 "Who  
 Will go for Us?" This from the middle throne  
 Brought the consenting accents, "Lo, I come!"  
 This gave the Eternal Spirit His great work,  
 To adumbrate by type and sacrifice,  
 In vision, services, and mystic words,  
 The coming of that Holy One, whose death  
 Should cancel all His people's punishment,  
 Whose pure obedient life should justify,  
 And whose triumphant resurrection then  
 Should send the Spirit as a Comforter.  
 Oh, they err much who say that anger filled  
 The bosom of our God, and that His face,  
 Vindictive, would not smile till blood was shed!  
 The Father gave His Son! what wondrous love!  
 Gave that poor sinners might be justified!  
 Christ was not given a purchase price for love,  
 For God was love before!

### January 6.

"My delights were with the sons of men." Prov. viii. 31.

COUNT the Epiphanies,  
 The wonderful foreshadowings of the Christ,  
 While yet the God upon His ancient throne!  
 He tells us, by His servant, that His thoughts,  
 Exuberant with joy, dwelt oft on man,  
 Even before the mandate to create;  
 Before the everlasting hills were piled,  
 Or Eden spread its garden for man's home.  
 In that far-off eternity, He thought  
 Of His pledged word, to save and renovate  
 Humanity, while yet unborn, unstained!  
 In the dread crisis when our parents fell,  
 The pre-determined covenant to restore,  
 Published in Eden, told the coming King.  
 Four thousand years stretched their long centuries

Before the promissory bond was due;  
 But often, ere the fulness of the time,  
 The Mediator came in human form,  
 Visiting the world He had redeemed!  
 Dare we presume to predicate His thoughts  
 When walking with the early patriarchs,  
 Adam and Enoch, Noah and Abraham;  
 When He reproved the unbelieving laugh  
 Of Sarah, scarce concealed in Mamre's tents;  
 When, at Pennuel's brook, He touched the thigh  
 Of the strong wrestler, halting afterwards;  
 When, at the burning bush in Midian's waste,  
 He told His incommunicable name,  
 Preparing Moses for his enterprise;  
 When, Captain of His own enlisted host,  
 He talked with Joshua; when, at Ophrah's oak,  
 He woke resolve in Gideon's coward breast;  
 When Samson's mother, while her husband feared,  
 Saw in the angel, working wondrously,  
 The Angel of the Covenant, and believed;  
 When, walking with the Hebrews in the fire,  
 The tyrant yielded an acknowledgment  
 Unreal and unlasting; when, in the lions' den,  
 He laid His hand upon the lions' mouths,  
 And Daniel sat unharmed! In solemn awe  
 Count these foreshadowings of Immanuel,  
 The Priest, the King, the Prophet, born to die,  
 The Atonement and the Sacrifice for sin;  
 And then in reverence hush the questioning  
 Concerning mysteries we cannot reach!

### January 7.

"God was manifest in the flesh." 1 TIM. iii. 16.

COUNT the Epiphanies,  
 The bright revealings of the Incarnate God—  
 The birth, the baptism, the transfiguring,  
 The wilderness, the garden, and the cross!  
 All were preceded or accompanied  
 With dark surroundings of humility.

Angels announced His advent, but His birth  
Was in a stable ! Sages from the East,  
Attracted by a stranger star, their guide,  
Brought gifts of gold and myrrh and frankincense,  
Their tribute to the manifested Christ,  
Causing King Herod, lashed by rage and fear,  
To publish the abominable decree  
Which clothes him with undying infamy !  
Descending as a dove, the Holy Ghost  
Bare witness to the Christ, baptized by John  
In the drear desert ! The lone mountain top  
Disclosed His higher nature, girt with cloud,  
Future similitude of risen saints !  
The wilderness His strange temptations saw,  
When evil, in the person of the foe,  
Satan, the enemy of God and man,  
Tried his bold venture, and sustained defeat !  
The ancient cities in amazement saw  
One humble in appearance and in dress  
Heal with a word the blind, the deaf, the dumb.  
The lunatic, the leper, and the lame.  
And when these marvellous Epiphanies  
Of God in human nature woke the spite  
Of godless Sadducees and Pharisees,  
Of scribes and priests and Sanhedrim, who sought,  
Fruitless endeavour ! to destroy His life,  
Jesus withdrew, His time was not yet come !  
But wonderful, most wonderful of all,  
This Jesus Christ,—God manifest in flesh,—  
In His own country, in its synagogue,  
Derided, mocked, withheld His mighty power,  
And did not many miracles, because  
Their unbelief suspended its display !  
At last He died, yielding His life to save !  
Then followed yet more bright Epiphanies—  
To Mary in the garden ; to the two  
Going to Emmaus ; to Thomas and the rest ;  
And last, not least, to persecuting Saul,  
Changed by this after-time Epiphany  
To Paul, the chief Apostle of the Lord !

## January 8.

"The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout."  
1 THESS. iv. 16.

ONE more Epiphany,  
The final grand forthcoming of the Christ  
We wait expecting! When from His throne above,  
His Mediator throne in Paradise,  
He comes with all His saints on earth to reign  
The thousand years foretold, in the new world  
Where dwelleth righteousness. In the old time,  
In His incarnate state, the virgin's child,  
He came incognito, the Christhood veiled,  
A homeless man; associate with the poor,  
With publicans, with sinners, with forlorn!  
What disappointment for the haughty Jews,  
Who looked for their Messiah to be clothed  
With pomp and power, a mighty conqueror,  
Crushing the Romans 'neath His chariot wheels,  
And lifting Jewry to magnificence  
Prouder than Solomon's! Delusive hope!  
But only ante-dated. Jesus came  
In fashion as a servant, to fulfil  
The law, to suffer and to die for man!  
His Godhead shrouded in humanity!  
But He will come again, and then will come,  
Not then a servant, not then poor and scorned,  
But grand and glorious beyond finite thought!  
Unlooked for, unexpected, He will come  
Sudden, as comes a thief at night! He comes  
Descending with a shout so loud and wide  
That earth through all her continents shall hear!  
And while the archangel and the trump of God  
Shall herald Him; and while the cherubim  
And seraphim shall swell His retinue;  
And while the living saints, all suddenly  
Transfigured to the likeness of the Lord,  
As was the Lord on Tabor, shall ascend,  
The tombs of all the justified shall burst,

And all the bodies of the buried saints,  
Now tenanted afresh from Paradise,  
Shall rise and, meeting Jesus in the air,  
Form the great multitude that none can count,  
To reign with Jesus the millennial year !  
Blessed, indeed, are they who thus have part  
In this first resurrection, witnesses  
Of this most wonderful Epiphany,  
This glorious revelation of the Christ,  
The King triumphant over every foe,  
The manifested Mediator, the God-Man !

### January 9.

"I will come to you." JOHN xiv. 18.

Is there not yet one more ?  
The spiritual, the soul Epiphany,  
Experienced by each follower of the Lord,  
Whereby they know that they belong to Christ ?

I knew one well, companion of my youth ;  
In youth she shuddered 'neath the consciousness  
Of sin in-dwelling, of a heart corrupt,  
Of inclinations worldly and untamed.  
Long time she trod the desert of distress,  
The wilderness of anguish spiritual.  
I did not understand what made her sad ;  
But well I recollect one Sabbath day  
She took me with her to a sanctuary,—  
Not our accustomed one,—and there we heard  
A preacher from the country, known to us  
By name. It was her time of love, the dawn  
Of that Epiphany that filled her heart  
With love, and joy, and peace, and confidence ;  
And in her after-life, in care and gloom,  
She felt unshaken trust in Jesus Christ.

I knew another, light of childhood's home,  
She loved the Lord, meekly and reverent,  
Teaching her children all to love Him too.  
But long she walked with faith yet unassured ;

The Sun of Righteousness did not arise ;  
 Daybreak seemed coming, but it did not come ;  
 Nearness to God was sought, unrealized.  
 And thus she lived a long and valued life,  
 Esteemed by all who knew her as most good !  
 At last came sickness and the curtained room ;  
 Then doubt and darkness and dismay drew near,  
 And faith, and love, and hope, and confidence  
 Were sought for vainly. 'Twas a trying hour !  
 Ere long she slumbered. Oh, who can tell  
 What holy, heavenly communing then passed ?  
 She woke in ecstasy ! absorbed in love !  
 That was the time of her Epiphany ;  
 And ere the day had closed, life's day had closed,  
 To break resplendent in the higher home !

Some realize their soul Epiphany  
 In life's young spring ; to some it later comes,  
 Amid the activities of busy life ;  
 To some at evening-tide it shall be light ;  
 But all in God's good time who earnest seek  
 Shall find the precious Saviour present too !

### January 10.

"Her voice was not heard." 1 SAM. i. 13.

TALK ye of miracles !  
 To me, the greatest miracle of all  
 Is God, serene upon His heavenly throne,  
 Surveying all His wondrous universe,  
 Controlling, ruling, ordering the whole,  
 And yet concentrating His boundless glance  
 To mark some troubled one on bended knee  
 Seeking God's help in sore emergency !

I can conceive that universal praise,  
 Ascending from creation's wide-spread works,  
 Is homage due to God, and duly given ;  
 I can believe that from assembled throngs,—  
 As on Moriah's consecration day,—  
 Hosannas rise accepted. God hath said,

The gates of Zion pouring forth her thanks  
 He loves pre-eminent; but to think of God  
 Expending His omniscience to observe,  
 And His omnipotence to ascertain  
 Unuttered prayer, or scarcely breathed desire,  
 Or sigh, or groan, or whisper, or lament,  
 From one who feels he has no help but God;  
 And then to think that 'tis not one alone,  
 But at that instant, far and far apart,  
 Unnumbered thousands, with like earnestness,  
 Are asking and entreating God to hear  
 And answer speechless prayer! And that God does it!  
 There's the miracle! Reason may stumble here;  
 But what the Psalmist said, "I looked to God  
 And I was lightened," is the experience still  
 Of every contrite heart. The mercy-seat  
 Is not, and never will be, out of date!  
 Prayer, in the list of its achievements, still  
 Is an unfinished catalogue! While earnest prayer,  
 Inspired within us by the Holy Ghost,  
 Ascends to heaven; our Intercessor there  
 Receiving, will His priceless incense give,  
 Presenting then unto the Father, who  
 Will yield abundant answer!

### January II.

"A tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the  
 waters were made sweet." Exod. xv. 25.

LORD! when at Marah  
 Thy thirsting Israel sought a cheering draught,  
 And found the stream was bitter; when their hope  
 Bent 'neath the crush of an unlooked-for weight  
 Of grievous disappointment, gracious still,  
 Nor hindered by their fretful murmurings,  
 Thou didst supply an antidote which gave  
 New virtue to the waters. Dimly, Lord,  
 Like him whose sight Thou gradual didst restore,  
 And who like trees first saw his fellow-men,



Methinks I read the Gospel of the type,  
 And see the Saviour in the metaphor!  
 Like Israel, I am in a wilderness;  
 Like Israel, I had fondly nursed a hope  
 Which I, like Israel, found delusory;  
 Rebellion in my heart, like them of old,  
 Broke forth in loud repinings. Let the type,  
 All-gracious Lord, continue in my history!  
 The healing tree, which makes the waters sweet,  
 Lord, let me find, and, comforted thereby,  
 Lightly regard the disappointments here,  
 Which lead my soul to Jesus! Thou hast said,—  
 Oh, who shall count the endless inventory  
 Of precious promises which may be ranged  
 Beneath these words!—Lord, Thou hast said,  
 That though on earth shall tribulation grieve,  
 In Thee Thine shall have peace! Lord! hear my  
 prayer!  
 Bless each dark dispensation! Give Thy peace,  
 The peace which passeth understanding, Lord,  
 And I shall kiss the rod!

### January 12.

“What is man that Thou art mindful of him?” Ps. viii. 4.

WHEN musing on the majesty of God,  
 His power immense, the glittering awfulness  
 Of His abode, the countless seraphim  
 Ever attendant to perform His will,  
 Frail man may almost think himself too mean  
 To be observed or cared for. But our God,  
 Almighty, Omnipresent, and All-wise,  
 Without exertion or impediment,  
 Surveys the wide creation at a glance,  
 And, unassisted, manages the whole.  
 Nor think Him only terrible! His power  
 Filled the vast cistern of the spacious deep,  
 And whirls it round in tempests; but that power,  
 Equally pleased, creates the crystal spring

Where village children sport themselves. Planted by  
Him,

The mighty cedar and umbrageous oak  
Lift their tall bulk ; and 'tis His finger gives  
The lily and the rose their loveliness.  
He taught the thunder-cloud to wear a frown,  
And wreathes the infant's beauteous cheek in smiles.  
Nought is beneath His care, without His power !  
Noticed by Him, the little sparrow droops  
Its head in its last agony ! And think ye man,—  
The casket which contains a gem more rich  
Than earth with all her mines,—is unobserved ?  
The gipsy child, which on its mother's back  
Itinerates in outcast wretchedness,  
Within its nut-brown bosom, folded up  
In wondrous complication, has a soul  
Whose pinions can outstrip the hurricane,  
Climb the blue sky, and *think* its mysteries—  
A deathless soul which shall in heaven or hell  
Exist eternally !

### January 13.

“ And the Lord said unto Joshua, See, I have given into  
thine hand Jericho.” JOSH. vi. 2.

THE chronicles of history recount  
Sieges surpassing skilful, in their view  
Who know war's tactics. Lightly such would prize  
The plan pursued by Captain Joshua ; and yet  
It proved successful. Nought was there  
Of battering ram or miner. No assaults  
To burst the sturdy gates. Once a day,  
Six times, a company of priests went round,  
Blowing their harsh-toned rams' horns, while aloud  
Shouted the men of war ; and on the seventh,  
Seven times they circled it, and then the walls  
Obedient fell, owning the presence  
Of the ark of God.

In our days a siege  
As singular and as condemned is carried on :

'Tis with the citadel of man's proud heart.  
 Its rightful Lord hath willed to subjugate,  
 And Joshua leads the army. Feeble ones,  
 Sounding their rams' horn message, circle it;  
 And at the appointed time it yields, not gained  
 By all the force of rhetoric, nor bursts  
 Of spirit-stirring pathos melting it—  
 The rams' horn trumpeter whom Jesus sends,  
 Excelling man's best eloquence!

### January 14.

*"Lord, save me."* MATT. xiv. 30.

To Thee, Almighty!  
 While others look to saints, to images,  
 Or to their own endeavours, Lord, to Thee,  
 Creator and Preserver, unto Thee  
 I look for my salvation! Taught of Thee,  
 Bending before Thy footstool, I confess  
 Unworthiness and helplessness. I feel  
 Not only I am guilty and undone,  
 Not only born in sin and stained as well  
 With actual transgressions numberless,  
 But that, each faculty itself depraved,  
 I can do nought but sin; each thought, each act,  
 Endeavoured God-ward, in itself impure,  
 Needs washing in the fountain opened wide  
 For sin and for uncleanness. Prayer and praise,  
 Ascending from a heart throughout corrupt,  
 Fall back rejected. Having learnt all this,  
 I come in Thine own way; my only plea  
 His name, His merits, whose Thy word declares  
 Shall always be availing. Gracious Lord!  
 Thus prostrate in my helplessness, I pray  
 That Thou who thus hast wounded, wilt restore!  
 That, having stripped and emptied and subdued,  
 Thou now wilt clothe and bless and fill my soul,  
 Supplying all from Thine own treasury,  
 Thyself my great salvation!

## January 15.

"Lord, *save me*." MATT. xiv. 30.

SAVE, Saviour! 'tis my never-varying prayer!  
 A lost, a guilty, and a helpless soul,  
 Venturing, I crave salvation at Thy hand!  
 Save from the fascinations of the world;  
 Save me, while passing through its wilderness,  
 From all its thorns and perils; from the foe  
 Hostile advancing, and the treacherous one  
 Who injures while he smiles! Save from the snare,  
 And save from the privation! Save me, Lord,  
 From pestilence, from famine, and the sword,  
 So overruling all these enemies,  
 That, by a chemistry entirely Thine,  
 They shall unwillingly be benefits!  
 Save from the tempter, that malicious one,  
 Constantly busied to effect my hurt!  
 Save me from sinful and from righteous self!  
 From my corruptions save, and from the pride  
 Elicited from acts pride renders foul!  
 Save in the hour of death, receiving save,  
 Then perfecting in me Thy finished work,  
 And demonstrating thus that I am Thine:—  
 Loved by Thee with an everlasting love,  
 Adopted by Thee in the covenant,  
 Sealed by the Spirit as an heir of bliss,  
 Israel's Jehovah, thus the Lord my God!  
 Oh that I could in tribulation read  
 These title-deeds of my inheritance,  
 Saved thus from sinking in despondency!  
 Lord! hear my prayer, and witness to my soul,  
 While I am journeying on life's pilgrimage,  
 Sweetly and frequently, that I am saved!

## January 16.

"Lord, *save me*." MATT. xiv. 30.

BEFORE my prayer  
 Extendeth limitless to all around,

Before I pray that blessings copiously  
 May gladden every one, O Lord ! I crave,  
 Singly, and separately, and urgent crave,  
 That, like the dew refreshing Hermon's top,  
 The knowledge of salvation, unto me  
 Imparted specially, may fill my breast  
 With joy, and love, and peace, and confidence !  
 I love to hear of souls regenerate,  
 Of Christians strengthened, comforted, restored :  
 Zion's prosperity is dear to me ;  
 But in the blessings of Jerusalem  
 I crave a share ! I cannot be content,  
 That a redundancy lavishly out-poured  
 Enriches every one, excluding me !  
 Oh, no, importunate my prayer shall rise :—  
 O Son of David, listen to *my* cry !  
 Speak to *my* soul ! In special accents say  
 Distinctly unto me : "*I thee will save !*"  
 Participating thus salvation's gifts,  
 In the munitions of the Rock secure,  
 Beneath the shadow of Jehovah's wings  
 Safe sheltered, then will I pray, that love,  
 Expanding wide her pinions, may enfold  
 Of every name and clime a multitude,  
 Vast as God's purpose, large as His decree ;  
 And as the anthem swells, increasing still  
 By added voices of souls newly born,  
 Joyous I'll emulate, in louder strains,  
 To chorus the Hosanna !

### January 17.

"Jubal : he was the father of all such as handle the  
 harp and organ. . . . Tubal-cain, an instructor of  
 every artificer in brass and iron." GEN. iv. 21, 22

MAN doeth wonders !  
 Humanity herself oft looks amazed  
 At the accomplishments of her own sons !  
 Man by endeavour reaches perfectness !  
 Jubal and Handel ! Tubal, Stephenson !

What a long space between the infancy  
Of art and its mature development !  
When the young shepherd on the Eastern hills  
Tuned his green reed to utter broken sounds,  
He little dreamt of the rich organ's swell,  
Or the soft whispers from the regal harp !  
When Tubal worked at his first furnace fire,  
Scattering from his rude anvil glittering sparks ;  
When he produced his earliest workmanship,  
Unknown, unthought, were the achievements grand  
His wondrous art would one day realize !  
When Britain's aborigines at first  
Launched their slight coracle, and venturing then,  
Breasted the silver streak which separates  
Our island home from the near continent,  
How very far from their imaginings  
Was England's navy as it now exists,  
When every ocean, every port, displays  
The flag invincible of our proud land !

Man doeth wonders ; but his wonders sprang  
All from unripe beginnings, and are given  
In gradual process by that Mighty One  
Who taught the son of Uri, Bezaleel,  
Knowledge of cunning work, and curious work,  
And workmanship in gold and wood and stone—  
Teaching, and putting in his heart to teach.

God doeth wonders wondrously,  
Spontaneous, instant, infinite, and good !  
Without an effort He creates a world ;  
He speaks, and sun and moon and stars  
Leap ready for their work at His command.  
Serenely calm He rules the universe,  
And with a glance surveys unmeasured space ;  
Nothing escapes His eye, defies His power,  
Omnipotent, Omniscient, and All-wise.  
Man's wonders dare not challenge rivalry  
With God, the Almighty God !

## January 18.

"Came to Jesus by night." JOHN iii. 2.

'Tis night-time at Jerusalem! Cautiously,  
And mantled for concealment, through the streets  
An old man pondering wends his silent way:  
'Tis he, the member of the Sanhedrim,  
Who mid-day in the Temple, passing through,  
Saw Jesus preaching. A word hastily heard  
Arrested his attention, and he comes by night  
To converse unperceived. Abruptly, Christ  
Stopped all his compliments by publishing  
Redemption's rudimental truth: new birth.  
Ye must be born again! He came to ask  
Questions concerning heaven and heavenly things;  
And mingling heavenly teaching in the mire  
Of his defiled imaginings, he proved  
That nature unrenewed is ignorance.

Thou condescending Lord!

'Tis sweet and 'tis encouraging to know  
That seeking souls shall never seek in vain.  
Thou who drew Nicodemus in the night,  
Real and mental, to Thy still abode,  
Vouchsafed a ray to illumine his darkened breast,  
So that, while yet unable to explain  
Or apprehend the mystery, he shared  
Regeneration's blessedness, and soon  
Proved his new birth by venturing a remark,  
Which, from his brethren of the Sanhedrim,  
Elicited the indignant taunt, "Art thou  
Become a Galilean?"

## January 19.

"Peace, be still." MARK iv. 39.

STILLER of storms!

Of storms which agitate the watery world,  
And storms in human bosoms,—Thou whose voice,  
When the pale mariner besought Thine aid,

Hushed the loud tumult and commanded peace;  
 Whose power, displayed in the poor Gadarene,  
 Quelled the tremendous hurricane which raged,  
 Fiend-aided, in his tortured breast; whose hand  
 Raised the apostle with a mild reproof,  
 When venturesome Peter found the yielding wave  
 Respond to yielding faith,—to Thee I bend,  
 And in an hour when mingled hurricanes,  
 Outward and inward, joined with unbelief,  
 Conspire to crush my peace, I supplicate  
 The aid the Saviour never yet refused!

Still of storms!

Say to the tribulations beating round  
 My nearly shipwrecked vessel, Peace, be still!  
 Say to the angry passions which besiege,  
 Conquering besiege, this bosom's citadel,  
 Be still! and let me, clothed, in a right mind,  
 Rejoicing, tell the great things done for me,  
 The wonderful compassions realized!  
 Say to Thy doubting supplicant, who walks,  
 With faith unstable as the wave, towards Thee,  
 Sinking like Peter, and with Peter's cry,  
 Say, stretching forth Thy powerful hand to help,  
 Say, Wherefore didst thou doubt My power, My will,  
 My watchfulness to save? Still of storms!  
 Let me thus hear Thy voice amidst the war,  
 Speaking especially to me, and storms,  
 Outward or inward, will result in peace.

### January 20.

“The morning cometh and also the night.” Isa. xxi. 12.

PONDER the watchman's wonderful response  
 To the inquiring Church—“What of the night?”  
 “The morning cometh; also comes the night!”  
 Constituent parts of one approaching day.  
 What is that day? Many important days  
 The world hath seen, and many contrasts known,



Many vicissitudes of light and shade,  
Prosperity and gloom ; but paramount,  
Above all days conspicuous, challenging all  
In eminence, in splendour, in results,  
Must be that day, when, rising from the tomb,  
Or changed as in a moment, all *in* Christ  
Shall greet the resurrection morning, rising first !  
The morning cometh, yea, will quickly come,  
When the unnumbered myriads of the saints,  
The purchased jewels of Immanuel's crown,  
The travail of His soul's dire agony,  
Shall hear the coming of His chariot wheels ;  
And, recognising then His opening reign,  
His undivided sceptre o'er the world,  
Shall wake to share His universal sway,  
And rise to reign with Him a thousand years.

Oh, had the Church no nobler heritage,  
No brighter prospect than millennial joy,  
To be enthroned with Christ a thousand years,  
Reigning upon a renovated world,  
'Twere much to be a saint ! Thrice blessed they  
Who, rising in the morning, rise in Christ !

But the night cometh ! When that day shall close,  
When the millennial day,—the thousand years,—  
Hath run its circuit, when the shades of night  
Announce another dispensation, woe,  
Woe, woe to those who, rising, rise at night—  
Unwilling rise to meet their dreadful doom,  
To stand before the great white throne, and hear  
Unyielding justice,—while rejected love,  
Rejected mercy, acquiesce,—pronounce  
The verdict of eternal living death,  
The penal suffering indescribable !

Blessed are they, the ransomed, who have part  
In the first resurrection : unto them  
This second death comes not !

## January 21.

"The likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it."  
EZEK. i. 26.

Who was the exalted man the prophet saw,  
When the rent heavens disclosed the sapphire throne  
In all its pomp of dazzling majesty?  
Too high for me the language mystical  
And all the awful scenery pictured there.  
The coals of fire, the wondrous cherubim,  
The living ones of various countenance,  
And complex wheel, are all to my weak eye  
Dark figures, full of meaning but unknown.  
I can but totter like a little child  
On the broad ocean's marge, and as I seize  
Some bright shell left by the receding wave,  
And look upon its beauties, pondering think  
Of the vast stores of treasure yet unfound.  
Thus, when I read, upon the sapphire throne,  
Of One who wears my nature, instantly  
Remembering but One only Man could fill  
Station so high—Immanuel! even Thou,  
Who, all impelled by purposes of love,  
Veiled Thy primordial glory in a robe  
Of undefiled humanity, thus raising it  
Higher than angels; then I think of Thee,  
And much encouragement it brings to know  
That Thou each movement of the intricate wheel  
Of providence directest, and that to Thee,  
When in the attitude of prayer I kneel,  
Even to Thee who canst be touched indeed  
With fullest sense of our infirmities,  
To Thee, as to a great High Priest, I come,  
And cannot come in vain.

## January 22.

"So he paid the fare thereof." JONAH i. 3.

ONE of the great mistakes that Jonah made  
Was, when he gave his money for the voyage,  
In thinking he had paid his fare !

Alas ! the prophet had not reckoned up  
The cost of disobedience ; he had thought  
The loss of cash the only sacrifice,  
And, far away at Tarshish, fondly hoped  
The errand, so distasteful, given of God,  
Might be forgot, or sent by other hands.  
Alas, how much the truant overlooked !  
He did not calculate upon the storm,—  
The storm upon the waters,—wakening up  
The storm in his own breast, of dire remorse !  
He thought not of the sailors' questioning,  
Nor of his own suggestion ! He thought not  
Of the unwilling toss into the waves !  
He thought not of the Lord's preservative—  
The fish prepared by his still loving God,  
Who in the solitude of that strange home,  
That sanctuary where all was miracle,  
Wakened repentance, and inspired a prayer—  
The prayer to which a quick response was given.

Imagination cannot paint the thoughts  
Of the repentant prophet, suddenly  
Upheaved from that dark, cavernous abode.  
He found himself once more restored to life  
And light, prostrate on the sea-shore, shivering—  
A waif returned to our humanity,  
As never was before and never since.  
Then, not till then, had Jonah paid his fare,  
The cost of his refusal to obey.  
Then, not till then, had Jonah fully learned,  
That though God's love is an unchanging love,  
God, as a Father, chastens every child  
Who sins against Him, causing every stroke

To waken penitence and invigorate  
The graces of love, hope, and confidence,  
Which, once bestowed, are never quite withdrawn.

### January 23.

“Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.” **Exod. xx. 8.**

’Tis the Lord’s day—the day  
Which at the birth of time was sanctified,  
Which every future dispensation raised  
To even higher glory. Teach me to shun,  
As I would shun a pestilence, the men  
Who strive to drag it from its pinnacle,  
And mingle it with common days. Teach me, Lord,  
To disregard their various sophistry,  
And, mindful of the mandate of my King,  
Neglect not to assemble with the saints,  
Seeking a Sabbath blessing. Thou hast said,  
Thou wilt be always present where they meet:  
Fulfil to-day Thy promise! Let Thy smile,  
Like a spring sunbeam, shine delightfully!  
Shake the green boughs, the richly-laden boughs  
Of life’s all-fruitful tree above our heads,  
And let us every one obtain a grape,  
A berry, or an apple! Let the wind  
Rustle amid the branches, scattering leaves  
To heal the wounded soul! Lift us to Pisgah, Lord,  
To Calvary, and to Tabor! Give us, Lord,  
Both in Thy suffering and triumphal scenes,  
Sweet sin-subduing fellowship; and when our eyes,  
Faith-strengthened, view our bright inheritance,  
May we ascribe to Thee the glory, Lord,  
Praising for Sabbaths which bring heaven to earth,  
Being themselves delightful harbingers  
To glory’s endless Sabbath!

## January 24.

"Looking unto Jesus." HEB. xii. 2.

SAINTS in the wilderness,  
The wilderness of this life's pilgrimage,—  
Look to their Saviour, Jesus Christ the Lord.  
They look to Him for guidance in the way,  
For the protection He alone can give;  
They look to Him for temporal supplies;  
They look to Him, in trouble, to fulfil  
His own rich promise of sufficient strength  
For each day's sorrow, each day's enterprise;  
They look to Him for sanctifying grace,  
Asking their heavenly Father in His name  
Confidingly for all they want or wish.

The spirits of the justified,  
Resplendent in their sinless Paradise,  
Look unto Jesus, ever present there;  
And, circling round His mediator throne,  
Ask and enjoy exuberant delight:  
Waiting the while the promised happiness  
When they shall reign with Christ a thousand years,  
Then realizing the bright antepast  
Of the unending glory.

The cherubim and seraphim,  
Angelic hosts of every name and fame,  
Look unto Christ adoring and surprised.  
They saw Him on His ancient glory throne,  
Saw Him on Mary's knee, at Olivet,  
Gethsemane, and Calvary, and when  
He rose triumphant from His finished work,  
They saw it all, observant, and oft ask,  
When will this wonderful career disclose  
All its mysterious meaning?

The fallen spirits look,  
In their dire agony and enmity,  
Gnashing their teeth at their great Conqueror,  
Who tossed them o'er the battlements of heaven;  
Defeated, crushed, immortal spirits still,

Ever conspiring to destroy or stain  
Those who are one with Christ.

And God the Father looks  
Complacent on the Son of His delights;  
Approvingly He looks on all He does,  
Serenely waiting the accomplishment  
When Christ shall see the travail of His soul,  
And be abundant satisfied.

### January 25.

"Concerning zeal, persecuting the Church." PHIL. iii. 6.

WINGED with wild zeal,  
Gamaliel's pupil speeds infuriate,  
Charged with authority to persecute  
The followers of Jesus. What arrests  
His hasty progress? What is that light,  
That bright effulgence bursting from the sky,  
Likened to which the mid-day sun shines dim,  
And whose the voice which asks reproachfully:  
Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou thy Lord?  
The lion falls, his name and nature changed;  
And now, submissive, humble, blind, he comes,  
Led by the hand to a disciple's house,  
One whom he came to injure. Oh, 'twas a sight  
Worth going far to see and hear, the address  
Of Ananias to his brother Saul:—  
Jesus, the Lord who met thee in thy way,  
Hath sent me, Brother Saul; receive thy sight,  
And be thou filled with the Holy Ghost!  
Enlightened then he rose and was baptized,  
And straightway, to the astonishment of all,  
The persecutor preached that Christ is God.  
Thine was a glorious though a suffering path,  
Prince of apostles and of sinners chief,—  
Termed this by saints, that in thine own esteem.  
'Twas thine to scatter at the Lord's command  
The handful of the corn on Lebanon,  
And sow it wide throughout the length and breadth

Of the far Gentile world. We thank thee, Paul,  
 Thy Gentile brethren praise the Lord for thee,  
 First missionary! and may the Gospel corn  
 Bring a large harvest to the Saviour's praise  
 And be thy crown of joy!

### January 26.

"Absent from the body, . . . present with the Lord."  
 2 COR. v. 8.

WHEN the wild Indian in the place of graves  
 Stands o'er his fathers' bones, he cheers himself  
 With pleasant pictures of a far-off land,  
 Over the summit of the distant hills,  
 Where forests live in fadeless green, and where  
 The intrusive white man comes not.  
 When the pale sceptic gazes on the tomb  
 Of his dead friend, he fain persuades himself  
 That when the worm hath had his fill, the soul  
 Dissolves itself to nothingness. Vain hopes,  
 Equally vain, reared on the treacherous sand,  
 Which the realities of a future world  
 Will sweep into oblivion. Ah, how unlike  
 His hope who views the Christian's sepulchre,  
 Building on Jesus Christ a living faith!  
 Death hath to him no terrors! Present still,  
 He sees the moment when his dying friend  
 Gave his last smile and told him all was well!  
 That Jesus, death's great Conqueror, stood by him,  
 And shewed the long-anticipated crown!  
 He need not run away from death; the grave  
 Tells him no dismal warnings. 'Tis to him  
 The sable portal of a sparkling world;  
 The cold, dark tide which separates from heaven;  
 The messenger which brings a glad release;  
 The key which opens this life's prison cage.  
 And musing thus upon death's character,  
 Conscious of victory through a Saviour's blood,  
 And confident its dart is stingless now,

His language is, 'Oh for the eagle wings,  
The pinions which at death's approach I gain,  
For then all joyful will I flee away,  
And soar to home, sweet home!'

### January 27.

"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers,  
the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what  
is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" Ps. viii. 3, 4.

I WALK beneath night's gorgeous canopy,  
And with an upraised glance and upraised spirit muse  
The theories of sages. My weak mind  
Sinks staggering backward at the boundless view  
Which science, lifting ignorance's veil,  
Displays adoring. Worlds on worlds,  
Each with their suns and planetary trains,  
So countless, so immense, that were this earth  
Crushed, blotted out, destroyed, 'twould be no more  
Than taking from a forest tree in spring  
Some little leaf. Great Architect! the thought,—  
But Thou alone canst know its truthfulness,—  
Adds loftier splendour to Thy majesty;  
And, trembling, I inquire, Canst Thou regard,  
Surrounded with such vast magnificence,  
Canst Thou be mindful of poor feeble man?  
Canst Thou attend his cry, when, all alone,  
Oppressed with sorrows, on recumbent knee,  
He prays for help? Yea, canst Thou hear,  
Amid ten thousand thousand calls for aid,  
Each scarcely uttered sigh? And canst Thou spare  
Aught of that power which rules a universe,  
To guide, and guard, and answer every one?  
Reason and nature fail to comfort here;  
Perusing nature's page, we learn Thy power;  
Listening to reason, we conclude Thou art  
Too great, too high, too wonderful for us;  
But, coming to the oracles of God,  
The surer word by inspiration given,



We learn, not whether stars be worlds inhabited,  
 Or only light lamps in night's ebon roof,  
 But that the Almighty who created them  
 Doth always hear man's supplicating cry,  
 And always hears to help.

### January 28.

"And there he builded an altar." GEN. xii. 8.

JUDEA'S land,  
 Studded with pillars of remembrances,  
 Might to the passing traveller seem a place  
 Of strange enthusiasm ; but the inhabitants,  
 When they beheld the Ebenezer stones,  
 In memory's mirror saw the emergencies,  
 And, well remembering each deliverance, felt  
 That God, who then protected, still would help.  
 In every walk they gleaned encouragement ;  
 Hills, valleys, rivers, cities, in their names  
 Told glorious narratives of wondrous deeds,  
 So that the nation's history could be read  
 Brightly in its topography.

And 'tis no bygone tale ;  
 As did the Hebrews then, the Christian now !  
 Freed from the bondage and the wilderness,  
 He walks the scenes of past experiences,  
 The house of toil, the desert of distress,  
 The battle-field, the conquest, and the gain ;  
 And, as he roves the paths of buried years,  
 When he surveys memorial monuments,  
 Distinguishing the spots of special grace—  
 The Bethel, where he seemed to talk with God,  
 The Pisgah, whence he viewed his heritage,  
 The Mizpeh, where the Philistines were spoiled,  
 Hermon, and Mizar, and the little hill,  
 And Nebo, where some loved one spread his wings,  
 And, like a dove on silver pinions, soared  
 To home and heaven and God !—  
 Think ye the places and their very names

Yield him not joy ? Oh, loved and ever loved  
 They'll be by him ; yea, when in heaven,  
 He'll glance delighted o'er the battlements  
 And spare a smile for them !

### January 29.

" The kingdom of God cometh not with observation."  
 LUKE xvii. 20.

THERE are three temples of the Holy One,  
 Each wonderful, supreme, symbolical,  
 Exhibiting alike the power, the love,  
 The calm and conscious majesty of God.

When, in his wealth and splendour, Solomon  
 Reared on Moriah's brow a house for God,  
 Its marble walls and glittering battlements,  
 Its sculptured ornaments and ivory thrones  
 All rose to finished beauty without noise ;  
 No sound of hammer spoiled the still repose ;  
 It reached its full completeness silently.

There was another Temple ! God Himself  
 Built for Himself a tabernacle here,  
 The antitype of Solomon's. Bethlehem  
 Saw its foundation laid, and Nazareth  
 In calm seclusion nurtured its advance,  
 Unnoticed, unobserved, for thirty years.  
 Then to the ears of an astonished world,  
 A sceptical, incredulous, and mocking world,  
 Accomplished prophecy aloud proclaimed  
 The Temple of the Lord with men !

Another house for God is building now,  
 Each stone a living stone, a temple each,  
 An individual temple of the Lord !  
 All in the aggregate to form one day  
 A wondrous house for the Ilimitable !  
 Who is the Builder ? What the materials used ?  
 Jehovah by His Spirit builds in Christ !  
 Saints are the building. God Himself  
 Comes to the quarry, digs each separate stone,

Hews and prepares, refines and polishes,  
 And all so silently, so unobserved,  
 That oft the careless sinner wakes to life,  
 The scornful is surprised to reverence,  
 The indifferent to an unsought earnestness,  
 The unloving to a warm desire for God,  
 That friends and pastors in a mute surprise  
 See the prayers answered they had thought unheard !  
 Co-workers with the Lord ! Let none despond

Because no visible success is given.  
 God worketh wondrously, and His temple builds  
 All different to what the world would prompt ;  
 But God does build, and will not cease to build  
 Until the top-stone of the edifice,  
 The finished Temple for His glory reared,  
 Shall be upraised, no longer silently,  
 But with loud hallelujah shouts of victory.

### January 30.

"And every eye shall see Him." Rev. i. 7.

IMAGINATION shrinks,  
 It cannot grasp the vast tremendousness  
 Of that dread day, when, on His great white throne,  
 The mighty God, the Saviour, shall proclaim  
 The final destiny of listening worlds.  
 Not then as once He came will He appear ;  
 No more a man of griefs, despised no more,  
 But robed in all the majesty of heaven ;  
 Attended by innumerable angel troops  
 Who watch His bidding, and elated fly  
 His least command to execute. Think, my soul,  
 When He who once was raised 'mid heaven and earth  
 A bleeding Sacrifice for human guilt,  
 Again mid heaven and earth is visible,  
 How will the scoffer who contemptuously asked,  
 "Where is the promise of His coming ?" gaze !  
 How then will Arians and Socinians meet  
 The eye of Him from whom they sought to steal

His rightful dignity ? And the proud man  
 Who could not brook to take salvation's robe  
 Priceless, but spent his little thread of life  
 Seeking to weave a garb of righteousness,  
 Dying at last unclothed ? And he who made  
 Boisterous professions of grace never felt,  
 That he might sin the more abundantly ?  
 How will they strive to avoid His piercing glance—  
 The scorned, abused, insulted, Deity ?  
 But every eye shall see Him ! and His eye  
 Each individual of the assembled mass  
 Shall rest upon, as though that one alone  
 Were the sole object of His look !

And thou, my soul,  
 Thou too must realize this awful day,  
 Must stand at this tribunal ! Go and muse  
 In thy mind's solitude, and ask thyself,  
 Will the Judge be *thy* Friend ?

### January 31.

"Thou writest bitter things against me." Job xiii. 26.

I WILL not say,  
 As said the patriarch in his hour of gloom,  
 Thou writest bitter things *against* me, Lord !  
 But such Thou writest *for* me ; and my soul,  
 Sinks often 'neath the draught, although assured  
 And fully confident 'tis for my good.  
 I can remember when in earlier days  
 The world was opening to me, fresh and fair ;  
 It seemed a vista of delights, and glad  
 My young soul bounded at the lengthening joy.  
 Ere long arose in the blue hemisphere  
 A little cloud, presage of many a storm ;  
 I lightly heeded, careless in the strength  
 Of youthful energy and buoyant hope.  
 Ah ! 'twas a messenger from heaven ; and soon,  
 Fast thickening, it taught me my helplessness.

Praise to the Lord, He led me where to look,  
 And where to find deliverance, guidance,  
 And supply. Often I've thought :  
 Surely the sable messenger his work  
 Hath amply now fulfilled, and much I've wished  
 To separate companionship ! All gracious Lord !  
 Who see'st it fit a cup of bitters still  
 To mingle for Thy servant ; grant therewith  
 Patience, submission, and unwavering love ;  
 And then, although my pathway in the world  
 Be chill and dreary all along the vale,  
 Give me to know that when the hill is gained,  
 The sun-bright summit of yon heavenly home,  
 I shall attain Thy smile and dwell with Thee ;  
 And I will kiss Thy dispensations now,  
 And then will praise Thee for them !

### February 1.

"Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world ?"

1 Cor. vi. 2.

EARTH's myriads stand before the great white throne,  
 Where Jesus Christ, who in humility  
 Once walked the earth,—by earth's exalted ones,  
 Defamed, rejected, crucified,—now sits,  
 Bright in His ancient glory ! Seraphim  
 And cherubim in countless throngs attend,  
 Waiting His high commands ! The wondrous books—  
 Heaven's holy register, the Book of Life,  
 Heaven's other book, for which we have no name,  
 Are opened now, and earliest they approach  
 Who recognise their Saviour in the Judge !  
 Thrice blessed are these, who, having realized  
 Their part in the first resurrection—who,  
 Arrested, tried, condemned, and justified  
 In the court of their own conscience, stand  
 With the new name, and clad in the white robe  
 Of Christ's pure righteousness ! The Judge  
 Knows His own gift, acknowledges the name,

And smiles, as He surveys with joy divine  
 The innumerable throngs,—none absent then,—  
 Answering the challenge of the Book of Life,  
 And circling round, nearer than seraphim,  
 Close to the ivory throne, with Him their Head,  
 Sitting to judge the world !

Worldlings behold,  
 Wondering, the many they thought lightly of  
 In other days, exalted now so high !  
 And trembling, faltering, one by one they come,  
 In all the nakedness of conscious guilt !

## February 2.

“Verily, they have their reward.” MATT. vi. 2.

WE may not picture even to the mind,  
 Save with profoundest awe, that dreadful day,  
 When the unjustified shall meet His eye  
 Whose mercy they refused in mercy’s hour,  
 And who relentless holds the balance now !

But hark, the Judge addresses with a frown  
 One who on earth assumed pre-eminent  
 To be Heaven’s favourite : “Why took ye My name  
 Upon polluted lips ? Why published ye the grace  
 Ye never had received ? Why point the way  
 To God, and heaven, and walk the road to hell ? ”  
 Abashed, the man,—he was a priest on earth,  
 A sleek and wealthy pluralist, he fed  
 Like Divës on the fatness of the land,  
 Rolled in a purple equipage, and wore  
 Lawn and fine linen, silk and superfine,—  
 Abashed, he whispered : “Much I loved the Church,  
 Its dignity contended for, its tythe  
 Never relaxed ! I read the prayers  
 And sometimes preached ! I visited the sick,  
 Reading petitions from my printed book !  
 I lived a moral life, and all around,  
 Except some captious ones, said of me, ‘In truth  
 He is a holy man !’ ’Twas a pleasant path,

Respectable and calm, and much I grieved,  
 When death came uninvited to my house!"  
 Frowning yet darker now, the Judge replies:  
 "Ye took My service for an easy life!  
 Assumed to be ambassador for God,  
 To gain a dignity 'mongst men! Verily,  
 Thou hast had thy reward!"

### February 3.

"Verily, they have their reward." MATT. vi. 2.

ANOTHER comes who was, while in the world,  
 A brave, renowned, victorious conqueror.  
 He fought, and nobly for his country fought;  
 He led his soldiers to the desperate breach,  
 Taught them to make their breasts a barrier  
 Which foes could never pass! He played with men  
 As men play on the chess-board, losing now,  
 By a bad move, the lives of thousand men;  
 Cleverly slaughtering, at another time,  
 A thousand foes! Round his aged brow,  
 After a hundred battles always gained,  
 They wove a laurel wreath, and placed it there;  
 And then his name became a household word!  
 Then fathers led their children to the door  
 Of fame's ensanguined temple, pointing them  
 To his emblazoned heraldry, and said,  
 "Be thou, my son, a hero!" Mothers smiled  
 When they were told their boys had many killed;  
 And lovely maidens flushed a brighter bloom  
 When their betrothed could boast their victories.  
 'Twas not so now. The soldier felt his trade  
 Was unapproved by Heaven. He dared not plead  
 Before the great white throne, the scarlet tide  
 Of human blood. He felt himself condemned!  
 He, stammering, owned he fought to gain a name,  
 He slaughtered that he might obtain renown,  
 And felt much pride when, pendent at his breast,  
 Hung stars and crosses of high chivalry;

For these he fought; these had abundant gained;  
And the stern silence of the Judge declared  
He had had his reward!

### February 4.

"Verily, they have their reward." *Matt. vi. 16.*

AND now one comes, who all regardless lived  
Of others or their welfare. He preached not,  
He never fought. All his long lonely life  
He occupied his hours in scraping gold,  
Piling it lump on lump, and lending it  
Only to have it back again increased.  
He was a poor man's child; and when he saw  
How the world bowed to wealth, and cringed and smiled  
To fools and worthless, if they were but rich,  
He vowed to win the coveted renown.  
'Twas a long task. He hoarded piece by piece,  
And as it grew, he grew well pleased, and loved.  
He knew no other love. Wife or child  
Ne'er melted his hard heart. He worshipped gold;  
And piteous tale or dreadful accident  
Wrung nought from him. He kept it locked and barred  
In a strong room; and when most other men  
Were hushed in sleep, he drew a sulphurous match,  
And lit his taper, and went crawling down,  
And gazed upon his gold, and gazed so long  
That his old eye grew dim, and his dry cheek  
Grew yellow like his gold, and still he gazed,  
Till, long time missed, they searched, and found the  
wretch  
Dead, crouching o'er his gold! He had gained his end!  
He was, I cannot say how rich, but while  
Gaining it, his earlier object he forgot,  
And trembled lest the world should guess his wealth!  
Alas, alas! gold at the great white throne  
Will never buy acceptance! He had gained  
Much gold! 'Twas the reward he sought!  
He had had his reward!



## February 5.

"Verily, they have their reward." *MATT. vi. 16.*

ANOTHER comes, of nobler, loftier port !  
 He had scorned common things. He had found  
 A mine of intellect within himself ;  
 And one by one as he put forth a gem,  
 Well polished and ingeniously displayed,  
 In setting well conceived, he asked for praise,  
 And the world praised. He asked for wealth,  
 And much wealth came. How could it otherwise ?  
 For 'mongst the world's great men he stood like Saul,  
 Higher than all around ! He touched his harp,  
 And poetry in sweetest accents fell,  
 Charming the world ! He found an unknown key  
 Opening to all the regions of romance ;  
 And as he gave continuous, wondrous tales,  
 Every new treasure wakened plaudits fresh !  
 History its mouldering archives then unrolled,  
 Petitioning the glowing page from him !  
 Philosophy and science, dressed in flowers,  
 Waited upon his pen, and he became  
 The genius of his day ; and when he died  
 His name was covered with immortal bloom !  
 The world was thus his paradise ! He had lived  
 For earth and earthly fame, and he had gained  
 What he had lived for ! 'Twas a poor reward  
 For such a mighty mind. But it was his !  
 He had had his reward ! The seraphim,  
 A spark of whose celestial intellect  
 Had fired his breast, appeared to grieve that one  
 Towering so high, had not ascended higher,  
 And learnt, divinely taught, the way to heaven !

## February 6.

"Verily, they have their reward." *MATT. vi. 16.*

A FEEBLE, tottering one approaches now !  
 He was of lofty parentage 'mongst men,  
 And when a child was eminently graced

With childhood's loveliness. He was a petted child;  
 Nurses and tutors fed the incipient vice,  
 So that the boy was full-grown man in sin.  
 We may not lift the veil that shrouds his life,  
 Seducer, gambler, profligate, unclean !  
 The village beauty at the streamlet's brink  
 Looked on her loveliness, and drank the praise  
 Which lured her from her primrose home, to die  
 Polluted in the hospital ! The suicide  
 Curses the gambler who with loaded dice  
 Robbed him, and chooses death to penury !  
 The wife, sold by a spendthrift parent, weeps  
 In her lone home her husband's cruelty ;  
 And slighted children run the downward path,  
 Uncared-for by their father ! Wretched man !  
 He lived for self, for appetite, for lust !  
 He drank full draughts of vice at all her founts,  
 And soon the poison rankled ; foul disease  
 Ate up his comeliness, and his shrunk bones,  
 Marrowless, trembling, scarcely could sustain  
 His withered flesh ! This was his reward !  
 A life of pleasure he had chosen ! See,  
 Even in the world, the goal to which it leads !  
 At the white throne, he stands the most despised  
 Of all that Heaven rejects !

### February 7.

"Verily, they have their reward." MATT. vi. 16.

ONE now draws near, unblushing, bold,  
 Self-confident ! Presumptuously on earth  
 His plea had been that all the law's commands  
 Strictly he had fulfilled ; nay, so precise  
 Had been his conscience, that he had paid tythe  
 Even on mint and cummin. He had prayed  
 Seven times a day, and that it might be seen,  
 Had prayed long prayers even in the market-place !  
 He oft went to the Temple, where he stood  
 Erect, alone, lest the polluting touch

Of some poor publican should soil the breadth  
 Of his phylacteries, while he thanked the Lord  
 He was so much more holy! He gave alms,  
 Pomposly, and still more exuberant  
 When in large letters it was widely told!  
 All publicly he fasted before men,  
 After a secret meal, and made his face  
 Lean, long, and languid when he was not faint!  
 And now he comes and urges:—"In our streets,  
 Lord, Thou hast taught, and in Thy presence we  
 Have eaten and have drunk! Are we not Thine?"  
 He dared no more. With an indignant glance  
 The Judge exclaims: "I know ye not. Depart,  
 Ye workers of iniquity! Ye made  
 The outside of the cup and platter clean,  
 While all within was rottenness! Ye sought  
 The praise of men, and not the praise of God!  
 The greetings in the streets was your desire,  
 The chief seats in the synagogues ye loved,  
 And at the feasts the most conspicuous rooms  
 That men might call ye, Rabbi! These ye had!  
 Ye have had your reward!"

### February 8.

"Verily, they have their reward." MATT. vi. 16.

I MARKED one more!  
 Meekly and mildly he drew near the throne,  
 Quiet his accents, humble was his plea,  
 But his plea was not Jesus! He had trod  
 Softly on earth the vale of private life.  
 Endowed with much to win, he largely gained  
 Golden opinions; and love copiously breathed  
 Her perfume round him. His parental home  
 Boasted its charming flower, and fathers urged  
 Their sons to be as amiable as he!  
 In manhood's dawn he gained a lovely bride.  
 And in a rural vale he built a nest  
 Sacred to marriage happiness! Long time

He lived unruffled by a storm. There he smiled  
 On sons and daughters who increased his joy.  
 Blest thus with earth's best happiness, he felt  
 No want of heaven. Rocked in a velvet crib,  
 Which satisfied and filled his heart's desire,  
 The tempter thought it needless work to tempt  
 One so entirely his. He made the world  
 His portion and his god. Regardless thus  
 Of God's injunction :—" Your affections fix  
 Not on the false and fleeting things of earth !  
 Set your affections upon things above !"  
 Thus, disobedient and indifferent,  
 A prosperous Gallio, caring not for heaven,  
 He slighted God and loved the present world ;  
 And now the world has passed away, and God,  
 The slighted God, has turned away from him !  
 He had had his reward !

### February 9.

" And bind them in bundles to burn them." *MATT. xiii. 30.*

THE work is done, the doom has been pronounced,  
 The congregated world has passed the bar,  
 And justice signs the verdict ! Angels now,  
 Obedient to the mandate of the Judge,  
 Gather the tares, binding the several sorts  
 In bundles for the everlasting fire.  
 A bundle here of atheists—freezing creed,  
 Now unacknowledged, for the penal flame  
 Burns on the brow of each the general truth,  
 The being of a God ! A bundle here  
 Of self-sufficient pharisees—lordly tribe,  
 Who sought no righteousness, no Saviour loved,  
 And now in nakedness bewail their pride !  
 A bundle here of drunkards—sensual herd,  
 Who drowned their senses in the frequent cup,  
 And who now ask a cooling draught in vain !  
 Here sabbath-breakers in a bundle mourn  
 Lost opportunities; and adulterers here

Lament they sacrificed eternity  
 To fleshly lusts ! A bundle here is seen  
 Of swearers, who with thoughtless tongues profaned  
 His name, Whose frown consigns them now to hell !  
 And here a bundle of blasphemers mock,  
 Still hardened ; hell's most favoured, favourite sons,  
 Heirs to its hottest flame ! Murderers here,  
 A bundle, scarlet-stained, whose purple mark  
 The undying flame will not obliterate !

Angels weep,  
 But while they weep, acknowledge God is just,  
 As, lot by lot, the bundles they consign,  
 Passing them forward to their dreadful doom ;  
 While devils, laughing in infernal glee,  
 Receive and mock, receiving, mocking still,  
 Till the last reprobate is swallowed in,  
 And Tophet's greedy mouth, for ever closed,  
 Shuts them to hopeless horror !

### February 10.

" I the Lord do all these things." ISAIAH xlv. 7.

" Yes, I believe," said one,  
 " And would with all my heart and soul believe  
 Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ of God !  
 The Holy Bible is the word of God,  
 Inspired of God ; and much I love to muse  
 Upon its history and its mystery !  
 But sometimes, like the intrush of a wave,  
 Dark doubts unwelcome whisper, ' But suppose  
 Religion and salvation all a myth,  
 That God and heaven and hell are fantasies,  
 That the world sprang to being and is ruled  
 By chance or accident, that all mankind,  
 Dying, become annihilate and lost !'  
 And then I try to argue with myself,  
 Which is most reasonable ? I see around  
 A world of loveliness, though stained with crime,  
 Blighted by some hereditary curse ;

I see the seasons alternate ; I see  
 Morning and evening in succession come,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, all regular succeed ;  
 I see earth's greatest miracle, mankind ;  
 I see in man a being with a soul  
 That thinks and acts almost unlimited,  
 With reason so profound, that scornfully  
 He laughs, and can but laugh, at chance as God !  
 Chance never made a man nor built a world !  
 Could chance create a soul—a soul that feels  
 Proudly assured of immortality ?  
 Rejecting chance, we must acknowledge God ;  
 And then how reasonable that God should tell  
 Mankind its true original, and give  
 The history of sin's entrance to our world,  
 With revelations of sin's antidote !  
 This is the Bible ; and when pondering thus  
 We yield its inspiration. But we want,  
 Each individual man wants, pants, and thirsts,  
 When seeking after God in earnestness,  
 For the great witness of the inspiring God,  
 To make him joyfully acknowledge it ;  
 Then, building all his hopes of heaven thereon,  
 He realizes faith, and feelingly  
 Knows what it is upon his darkened mind  
 To enjoy the lifting up of the true light,  
 The unveiling of God's countenance to him  
 As his own God and Father, reconciled  
 In Jesus Christ his Saviour.

## February II.

“ My sheep hear My voice.” JOHN x. 27.

TWICE I've heard, or think I've heard, the voice  
 Of Jesus in His providence, to me  
 Speaking distinctly, loudly. I had lain  
 Four days like Lazarus in old nature's grave ;  
 Infancy, childhood, youth, had each revolved,  
 And manhood's morn advanced, when to my heart,

Above the opened sepulchre, He said,  
 Awake ! arise ! and my astonished soul  
 Felt new affections, new desires, new thoughts,  
 Love, life, and energy unknown before !  
 Like Matth w, I was 'mongst the crowded throngs  
 Where noisy commerce dwells, busied like him  
 In seeking gold, when, 'midst the general buzz,  
 Softly but plainly to my bosom came  
 The accents, " Follow Me ! " and from that hour  
 The world hath lost its lustre ; all its wealth,  
 Its honours, and its joys are valued now  
 As nothing to a sight of Him who thus,  
 So powerfully inviting, drew my soul,  
 And, though unseen, still draws me to Himself !  
 Shepherd of Israel ! if, as I believe,  
 Thou thus didst call my wandering soul to Thee,  
 Regard my earnest cry ! Long at Thy gates,  
 So long that hope, once sanguine, droops and dies,  
 I've waited, craving audience ! Grant me, Lord,  
 The blissful vision of Thy smiling face !  
 Let me behold Thee as Thy people do,  
 Distinctly viewing with the eye of faith ;  
 And while absorbed in love and ecstasy,  
 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking once again :  
 " With everlasting love I've loved thee,  
 And therefore thus have drawn thee ! "

### February 12.

" For all the Athenians and strangers which were there,  
 spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to  
 hear some new thing." Acts xvii. 21.

SPENDTHRIFTS in health, in wealth, in character,  
 Are not the only prodigals ! There are men  
 Exuberant in intellect so wild,  
 In mental vigour so undisciplined,  
 So resolute to leap o'er every fence  
 Of wisdom, prudence, innocence, or love,  
 That, like the prodigal, they rashly run  
 To a far country for excitements new.

To them the old parental pathways seem  
 Hateful in their monotony! Childhood's home  
 And childhood's truths, learnt at their mother's knee,  
 Awaken now but scorn and ridicule!  
 The sacred page, regarded once with awe,  
 Is now read but to criticize, in phrase  
 Sophistical, indecent, blasphemous!  
 And all the acquirements art and nature yield  
 Are used to contradict or to pervert  
 Or render ludicrous the word of God!  
 Are not such men prodigals? Wastefully  
 Spending in mental harlotry the strength,  
 The wealth, and vigour of the mind's fresh youth;  
 Toying with falsehood in her blandishments,  
 And lavishing in thoughts untrue and foul  
 All the bright springtide of their intellect;  
 Dwelling in this far country, far from God,  
 With recollections still of God and home,  
 They would forget, ignore, deny God—if they could!  
 They study nature, which should lead to God,  
 Science and art in their developments;  
 And when these seem to their distorted minds  
 Opposed to God and to God's sacred word,  
 They follow where, unsanctified, these lead,  
 Choosing to follow them instead of God!  
 All honour to the men who, owning God,  
 Investigate His works, acknowledging  
 Minds finite cannot grasp infinity!  
 All scorn to those who in their littleness,  
 With an unreal hold upon the fringe  
 Of art or science, worship these alone  
 And charge the word of God with foolishness!

### February 13.

"It is written in the prophets." JOHN vi. 45.

RIVER of prophecy, I love to tread  
 Thy richly spangled margin, gathering flowers  
 Of wondrous structure and of brilliant hue.  
 How sweet in the soul's summer-tide, when light



Is shining on thy waters, 'tis to sail  
 Up to their source, and at the fountain head  
 Read the loved name of Jesus ! or adown  
 The current as it widens, gaining still  
 Lovely and yet more lovely views of Him !  
 Employment high, and suitable for minds  
 Regenerate, and to which they are drawn  
 As by magnetic influence, climbing thus  
 By lawful ascent to the court of Heaven,  
 Associating with angels ; entering thus  
 The council chamber of the King of kings,  
 And from the archives of eternity  
 Learning the future history of their race !  
 What though they read in hieroglyphic dark,  
 In symbol, metaphor, and allegory,  
 Like the young eagle in the sunbeam, they  
 Drink at the fount of strength, new strength, and soon  
 With eye unscaled attain to mysteries  
 Which other minds can't reach to.

Holy One !

Great Fountain of the stream of prophecy !  
 Spirit Eternal ! by whose aid alone  
 The voyager sails safely, deign to steer  
 My venturous bark in every enterprise !  
 Guard from false lights, and let no meteor flame  
 Lure me among the quicksands ! and as now,  
 When wandering on its banks, let no wild flowers,  
 Planted by the enemy, entice my touch ;  
 But, led by thee, Thou great Illuminator !  
 Let every survey profit me !

### February 14.

"Let thy widows trust in Me." JER. xlix. 11.

SHE was a widow,  
 And had long-time dwelt within that cot.  
 'Twas dear to her, for there, from the church porch  
 Her husband brought her, and there many years  
 Prosperity had smiled. Her husband now,

With her one only child, lay 'neath the turf,  
 And foes conspired to drive her from her house.  
 She had no powerful advocate 'mong men,  
 No friend to battle with the oppressor now !  
 What could she do ? She shut her cottage door,  
 And knelt in secret, telling to the Lord  
 Her tale of injury. "Thou art my Father,"  
 Thus she prayed, "shall cruel men oppress  
 Thy child ? And Thou, Immanuel, Thou didst bleed.  
 For me ; Thy Father gave me to Thee,  
 Confiding my eternal safety to Thy hands.  
 And, Holy Ghost, remember all the care  
 Thou hast taken with me, regenerating,  
 Teaching, and protecting me till now ;  
 Remember Thy great name, Jehovah, then,  
 And shield, for Thy name's sake, Thy supplicant ! "

Eloquent prayer,

Which, mounting on the wing of faith, soon reached  
 The Mediator's hand, perfumed by Whom  
 With incense from His own gold censer, it obtained  
 Promptly a shower of blessings in reply.  
 She met the oppressor afterwards, she said.  
 "Ellen ! you shall not leave your cottage," he began,  
 Then conversed, and at parting gave her charity.  
 Some may say 'twas caprice. It might be so ;  
 She traced it to a higher source, and knelt  
 Once more before her God in thankfulness.

### February 15.

"Nebuchadnezzar the king made an image of gold." DAN. iii. 1.

ON Dura's plain the glittering image stands,  
 Sparkling amid the sunbeams. The decree  
 Of Babylon's proud monarch is that all,  
 Sons of the land and strangers, low shall bow,  
 Worshipping this idol ! "We know," said some,  
 "This image cannot hear, or see, or speak ;  
 How it was made we know, by whom we know,  
 And that 'tis only his despotic will

To manifest, our king this mandate gives ;  
 But this we know as well, our dignities,  
 Places, and wealth, with all the circumstance  
 That makes life pleasant, hang upon his smile,  
 And therefore we will bow and worship,  
 Aye, though we know it mockery." There were three  
 Who reasoned differently ; and when was seen  
 Their unbent altitude above the mob  
 Of stooping sycophants, straight to the king,  
 To gain yet larger favour, it was told.  
 " Will ye ? " " We will not ! " " To the furnace then,  
 And heat it seven times fiercer." " Wherefore, king,  
 Dost thou gaze trembling ? " " In the furnace now  
 I see four calmly walking, and the fourth  
 Weareth the semblance of Divinity ! "  
 Soon released, the Hebrew youths attain  
 Yet more pre-eminence ; and now the king,  
 Awed by the miracle, gives honour due  
 To the one only God.

Saviour ! in the hour  
 When different paths are spread before my feet,  
 Let me not choose, shortsighted, the broad way,  
 Pleading expedience ; but, trusting all to Thee,  
 Follow, not only when the roses bloom,  
 But 'mid the tempest of a world's reproach,  
 When the sharp thorns of persecution sting,  
 Still drawn by Thee, pursue the narrow road  
 That leadeth unto life !

### February 16.

" Through the way of the wilderness." Exod. xiv. 18.

I KNEW one well who was brought up  
 In the hot glow of hyper-Calvinism.  
 Well I remember what he told me once :  
 " I heard," he said to me, " constantly heard  
 Good men, assuredly good men, but whose good  
 Was leavened with so much overplus not good,  
 That what they preached was oft repulsive, harsh,

Grotesque, irreverent, if not profane !  
Still I remained from love to those I loved,  
And thus became a Gallio infidel.  
But God supplied two antidotes. I had  
A precious mother, gentle, meek ; she knew  
Nothing of doctrines, high or low ; to her  
'Isms were terminations meaningless ;  
She loved her Saviour, and she loved her God,  
His holy word, His people, and His house,  
And taught her children so. Then there came  
A rough intruder in my life's young path ;  
And this way, that way, wheresoe'er I turned,  
Trouble was always in my front. In vain  
I fought resisting it, still it was there,  
Chameleon-like, with aspects different,  
But always breathing mildew on my hopes ;  
And thus the world, the bright, the beautiful,  
Became to me a wilderness. Then in despair  
I prayed to God, my mother's God, to help ;  
I put aside all doctrines, all decrees,  
All arguments, all sophistries, all fears,  
And only prayed, ' Help, Lord, for I am helpless !  
O God, be merciful to sinful me !'  
That prayer was answered. Trouble still remained,  
But trouble never conquered ; strange to say,  
Trouble oft prompted prayer, and then I found  
It was God's messenger, arresting me,  
Teaching me God's true character, and bringing me  
To love my mother's God."

### February 17.

" And the Lord God prepared a gourd." JONAH iv. 6.

'NEATH the full beamings of an orient sky  
The prophet sat, watching what God would do  
Unto the doom'd city. Nought was there  
Of lofty rock or shadowing palm-tree tall,  
From the sun's heat to shelter, so he made  
A booth, and sat therein, and God prepared

A gourd, which straightway grew; and pleasantly  
 Beneath the shadow of its spreading leaves,  
 The prophet felt refreshed. Brief pleasantness,  
 For *in* the gourd,—the gourd which gladdened him,  
 The gourd which God's own goodness had prepared,—  
 There was a worm which smote it that it withered,  
 Withered and died! Was it not strange that God,  
 Whose power prepared the comfort, should Himself  
 As well prepare the blight? but from the fact  
 Is drawn a useful lesson, which our God  
 Sees that His servants need.

Ponder, my soul,

The history: to nothing earthly yield  
 Thy soul's affections! In a night earth's joys  
 Spring up, and oftentimes in a night they die—  
 Die, blighted by the worm within themselves!  
 Neither presumptuously, my soul, arraign  
 His ways, whose steps are on the shoreless sea;  
 But, holding earth's delights with loosened hand,  
 Walk softly, humbly, prayerfully with God!

### February 18.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Ps. cxxxix. 14.

WHEREFORE was man,  
 Amongst the occupants and ornaments  
 Of this material universe, pronounced  
 The only heir of immortality?  
 Why lives he not, like the sweet summer flower,  
 To die in early beauty? Why is he not,  
 Like the umbrageous tree, for centuries  
 Fragrant in life, forgotten then in death?  
 Why, like the far-off stars, could he not shine  
 Glorious and sparkling and then cease to be?  
 Oh, why was man so wonderfully made:  
 A microcosm full of mysteries?  
 Because throughout creation, man alone  
 Wears the similitude of God; because  
 Only to man has the Creator given

That complex nature, linking him to earth,  
 Controlling for a time his higher life,  
 But which one day, bursting its mortal bands,  
 Shall reach a destiny as yet unknown !  
 In every human breast there is a spark  
 Of uncreated essence, given, not made,  
 And which can never be destroyed by death.  
 All else, flowers, trees, and mountains, suns and stars,  
 Live their brief day, their enterprise fulfil,  
 And then are not ! But man, immortal man,  
 While worlds and systems in continuous flow,  
 Outgushing from life's fountain, each succeed  
 In endless evolution, man shall still  
 Undying live, a life that cannot die !

Think then, O man !

So fearfully, so wonderfully made,  
 Think of thy grandeur and thy privilege,  
 Thy loss, and thy responsibility !  
 Fallen from thy first innocence, thy God  
 Offers salvation—wilt thou not be saved ?  
 Come back to happiness—God waits to bless !  
 The Saviour died,—rise to new life in Him !  
 Be reconciled to God ! Approach in prayer,  
 And seek forgiveness through Christ's precious blood !  
 Then shall thy future immortality,  
 Bright with the wealth and purity of heaven,  
 Advance in knowledge and increase in love,  
 God dwelling in thee, and thyself in God !

### February 19.

"Consider the lilies of the field." MATT. vi. 28.

LOVELY may be these field-flowers, but methinks  
 Some deeper mystery lies embosomed here.  
 God's children not unfrequently are known  
 By this meek appellation ; and although  
 They toil not, like the pharisee, to spin  
 A garment which too narrow is at best  
 To shelter or adorn them, yet arrayed

In the white seamless robe which Jesus wove,  
 When to accomplish it He veiled the God  
 In human nature, and then, sprinkling it  
 With His own blood, ascended, bearing it  
 Up to heaven's treasury : raiment wonderful,  
 To be by all saints worn, yet always there !  
 Arrayed in this, Emmanuel's righteousness,  
 These lilies of the field as far excel  
 King Solomon in glory, even when  
 Fame's trumpet sounded it so wide and loud  
 That distant Sheba's queen the journey took  
 To see if fame spoke truth, and owned that far,  
 Yea very far, its sparkling brilliancy  
 Excelled what had been told her ; even then—  
 Regarded only as an earthly prince—  
 King Solomon was poor, contemptible,  
 To those for whom, with unheard lavishness,  
 God thus hath given Himself !

### February 20.

"The trial of your faith, being much more precious than  
 of gold that perisheth." 1 PET. I. 7.

FAITH is a glow-worm grace !  
 In the bright sunshine of prosperity,  
 When in life's pathway many coloured flowers  
 Yield brilliancy and perfume, when glad birds  
 Warble on every branch, and the light breeze  
 With the soft ripple of the crystal brook  
 Plays wantonly, the glow-worm is unseen ;  
 Its little lamp extinguished, and itself  
 A disregarded object ; but not so  
 When night's dark curtain shrouds the hemisphere,  
 Veiling terrestrial beauties ; meekly then  
 Its gentle glimmer is observed and prized !  
 Thus in the Christian life ; the broad bright glow  
 Of temporal or of soul prosperity  
 Shrouds faith, and leaves no room for exercise ;  
 But He who says of faith, the trial of it

Is much more precious than famed Ophir's gold,  
 Will bid time shake upon His favoured ones  
 A plenteous shower of strange vicissitudes,  
 Changes and war, bereavement, care, and gloom ;  
 And then shall faith find work commensurate,  
 Strong faith and weak, each will be amply tried,  
 And each be but sufficient to sustain !  
 'Tis sweet and 'tis consoling to reflect  
 That while in calm and quietness this grace  
 Is sparely given, like gold not meant for waste,  
 In the dark hour when tribulation frowns,  
 When persecution whets his angry sword,  
 When pale bereavement cuts some tender tie,  
 When slander utters some reproachful tale,  
 When want, or woe, or weakness hover round,  
 And when we battle with life's latest foe,  
 The gift is then abundantly vouchsafed,  
 And faith, all-conquering faith, shines brilliantly !

### February 21.

" Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now  
 henceforth know we Him so no more." 2 Cor. v. 16.

Is it not possible to dwell too much  
 On Christ in His humility—to stay too long  
 At Nazareth, Bethany, and Olivet,  
 Gethsemane, and Golgotha ? 'Tis joy  
 With an appropriating faith to know  
 The suffering Saviour suffered all for us ;  
 But greater bliss to leave the vacant tomb,  
 Henceforth to know Him so no more, and see  
 Our living, risen, and ascended Lord,  
 Triumphant Conqueror over sin and death,  
 Hell and the grave, putting away our guilt  
 And now, our Great High Priest and Advocate,  
 Pleading for us upon His Father's throne !  
 Bring me no crucifix ! Read me no tale,  
 Sensational and carnal, about Christ  
 Tortured, insulted, crucified, and killed !



Let my faith recognise my dying Lord,  
 Then rise to contemplate my living Head  
 Let me not linger always at the cross;  
 Rather, with Buzi's son at Telabib  
 Communing, by the ancient river's banks,  
 Let me ascend above the symbolisms  
 Of life and law, above the clouds and stars,  
 Above the cherubim and seraphim,  
 And in its splendour see the sapphire throne,  
 Beholding there, supreme in dignity,  
 One in my nature, Sovereign over all,  
 The great God-man, my Brother and my Friend,  
 My Judge, my Kinsman-representative!

'Tis right to muse upon Gethsemane!  
 'Tis right for faith to gaze on Calvary!  
 But who would dwell upon a battle-field?  
 The victory won—To the pavilion now!  
 The conquest gained—Think of the Conqueror now,  
 Not in His blood-stained garments; think of Him  
 Bright on His glory throne! Ascend by faith  
 Up to the heaven of heavens, where now He reigns,  
 And, listening to the song the angels sing,  
 The anthem echoing from the sea of glass,  
 Catch the grand words, and learn to sing them here:—  
 "Great and marvellous Thy works, O God!  
 Just and true Thy ways, Thou King of saints!  
 Who shall not fear and glorify the Lord,  
 The Holy One to whom all nations bow  
 In worship, love, and praise!"

## February 22.

"And He must needs go through Samaria." JOHN iv. 4.

'Tis summer noon,  
 And faint a Traveller reaches Jacob's well,  
 Wearied with lengthened journeying. Glad He sits  
 As if appreciating rest, the while  
 A woman from the neighbouring city comes,  
 Bringing the daily pitcher for supply.

She sees the Stranger, and with look askant,  
 Noting His Hebrew garb and countenance,  
 To the well's furthest verge she goes to fill.  
 Surprised, she hears Him ask to quench His thirst :  
 A Jew entreating a Samaritan !  
 More wondering when the unassuming Man  
 Tells her of living water which of Him  
 She should have asked, that she might thirst no more !  
 Well might Samaria's daughter all amazed  
 Survey the wondrous Stranger, who abrupt,  
 Lifting the veil of her past history,  
 Exposed delinquencies she thought none knew.  
 Conviction did its work. Messiah's fame  
 Had reached Samaria, and Samaria's child  
 Saw and acknowledged in the toil-worn Man  
 The Christ, the Lord's Anointed !

Hast Thou not, Lord,  
 Met me while busied in the busy world ?  
 Hast Thou not, in the whisperings of the soul,  
 Revealed a history I had deemed unknown :  
 Thoughts, feelings, hopes, ambitions, all concealed ?  
 Hast Thou not told me of the living stream,  
 Likened to which all other streams are dry ?  
 Yea, Lord, hast Thou not given an appetite,  
 Eliciting from me the self-same cry  
 As from Samaria's daughter urgent came :  
 " Lord, give *me* of this water ! "

### February 23.

" The woman then left her waterpot." JOHN iv. 28.

WHY did she leave her waterpot ?  
 With scant civility, her answers came,  
 Curt and abrupt, to the tired Traveller  
 Who, when He asked refreshment, only gained  
 Reasons for a refusal ; but when, surprised,  
 She heard the revelation of her sin,  
 The secret of her dark life's history,—  
 When the lone Wanderer disclosed a fact

She thought none but herself acquainted with,—  
 Mingled emotions worked within her breast,  
 And hastening, half forgetful, half in fear,  
 She ran to tell her townfolk of the Christ,  
 The wonderful Messiah at the well.

Perhaps, in her remorse, she left the pot  
 That Jesus might alleviate His thirst—  
 The thirst she had paid no attention to.  
 Perhaps, in her surprise and guilt, she ran,  
 Not now remembering what she came to fetch.  
 Perhaps, in her great haste, she threw aside  
 Her waterpot, lest it should slack her speed.

Oh, who may guess the thoughts which, as she ran,  
 Like a wild hurricane, within her raged?  
 And who shall picture the astonishment  
 Of Sychar's half-bewildered citizens,  
 When the tired fugitive, now out of breath,  
 Told them of Jesus, and entreated them  
 To come with her and see Him for themselves?

How wondrously doth God, the Wonderful,  
 Choose opportunities to awaken souls!  
 Samaria's daughter, when she left her home,  
 Thought not of meeting Jesus at the well;  
 But Jesus thought of her, remembered her,  
 Knew of the needs-be He should go that way,  
 That one, predestined to eternal life,  
 Might be awakened, self-condemned, and taught,  
 Melted and humbled; and forgetful then  
 Of this life's wants, this life's necessities,  
 Ask, and obtain that higher, holier life,  
 Which only He who is Himself the Life  
 Can give, and gave to her.

### February 24.

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the  
 Father will send in My name." JOHN xiv. 26.

EVANGELIST of verities!  
 How specially, how wondrously, throughout  
 Thy holy Gospel, thy Apocalypse,

Thy Letters to the Church and to thy friends,  
Are the most bright revealings to us given  
"Of God and of the Father and of Christ!"  
The mystery we acknowledge, not explain,  
Believe, but not elucidate.

"Hear, O Israel," 'tis the Saviour speaks,  
"The Lord our God is one Lord!" Again,  
"I and My Father are one!" Again,  
"Who seeth Me, seeth My Father too."  
Again, "My Father is greater than I."  
"When I go to My Father He will send  
The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost,  
He shall abide with you, instruct, and guide.

How incontestably we see One God!  
How very clear Three Persons in One God!  
Equal in essence, indivisible,  
Alike in power, in purpose, and in love;  
How plain that One became Emmanuel,  
Shrouding His glory in humanity  
That He might work salvation's wondrous work:  
The Sent One thus the Servant for a time  
Of the great Father, who thus sent His Son  
That Both the Holy Spirit then might send!

Theorists may argue, demonstrate, deny,  
Refusing to accept incomprehensibles;  
But we, in our experience, learn its truth!  
We realize the Holy Spirit's work  
In melting, humbling, and subduing hearts  
Once hard, too hard for us ourselves to melt.  
He leads us to the Saviour, and reveals  
That Jesus Christ is the Great God to save,  
The Man to sympathize, the true High Priest  
To plead for us before our Father's throne.  
Through Christ, as children reconciled, we come,  
And share our Father's smile, our Father's love,  
The free forgiveness and eternal life.

Thus learning that our God is ever One,  
Faith sees in God the undivided Three!

## February 25.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be." DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

'Tis a foundation truth,  
An axiom Christians never should forget,  
That when God speaks a call or a command,  
To special work or special enterprise,  
God simultaneously supplies the power  
His mandate to obey. "Stretch forth thy hand!"  
"Repent!" "Believe!" "Go thou in this thy might,  
And thou shalt conquer: it is I that send!"  
All these, when spoken by our God to men,  
Bring willingness and strength, and man responds!

Thus in the word of God exuberant  
Are promises rich, precious, suitable  
For every need, for every circumstance,  
And calls and invitations full of love.  
But men survey with cold indifference  
Until the general call, which but condemns,  
Is followed by the individual call,  
Which speaks and wins with influence all Divine;  
Then men receive the faith to appropriate,  
And, gathering daily strength for daily need,  
They lean upon the promises; while God,  
Bestowing thus capacity to grasp,  
Yields to the claim and owns the force of faith.

Like as to each who has the power to breathe  
God gives the right to inhale His atmosphere;  
To each to whom He has imparted sight  
He gives the unfettered privilege to see;  
So unto all to whom He gives true faith,  
He gives access, audience, and answering!  
God giveth liberally, but 'tis daily given.  
God does not give His good gifts in the lump  
Even to saints, to squander thoughtlessly.  
God gives, as doth a father, to his child.  
The child may be unquestioned heir of all,  
But a wise father gives his little one

As his own wisdom prompts ; and God bestows  
Only large faith for large accomplishments,  
Great faith for great endurance, greater still  
For peril, persecution, martyrdom ;  
But only little faith for little ills.  
The promise is : Strength equal to the day !

### February 26.

“ Neither is there salvation in any other.” Acts iv. 12.

WHEN, at the sovereign mandate of the Lord,  
The world of waves which had been circumscribed,  
Bursting its barriers, overflowed the world  
Of flowers and fields ; when the rude surges swept  
All various life, of man, and beast, and bird,  
Within the embrace of waters, only one ark  
Rode safe above the billows—casket sole,  
Retaining in safe custody the germ,  
The bud of life, which, in the world restored,  
Afresh should flourish, bearing fruit anew.

When in the wilderness the chosen tribes,  
Smarting beneath the venom and the bite  
Of poisonous serpents, sought importunate  
Healing and health ; uplifted on the pole,  
One brazen portraiture of that which stung  
Invited confidence, and yielded cure.

One ark, one antidote, symbolized one Christ.  
And like as none were saved in the dark hour  
When the waves reigned triumphant, save the few  
Within the ark ; and like as none were healed  
The anguish of the serpent's tooth, save those  
Whose eye glanced faith-drawn to the mystic pole ;  
So now, when with tremendous surges, sin  
Sweeps the wide world, polluting everything ;  
And now, when Satan, with more venomous bite  
Than serpent's tooth, infuses to the soul  
The bane of his malignancy, one Christ,  
Jesus, the Lord, the Saviour, yields alone  
Shelter and balm. There is no other name

On earth, in heaven, by which man must be saved !  
 Look unto Jesus, all ye ends of earth,  
 And all who look are saved !

### February 27.

"Thou hast blessed the work of his hands." Job i. 10.

#### WHAT man can do

In his own strength and wisdom, man should do,  
 Man is enjoined to do. Man could not raise  
 The buried Lazarus from his sepulchre ;  
 But man could move away the stone and loose  
 The grave-clothes from the corpse restored to life.  
 Man could not speak the water into wine ;  
 But man could fill the waterpots. Man could build—  
 Manoah built, so did the Tishbite build  
 The altars and prepare the sacrifice ;  
 Elijah did so on Mount Carmel ; but the Lord,  
 Only the Lord, could give the fire from heaven.  
 Peter could throw, Peter did throw, the net  
 Into Gennesaret ; but the word of Christ  
 Gathered the fishes who obedient came,  
 Yielding miraculous result. Easily  
 The willing fisherman could catch a fish ;  
 But Peter could not put within its mouth  
 The tribute money needed.

#### So it is now—

In every need, in every enterprise,  
 Man is responsible for all his powers ;  
 And man has mighty powers to do man's work !  
 Man can do very much to help himself,  
 And God demands man's utmost energy  
 To be exerted ere man own defeat.  
 God honours labour, and He is not pleased  
 When man, instead of working, sits and sighs—  
 Asking and then in languid indolence  
 Waiting the daily bread, and blessing too !  
 Up and be doing ! Diligence makes rich.  
 Work as if success depended upon you,

Assiduously and patiently, confident  
That what you cannot do, the Lord will do,  
Answering the prayer of faith and earnestness.

### February 28.

"Thou art my Father." PSALM lxxxix. 26.

Oh that I might,  
Appropriating the high relationship,  
Call God my Father! And why may I not?  
Can I not count the evidences plain,  
In gifts unmerited, deliverances  
And mercies numberless by Him vouchsafed?  
Can I not retrospectively survey  
Memorial tributes to His providence,  
Commemorating the riches of His grace,  
Seen and appreciated when other help  
Was none? Can I not recollect full well  
The years bygone I disregarded Him,  
And how He drew me by those cords of love,  
And raised my hopes, my thoughts, my all, to Him;  
So that in every want, and each emergency,  
As to the parent runs the tottering babe,  
I hasten to Him at His mercy-seat,  
There plead His name, His promise; and so oft  
My heavenly Father there hath answered me,  
That Satan cannot take from me my hope!  
But Satan still assaults; and, as my prayers  
Have been for aid and guidance temporal,  
And temporal supplies,—all needed much,  
For tribulation often hath been mine,—  
The tempter tells me these, though largely given,  
May not be proofs of love; and as my prayer  
That God will manifest Himself to me,  
My Father, Saviour, Sanctifier, still  
Ascends unrealized, my halting tongue  
And feeble faith, fearing presumption much,  
Recedes the claim, and oft scarce speaks the hope!



February 29.

"Of whom I am chief." 1 TIM. i. 15.

WHAT gives 'mongst sinners the pre-eminence ?  
Paul must be good authority, for he wrote  
By God inspired ; and Paul proclaims himself  
The chief, strange paradox, of sinners chief !  
And yet among apostles not the least !  
What is it constitutes this eminence ?  
Surely, not wallowing in iniquity  
More than the rest, indulging deep and wide  
In every species of enormity ?  
This did not Paul. Hear his own character,  
While unregenerate, from his own mouth :—  
Fulfilling all the letter of the law,  
Blameless in outward conduct amongst men,  
Zealous towards God, though zealous ignorantly.  
And yet, thus moral, circumspect, exact,  
When weighed by God and conscience in the scale,  
The balance of the sanctuary, Paul stands forth  
Chief among sinners. Hence we clearly learn,  
God, when He estimates iniquity,  
Regards with most abhorrence sins of heart.  
He hates the whitened sepulchre which veils  
Internal rottenness. He loathes exceedingly  
The smooth complacent pharisee, who boasts  
Of his own righteousness, while in his breast  
Dwells, fondly cherished, that most deadly sin,  
Spiritual pride. Farther from God is he  
Than the poor publican who sinned and wept.  
We also learn that he who feels sin most,  
Hath seen its foulness and its stain the most.  
And this the most is seen, and known, and mourned,  
By realizing views of holiness,  
By near communion with the Lord Himself,  
Whose majesty and purity and love  
Shew sin's exceeding sinfulness !

## March I.

"Half the tribe of Manasseh." NUM. xxxii. 33.

THE Church is like Manasseh !

Half the tribe, still in the wilderness,  
 Dwelt this side Jordan, while the other half,  
 Crossed the dividing river, realized  
 The bliss of Canaan ; but the severed halves  
 Were yet but one—one tribe, one family !  
 So is the Church ; the half yet militant,  
 Still in the desert, tastes the woe, the war,  
 The peril, the privation, while the rest,  
 Triumphant in their Canaan, have attained  
 Their home, their heaven, their God ; still they are one,  
 The Zion of the Holy One is one,  
 And though divided by a narrow stream,  
 Alike protected, valued, loved, and blest !  
 And all in one vast aggregate, ere long,  
 The stream dried up, the wilderness gone by,  
 United will appear in marriage robes,  
 Immanuel's Hephzibah, the Saviour's bride !

Manasseh-like,

Each individual saint who, waiting, dwells  
 This side the river, feels a part of him,—  
 His thoughts, his hopes, and his affections,—gone  
 Across the stream, already in the home,  
 The home whose sunshine often cheers his path,  
 Towards which his aspirations all ascend !

Lord of the sunshine hill !

Lord likewise of the desert ! to Thy praise  
 The anthem rises in the golden streets  
 From Zion in their heaven, and unto Thee  
 The supplication in the wilderness  
 Ascends from Zion militant. Sweet to reflect,  
 That not more pleasing to Immanuel  
 Is Zion's glory anthem, than the prayers  
 Of Zion's soldiers in the battle-field—  
 Prayers which unfailing reach the great white throne,  
 And bring unfailing answers !

## March 2.

"Thou compassed my path, and my lying down, and  
art acquainted with all my ways." Ps. cxxxix. 3.

## THE life of Rezeneb

The world would call an uneventful one ;  
And in relation to the world it was.  
He entered sanguine on his young career,  
Fully resolved to reach some lofty niche  
In fame's proud temple, and to gain the wealth  
He saw was so much worshipped. Quietly,  
But perseveringly, he laboured long,  
Labouring at the foundation ; for to him  
Life's early path was strewed with many cares.  
With these he grappled, earnest to surmount,  
That thus untrammelled he might free begin  
Some high endeavour. Alas ! cares multiplied,  
"One trouble done, another did him seize."  
Still undismayed, indomitable still,  
In his own strength he fought, never quite crushed,  
Never triumphant ; and as his path emerged  
From gloom to sunshine, which it sometimes did,  
Again to gloom, he pondering sought the cause  
Why unsuccessful all his efforts died ?

It may be he was dull ; slowly he learned  
Promotion cometh not from east or west,  
That riches and estates and power to gain  
Are given of God, who oftentimes withholds  
As His best proof of love,—for hurtful much,  
And dangerous is wealth too largely given !

He gained in manhood's prime manhood's best prize,  
The fresh young love of one who loved the Lord ;  
And as they strove together in life's war,  
She pointed him, where he had looked before—  
Looking unsatisfied, to the great Helper, God.  
Together often at the mercy-seat  
They bent in prayer, in praise, in thankfulness,  
Thus living glad dependents on the Lord.

Once in the crowded thoroughfare he prayed,

Brief prayer ; remembering not just then  
The words were breathed by Bemerton's sweet poet :—

“ Oh, throw away Thy wrath !  
Oh, throw away Thy rod !  
And take the gentler path,  
My Father and my God !

The prayer was heard and answered ; 'twas the time—  
God's time to favour him. Since then his days,  
Shadowed sometimes, know not the denser gloom  
His youth experienced ; but 'twas all in love,  
Gloom made the sunshine brighter ! Storms  
Heralded a calm then doubly prized,  
And storm and calm have both been sanctified.

### March 3.

“ Fret not ! ” Ps. xxxvii. 1.

GATHER the encouragements from the book of Psalms,  
And string them as a necklace, wearing it  
Thy grand catholicon for every care !  
The royal minstrel felt all thou canst feel—  
Bereavement, slander, want, privation, pain !  
All life's vicissitudes, life's sunshine too,  
Were sprinkled in his history ; and high above,  
Like heaven's own bow spanning the hemisphere,  
Like as with iron pen upon a rock,  
He wrote the ever-living legacy,  
Fret not ! I love the book of Psalms !  
I love them for their loveliness ! In them  
Is poetry more tender, more sublime  
Than ever woke Parnassus—fabled home  
Of the world's bards, whose high imaginings  
Never attained to David's heavenly strain :—  
“ The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want ; ”  
And whose best impulse never breathed a calm  
Like those encouragements, which through the Psalms  
Sparkle like jewels ! Oh, 'tis impossible,  
Whate'er thy state, whate'er thy enterprise,  
If humbly, reverently, in godly fear,

Thou listen to the thrillings of the harp  
 Of Jesse's shepherd son, but to thy soul  
 Some sweet, some soothing note will melting come,  
 Diffusing there such love and confidence,  
 That thou wilt dwell within an atmosphere  
 Of love to God, lifted above the world ;  
 And while still journeying to the sunshine hill,  
 When some low care annoys, then to thy heart  
 Wilt say, wilt always say, Fret not !

### March 4.

"Solomon in all his glory." MATT. vi. 29.

KING SOLOMON in all his glory !  
 And when was that ? Oh, not when gorgeously,  
 Crowned on his ivory throne, in regal state  
 Surpassingly magnificent, he displayed  
 His wisdom and his wealth, so wonderful  
 That far-off nations heard the wide report,  
 And monarchs came to question ! Nor was it when,  
 Surrounded by exotic loveliness,  
 By foreign charms enamoured, heathen wives  
 Seduced him from Jehovah, and he bent  
 To images by cunning workmen made,  
 And designated gods ! No, that was the hour  
 Of Solomon's eclipse ! King Solomon was seen  
 In all his glory, brightest on that day  
 When, kneeling 'mid the noblest of the land,  
 Clothed in humility, he owned the truth  
 And faithfulness of God ; admired His love,  
 Who, dwelling in the high and holy place,  
 Could stoop to call a building made with hands  
 The temple of His glory ; and narrating then  
 The wants of Israel, from the Lord obtained  
 The promise of the blessing ; charging then  
 The congregation in the fear of God  
 To walk, he poured on all a loud, a wide,  
 An answered benediction ; and the world

Saw once, and only once, a monarch priest  
 Setting a pattern which earth's other kings  
 Have not had faith to follow !

### March 5.

"I know whom I have believed." 2 TIM. i. 12.

THE fact that Joseph lived,  
 And that he lived Egypt's prime minister,  
 Yielded no joy to poor old Jacob's heart,  
 Until the tidings reached the patriarch's ear.  
 When the long train of wagons met his view  
 To carry him to Memphis, to his boy,  
 He felt more confidence ; but when he clasped  
 His Rachel's darling to his breast, he said :  
 " Now let me die for I have seen his face."

Thus to the sinner, the great gospel truth  
 That Jesus is a Saviour, plenteously  
 Repentance and remission to His Church  
 To give unbought, small consolation yields !  
 Like the inquiring Greeks, he wants to see  
 The great Redeemer, and to taste His love !  
 He reads the Saviour's parting legacy,  
 And all his prayer is : " Jesus ! manifest  
 Thyself to me, as Thou dost not to those  
 Who do not ask, who do not want Thy grace !  
 Spirit Jehovah ! Promised Comforter !  
 Take of the things of Jesus, and reveal  
 To me my interest in His wondrous love !"  
 And when this prayer is answered ; when the veil  
 Shrouding the Saviour's smile is rent in twain ;  
 When, with the eye of faith the soul descries ;  
 When, with the ear of faith the soul can hear  
 The present Saviour, saying : " Be thou clean !"  
 When, in the open fountain of His blood,  
 He feels he has been washed, and that the robe,—  
 Christ's seamless robe of righteousness,—is his,  
 The Spirit witnessing to him this truth,  
 Like Jacob and like Simeon he exclaims :—  
 " Now let me die, for I have likewise seen !"

## March 6.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"  
HEB. ii. 3.

TRUE, 'twas a wondrous star!  
It shone conspicuous on the orb of night,  
Peerless amongst the rest. Astronomers  
Lifted their telescopes, and pondered much,  
Holding sagacious counsel, and they said  
Much that was clever and astonishing.  
But while they pondered, wrapt in doubtfulness,  
Some of their number took the scrip and staff,  
And journeying onwards, traced whereto it led,  
And coming thus to Bethlehem found the Babe,  
The Saviour thus announced!

A star still heralds Jesus!  
The light of Scripture in a world of gloom  
Exhibits Christ and His redeeming work;  
It tells what untaught nature stumbling guessed,  
That man hath fallen from an eminence,  
Holding within him yet a spark of life  
Immortal as its source. It tells,—  
Wonderful revelation!—how frail man,  
Strengthless for good, may by imparted strength  
Attain a grandeur brighter than before,  
A righteousness above vicissitude!  
Man looks and reads and thinks. Some dispute,  
And call it all a fable, wallowing foul  
In rank abominations, lest they lose  
Present enjoyments, not expecting more.  
Some much investigate and ask for proof,  
Conceding Scripture is a wondrous book,  
So rich in ethics and philosophy,  
Only a little blundering here and there—  
Blunders which modern science manifests!  
Some fight most learnedly to prove all true,  
Its history and its miracles all so true!  
That busied thus, they overlook its work,  
To draw them to the Saviour and be saved!

Like those who went to Bethlehem, let me, Lord !  
 Follow the leadings of Thy holy word,  
 And, thus attracted, influenced thus by Thee,  
 In Thee find my salvation !

### March 7.

"I am persuaded." Rom. viii. 38.

PRECIOUS persuasion of the Apostle Paul,  
 Equally precious to all if confident—  
 Confident humbly they are one with Christ !  
 Then can they in Paul's exclamation join,  
 Exulting they are from condemnation free.

We thank thee, Paul, and much we thank the Lord  
 In that He gave thee wisdom to indite  
 This most instructive Letter to the Church  
 In the imperial city, and much we prize  
 This all-important Chapter, opening  
 With the brave challenge, and then folding up  
 With the persuasion none can overthrow !

In Christ ! What does it mean, to be in Christ ?  
 The answer supplements the questioning :  
 It is, to walk according to the Spirit,  
 And not according to the flesh ! It is,  
 To shew conformity to Jesus Christ.

"I came to do My Father's will," Christ said,  
 "I came not to do My own "; and if we trace  
 Throughout His life, His sufferings, and His death,  
 Submission and subservience always prompt,  
 Ready obedience and accomplishment,  
 Our nature might suggest, "Let this cup pass !"  
 The higher will responds : "Thy will be done !"

The God-man is our glorious substitute,  
 Enduring, conquering, dying to atone !  
 But Jesus Christ is our example too,  
 And only as we yield our will to His  
 In self-denial and self-sacrifice,  
 Do we shew true conformity to Him,  
 And walking in His Spirit,—proving thus



That we are one with Christ, and one in God,—  
 Then, oh, the glorious, rapturous outburst  
 Of the ecstatic saint: “Nor death nor life,  
 Angels nor principalities nor powers,  
 Neither things present nor the things to come,  
 Nor height, nor depth, nor any creature else  
 Is able us to separate from God,  
 Nor from His love in Jesus Christ our Lord!

### March 8.

“Deliver me from my enemies, O my God.” Ps. lix. 1.

THE Christian man hath many enemies!  
 The world spreads its allurements, to entice  
 To guilt and danger; worldly men persuade,  
 And, if they fail, hurt and calumniate;  
 Scoffers pour out their venom on the saints;  
 And Satan, man’s chief foe, plots and contrives  
 By these his instruments to ensnare and bind.

But these are open enemies; most of all  
 In peril is the citadel that holds  
 Traitors disguised within its battlements,  
 And these hath every man. Man’s bosom sins  
 Are man’s most dangerous, man’s most cruel foes!  
 The Christian panoply supplies the sword,  
 Shield, helmet, breastplate, for victorious fight  
 With outside foes; but insufficient these  
 ’Gainst evil thoughts, corrupt imaginings,  
 Impure desires, and blasphemies which steal,  
 How we can scarcely tell, into the mind!

Angels of light watch and defend the saints  
 All through life’s pilgrimage; but equally  
 Angels of darkness strive, ever untired,  
 To inject and keep alive within the breast  
 Suggestions wicked and unclean and base;  
 And man, alas! by nature prone to sin,  
 Though shocked at first, too often entertains,  
 Loves, and caresses what he should reject.

Thanks be to God! even for bosom foes

We have a weapon which can never fail—  
 The weapon of all-prayer. When we can breathe,  
 Even in discomfiture: "Great Saviour, save!  
 Oh, save me from myself! Great Sanctifier!  
 Oh, cleanse, as Thou alone canst cleanse, the thoughts  
 Infesting my weak heart, which would be Thine!"  
 Help soon will come—help from the Mighty One;  
 And though resumed attacks may prompt fresh prayer,  
 This weapon, ever ready, ever bright,  
 Shall never be resorted to in vain.

### March 9.

"The one a Pharisee." LUKE xviii. 10.

HE went to pray, but he had never learnt  
 The language or the attitude of prayer;  
 His words were self-complacency, self-praise,  
 Pride, arrogance, disdain, and boastfulness.  
 True, he acknowledged God, and gave God thanks  
 Because being so meritorious,  
 He needed nothing God had to bestow!  
 He brought no praise to God, rather he thought  
 God should praise him for such superfluous worth.  
 He breathed no supplication in his prayer—  
 Strange prayer! which asked for nothing to be given.  
 He came with no lament, no penitence,  
 No felt confession of sin unatoned;  
 He sought no Intercessor, no High Priest,  
 No Mediator between him as man,  
 Consciously sinful, and a holy God.  
 He was all rectitude! No Sacrifice,  
 No Substitute, no spotless Righteousness,  
 No promised Comforter, could he require!  
 He wrapped himself in his own holiness,  
 And knew not that his nature was corrupt,  
 A whitened sepulchre, unclean within!  
 How angrily would he have spurned the charge  
 Of guilt original, inherited,  
 Defiling all endeavours wrought by self,  
 And rendering impotent self-aims at good!

To all this he was blind ; so in his pride,  
 And in his ignorance of God, he stood,  
 With broad phylacteries and haughty brow,  
 Proudly conspicuous on the marble floor,  
 Unbent, unbending in the Sanctuary !  
 And, he, mistaken man, foolishly thought  
 These compliments to God and to himself  
 Were an accepted offering.

Solemn Truth !

Harlots and publicans convinced of sin  
 Are nearer God, nearer the Saviour's love,  
 Nearer the Holy Spirit's influence,  
 Than Pharisees in their self-righteousness !

### March 10.

"The other a publican." LUKE xviii. 10.

WHILE the rich man,—  
 Rich in self-holiness and rich perhaps  
 In this world's wealth,—went in his dignity  
 To pay his court to God in God's own house,  
 As earthly courtiers do in all their state  
 To render homage to their sovereigns,  
 One went into the Temple—went to pray !

Contrast these two petitioners. While one  
 Boasted, not prayed, the real penitent  
 Could not so much as lift his eyes to heaven,  
 But smote upon his breast and, contrite, breathed  
 The model supplication often since  
 Employed by weeping suppliants at the throne :  
 "O God, be merciful to sinful me !"  
 Brief, comprehensive prayer, for it includes  
 Need, helplessness, petition, urgency !  
 And while the pharisee's proud prayerless prayer  
 Fell back refused, and while the God of love  
 Frowned on the pharisee, He turned to hear,  
 And, hearing, to the publican to give  
 The grace he sought. "I tell you," Jesus said,  
 "This was the man that went home justified ;"

For they who, in their pride, boast loftily  
 Shall be abased, while sorrowing penitents,  
 Approaching God in true humility,  
 Shall never seek the mercy-seat in vain,  
 Shall never be sent back unsatisfied.

Two men went up to pray !  
 Are there not many in their histories  
 Who have been representatives of both ?  
 Are there not many who first went to God  
 Proud in self-righteousness, on whom the Lord  
 Had mercy even then, and, teaching them  
 As only God can teach,—subduing them,  
 Melting and humbling them as He alone  
 Can humble and subdue,—brought them at last,  
 With feelings and with language similar  
 To the poor publican, not then disdained,  
 But lovingly acknowledged and esteemed,  
 A brother in the Lord !

### March II.

“ Six cities shall ye have for refuge.” NUM. xxxv. 13.

#### IN PALESTINE

Six sanctuary cities safety gave  
 To all who unpremeditated killed !  
 Delightful type of Jesus ; but how short  
 Of the sufficient refuge Christ supplies !  
 He is a Saviour sheltering all who seek !  
 He asks no definitions. He requires  
 No affirmations that the sinner fell  
 Unthinking into evil. Well He knows  
 Our sinful nature prompts continually  
 To sinful acts. The fountain all impure  
 Can only yield uncleanness, and He came,  
 'Tis His own proclamation, not to call  
 The righteous, but poor sinners to Himself !  
 The sanctuary cities always stood  
 With gates wide open, ready to receive  
 The hurrying, tired, and fainting applicant !

So Christ is always ready, always near!  
 Posts pointed out the path, and some were there  
 Whose duty was to gather up the stones,  
 Keeping the way from all obstruction clear,  
 Lest the poor soul be hindered or be thrown  
 While speeding for his life! Jesus sends  
 Ambassadors to sinners! Full of love,  
 They point, invite, entreat! Skilfully,  
 Taught by the Spirit, they explain, instruct,  
 Assist, encourage, soothe! One feature more:  
 The sanctuary cities safety gave  
 Until the high priest died! Our great High Priest  
 Dies never! God as well as man, He lives  
 A Priest for ever; and the soul in Him  
 Once sheltered, always shall be safe—  
 Safe from the avenger, safe from endless woe!

### March 12.

"A man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job." Job i. 1.

How poor, how vapid the most sparkling page  
 Of Homer, Shakspeare, or Euripides,  
 To that great drama of the Hebrew bard,  
 The history of Job! Its scenes are laid  
 Now in the presence of the Eternal King,  
 Now in earth's loveliest clime; the characters:—  
 The God of heaven, the shining seraphim,  
 The saint's accuser, tempter, adversary,  
 Job, in his wealth and in his poverty,  
 His taunting wife, his three reproachful friends,  
 And that mysterious one who spoke for God,  
 Till God in wondrous condescension spoke!  
 How plainly, by the master touches there,  
 We see the patriarch in his Arab home,  
 His multitudes of cattle, and his sons  
 Feasting in orient revelry! Rich and kind,  
 He gains the applause of all, and walks the world  
 The paragon of manhood. One by one,  
 Troubles like hailstones beat him to the ground,

And loathsome, bare, forsaken, he can scarce  
 Believe he is himself. Friends reproach,  
 Like friends of modern days, glad to find faults  
 In one they so much envied. Job maintains  
 Boldly his rectitude, still unconvinced,  
 Even by Elihu; but when the Lord  
 Opens His mouth, Job puts his in the dust,  
 Prostrate acknowledging his nothingness!

Such is the history; but surrounding it  
 Are such developments of mystery,  
 Such frequent flashes from another world,  
 Such gleamings of unknown philosophy,  
 Such sparkling hints of what we cannot guess,  
 And yet so long to know, that this grand book,  
 The most mysterious God hath deigned to give,  
 And to the thinking mind so fascinate,  
 Seems always certain to remain to man,—  
 Man in his present state,—a jewelled mine,  
 Ever producing unexpected wealth.

### March 13.

“One Simon, a Cyrenian.” LUKE xxiii. 26.

SURELY the Evangelist mistook the man—  
 One Simon of Cyrene! Surely it was  
 The bold, courageous Peter, Jonas’ son;  
 No other Simon should have helped to bear  
 The cross that pressed so heavily on Christ —  
 The weary, buffeted, insulted, scourged,  
 And patient Saviour, toiling up the hill  
 To yield His life a sacrifice to save  
 A scoffing, ignorant, benighted world!  
 Remember Peter’s words, “Though all forsake,  
 Yet will I die with Thee!” ’Twas the next day,  
 ’Twas near the garden, ’twas too recently  
 For Jesus or for Peter to forget;  
 And yet another Simon helps to bear,—  
 Unwillingly to bear,—the Saviour’s cross,  
 While Simon Peter, he who boastingly

Said so much in the garden, is not near.  
 Simon, thou son of Jonas, where art thou ?  
 Simon, thy three denials have been given,  
 The cock hath crowed, Christ's word has been fulfilled ;  
 But, as He left the high priest's hall to die,  
 The suffering Saviour spared one parting look  
 To poor repentant Peter. 'Twas a look  
 With no upbraiding, no reproach, no blame ;  
 Its language was : " Depend not on thyself,  
 Thy strength is weakness, look alone to Me ! "  
 That look broke Peter's heart. Poor Peter wept !  
 He never afterwards forgot that look,  
 Never again denied his Lord. He bore,—  
 Through a long life rejoicing bore,—Christ's cross,  
 Proclaimed its preciousness, its power to save  
 And, dauntless in the face of dignities,  
 In suffering, persecution, martyrdom,  
 Lifted it high ; and, dying on a cross,  
 Asked only that it might inverted be,  
 That so he might a more degrading death  
 Die than his Lord.

### March 14.

" Him they compelled to bear His cross." MATT. xxvii. 32.

" WHY should I bear," said Simon of Cyrene,  
 (We may suppose he said) " this heavy cross ?  
 I know not Jesus ! I'm a stranger here !  
 I am no follower of the Nazarene !  
 Just come up from the country ! Why am I  
 Compelled to bear Christ's cross ? "

Simon, rejoice ;  
 The cross will introduce thee to a crown !  
 An all unlooked-for diadem in heaven !  
 Thou cam'st up from the country, ignorant  
 Of all that was before thee ; but the cross  
 Shall be a revelation, telling thee  
 Thy sinfulness, thy weakness, and thy want.  
 Thou hast sustained the cross unwillingly ;

Thou shalt rejoice ere long, and realize  
The Man of Sorrows is the mighty God—  
The Crucified, the Saviour born to save !

How may we know that Simon of Cyrene  
Obtained salvation by the death of Him  
Whose cross he bore ? Only presumptively.  
Rufus and Alexander were his sons, and one  
Paul designates the chosen of the Lord.  
His sons Christ's followers, may we not infer  
They followed in their father's steps, and bore  
By faith the cross their father had sustained ?

Perhaps repiningly  
We've had to bear an unexpected cross ;  
Murmuring, we may have said, " We want no cross ;  
Strong in our natural strength, we want no Christ ;  
Just come from our own country, full of hope,  
Full of ambition, full of thoughtlessness,  
Why should we be compelled to bear a cross ? "  
Ah ! none shall wear heaven's everlasting crown,  
Who do not first partake the Saviour's cross.  
It may be tedious, painful, burdensome,  
It may wake first rebellious utterances,  
Lamented afterwards ; but when the cross  
Speaks its true message, when 'tis sanctified,  
Then it is welcomed, and the soul exclaims,  
" How sweet the cross that brought me to my Lord ! "

### March 15.

" There they crucified Him." LUKE xxiii. 33.

THEY crucified Him !  
Mysterious act ! mysterious sacrifice !  
They, the people whom He came to save—they,  
The chosen nation, Abraham's lineal sons—  
They crucified,—the most degrading death,  
Most cruel, most degrading,—crucified  
Between two thieves, as eminently bad,  
The Lord of life and glory ! Ponder, my soul,  
Their fearful enterprise—their plunge in guilt !



Ponder again  
 These wondrous explanations ! Yet it pleased  
 The Father thus to bruise,—thus yield to scorn  
 And to a cruel death,—His equal Son,  
 One with Him in eternity and power,  
 The only Sacrifice commensurate  
 To cleanse man's sin ; and the great Son agreed !  
 Most willingly He left His ancient throne,  
 With all its bright surroundings, all its praise,  
 Harps and hosannahs, bliss untellable !  
 And came to earth, a poor man sorrowful,  
 Fitted to die—to endure want, obloquy,  
 Pain, buffeting, and death, and, worst of all,  
 That inner conflict none can comprehend,  
 That felt desertion of a Father God,  
 That hiding of His Father's countenance,  
 Who would not spare the Son He loved so well,  
 That He might save a world so lost in sin !

Ponder once more  
 The Saviour's willingness ! He said Himself,  
 " I yield a life none else could take away,  
 I yield it for My sheep ! I die to save !  
 This baptism I am eager to fulfil,  
 This work to accomplish. Father, forgive !  
 These know not what they do ! "

Ponder, my soul,  
 God's method of salvation ! Adam sinned,  
 In Adam all are sinners ; Jesus died,  
 All who, believing, come to God through Him,  
 Coming love-drawn by the sent Comforter,  
 God will receive ! Oh, who will dare refuse  
 Salvation purchased by the Saviour's blood ?—  
 Salvation free to whosoever will !

### March 16.

" I thirst ! " JOHN xix. 28.

DID Jesus thirst ?  
 Refreshment did the great Redeemer need ?  
 And in His thirst did persecutors give

Sharp vinegar to mock ; or was the myrrh,  
 Steeped in the acid, meant to mollify,  
 Deadening the sense of pain ? In either case  
 The Lord refused. He the rude taunts endured ;  
 Nor would receive aught that should mitigate,  
 Lessening the feeling of the weight of wrath,  
 Which, as their Substitute, Immanuel bore  
 For His elect ! He had sufficient strength ;  
 And though the essence of the punishment,  
 Deserved by each, was now concentrated,  
 And all outpoured on Him, eliciting  
 In His full agony this cry, He bore  
 The overwhelming pain unmitigate !  
 Is there another view, in which we may  
 The thirst mysterious of our dying Lord  
 Tremblingly contemplate ? He said Himself :  
 " I have a baptism to be baptized with,  
 And, verily, am straitened till it be  
 Fully accomplished ! " Calvary's cross displays  
 The Saviour in this agonizing scene,  
 This baptism of His suffering ; and He thirsts,  
 Thirsts for its full fruition ! Is it so ?  
 In reverence and humility we ask.  
 We cannot penetrate the mystery—  
 The wondrous thirst of the all Wonderful !  
 Bow down, my soul, in silence and in awe,  
 In worship, love, and praise !

### March 17.

" Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do."

LUKE xxiii. 34.

WHAT is forgiveness ? 'Tis the pleasant smell,  
 The fragrancy ascending from the flower,  
 Crushed by the iron tread of cruelty !  
 Forgiveness in perfection was beheld  
 When Calvary reeled beneath the awful weight  
 Of the suspended God—the bleeding Man !  
 When scorers mocked His agony, and those

He came to save derided. "He," they said,  
 "Pretending Saviour! cannot save Himself!"  
 Oh, it was well for them that Jesus Christ  
 Dwelt above human passions, and, although  
 He sympathized with our infirmities,  
 He knew no sin! Forth from His tortured breast,  
 In answer to their taunts, issued the prayer:  
 "Father, forgive! they know not what they do!"  
 The prayer arose as incense! He who prayed,  
 And He who heard, possessed one mutual will;  
 And thus the prayer comprised the answering!  
 Forgiveness was the grand injunction left,  
 Distinguishing His followers! Stephen wore  
 This flower upon his breast; and all the stones  
 The Jews cast on him tore it not away,  
 But lavished on them more its fragrancy!  
 And all, since then, Christ's true disciples, ask,  
 Each time in attitude of prayer they bend  
 Before their Lord, forgiveness for themselves,  
 As they would fain forgive their enemies.

My soul, thou lov'st the Lord,  
 And lov'st His followers, for the Saviour's sake!  
 'Tis well! but thy ascended Lord commands:  
 "Love ye your enemies, and love ye those  
 Despitefully who use you!" Dost thou this?  
 Forgiveness is a fragrant flower, but love,  
 Love of our enemies, is a god-like grace!

### March 18.

"Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in  
 paradise." LUKE xxiii. 43.

PURGATORY,  
 Like other errors, is perverted truth!  
 There is no middle state where souls, half-cleansed,  
 Wash their remaining stains! Antichrist  
 Constructed this dark fable, to extract  
 From the expiring hopeless reprobate  
 His ill-got wealth, worse got, thus gained by her!

Or from survivors in their early grief  
 To lure a largess in exchange for prayers—  
 Prayers for the dead, which never will be heard;  
 For as the tree shall fall, so it will lie,  
 Unmoved, unaltered, by the many prayers  
 Which untold gold may purchase! Paradise  
 Is no purgation state; but Paradise  
 Is surely not our full inheritance!  
 Much in the Scripture page opposes this.  
 Saints when they die, as went the dying thief,  
 At once shall enter here, where visibly  
 Christ gathers round His mediator throne  
 His jewels bought with blood; and whence ere long  
 Surrounded with the trophies of His power,  
 Clothed in immortal bodies, He shall come  
 To reign on earth the grand millennial year—  
 The period when the renovated earth  
 Shall bloom as Eden bloomed, and when the Lord  
 Shall give, as He hath promised, to His saints,  
 Rewards according to their works! Afterwards,  
 The world's discordances then harmonized,  
 The general assembly of the just,  
 All equal and alike, in Christ their Head,  
 Shall soar to heaven, to spend eternity  
 In the full glory state!

### March 19.

“Woman, behold thy son!” JOHN xix. 26.

IN His last agony,—  
 Amid the taunts of those He came to save,  
 In the dark moment when His Father veiled  
 Mysteriously His presence, when He felt  
 Athirst and languid,—Jesus, pitying, saw  
 His weeping mother; and remembering then  
 The sympathies of nature, gave in charge  
 To the beloved disciple her whose arm  
 Had carried Him in childhood, and whose love,  
 Strengthened by love divine, had brought her now  
 A sorrowful believer to His cross!

Jesus knew,  
 And 'midst His sufferings in that hour foresaw  
 The evil use which evil men would make,  
 Prompted by Satan, to transfer from God  
 The homage to the creature! Well He knew  
 That Satan, working on the softest nerve  
 Of nature's tenderest feelings, would employ  
 Assiduously his most infernal craft,  
 To raise the mother to the place of God:  
 A second mediator! He is indeed  
 A subtle foe, most dangerous when he comes  
 Lamb-like and velvet-tongued and clad in white;  
 And Antichrist most visibly displays  
 Her origin and aim, when she commands  
 That worship to the creature, which our God  
 Claims as His right alone!

Therefore the Lord  
 Owns the relationship no more. Now He says:  
 "Woman, behold thy son!" All now are seen,  
 Who live and love according to His word,  
 Equally dear. Of these He previous said:  
 "The same is my mother and my sister  
 And brother!"

### March 20.

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

MARK XV. 34.

#### DEPARTING one!

Across whose prospect of eternity,  
 Just now so bright, so near, the evil one  
 Hath stretched his sable pinions, darkening hope  
 And love and confidence, while to thy mind  
 He whispers thoughts mistrustful of thy Lord,  
 Remember, when thy great Forerunner died,—  
 Thine Elder Brother, Saviour, and High Priest,—  
 That thus He might know how to sympathize  
 In all their sorrows with His own elect,  
 He drank this bitter grief! Immanuel trod,  
 In the dark hour of death, the wilderness

Of soul distress ! Himself the eternal God,  
 His human nature in its agony  
 Uttered the dolorous cry elicited  
 By the felt absence of His Father's face :  
 " My God ! oh, why hast Thou forsaken Me ? "  
 Dying believer ! Satan may have power,—  
 'Tis his last fleeting opportunity,—  
 To vex the saints his malice cannot clutch ;  
 He may make Jordan to thy parting soul  
 A boisterous, gloomy passage ; but thy Lord,  
 Who traversed even this, hath spoiled the foe ;  
 For 'mid the gloom, suspended out of reach,  
 Jesus hath hung the splintered sting of death ;  
 And when distress weighs heavy on the soul,  
 Faith hears a voice kindly encouraging,  
 Pointing its glance to that undying sign  
 Of death's discomfiture, and faith exclaims :  
 " O death, where is thy threatened sting ? O grave,  
 Where is thy vaunted victory ? "

### March 21.

" Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." LUKE xxiii. 46.

Oh, let me die as my great Pattern died !  
 Immanuel, in His meritorious life,  
 Vicarious sufferings, all-atoning death,  
 And resurrection as the Conqueror,  
 Outshines all imitation ! Jesus Christ,  
 The Prophet, Priest, and King of Zion, stands  
 Head of the Church in heaven and in the world ;  
 And saints will never seek in rivalry  
 To measure worth with Him, the incarnate God !  
 But there are features in His character,  
 Developments of excellence as man,  
 Which humbly we may strive to imitate.  
 The child, the friend, the citizen, in Him  
 Exhibit faultless model ; and in death,  
 The yielding of His parting soul to God,  
 Our Father, and His Father, represents

In that one act how dying saints should die!  
Oh, let me die as my great Pattern died!  
Let me so live in my unnoticed sphere,  
Unnoticed among men, but seen of God,  
That I may keep my garments white and clean,  
My conscience honest before God and men;  
Yet, sensible of the corruption and the stain  
Both of my nature and my righteousness,  
Oh, let me seek, and let me realize  
My holiness in Jesus! Saved in Him,  
Pardoned, and justified, and kept in Him,  
Let me, undaunted in the hour of death,  
Commend my spirit unto Him who gave,  
And die assured of glory!

### March 22.

"It is finished." JOHN xix. 30.

WORDS full of mighty meaning! Would ye ask,  
What then was finished? Faith with strengthened wing  
Flies backward, backward many a thousand years,  
And trembling views, ere the green world was born,  
The wonderful beginning! Jesus then,—  
Not then incarnate, not then crucified,—  
The Father's equal, joins in covenant,  
And signs the deed which Calvary sees discharged!  
Accomplished thus, all which in earlier days  
Of the world's history told the coming King,—  
The lamb, the ark, the tabernacle, priest,  
The brazen serpent and the passover,  
The type, the service, and the prophecy,—  
Were now withdrawn, all dead and out of date!  
The real Sacrifice was offered now!  
The true atonement now was realized!  
The blood was shed, which to all other blood,  
Foreshadowing this, the efficacy gave!  
The great High Priest had passed within the veil!  
The former dispensation folded up!  
And now the Comforter, the Holy Ghost,

Becomes the more immediate Minister,  
Awakener, Teacher, Guide, Remembrancer !

Angels who sang,  
Wakening the sleeping shepherds, and who watched  
O'er Olivet and in Gethsemane,  
Filled with astonishment; they who beheld  
Immanuel in His sufferings, joyful heard  
That all was done, and in celestial songs  
Echoed the tidings all along the road,  
Till seraphs o'er the battlements of heaven  
Caught the glad news, and louder, louder sang  
Throughout the golden streets the victory !

### March 23.

"Truly this was the Son of God." MATT. xxvii. 54.

CALVARY is trembling 'neath the dolorous weight  
Of Jesus in His agony ! Count, my soul,  
The portents dire, developing that He,  
Now on the cross suspended, is the same  
As was of old declared the Wonderful !  
The mystic veil which shrouded from the gaze  
Of peering curiosity, is torn,  
And all the Temple's mysteries disclosed !  
Rocks and the solid earth with open mouths,  
Express their wonder : 'tis their Maker dies !  
Yon brilliant orb, which for four thousand years  
Hath walked its shining course, and shed around  
Its sparkling radiance, beholding now  
The fountain of its glory veiled in death,  
Blind with surprise, in darkness leaves the world !  
And death, astonished at his victory,  
And dubious yet to assume the laurel wreath,  
Watching the event, the sceptre loosely holds,  
While saints of earlier time to life emerge,  
Leave the cold caverns of the tomb, and walk  
The holy city !

Rest not content, my soul,  
With the centurion, saying, "Of a truth



This was the Son of God!" Go on to ask  
 What brought Him from His glory thus to die;  
 And then inquire if in the enterprise,  
 Surpassing all that men call chivalry,  
 Thou hast a part!

### March 24.

"And they cried out all at once . . . Crucify! And  
 all the people that came together to that sight, beholding  
 the things which were done, smote their breasts, and  
 returned." LUKE xxiii. 18 21, 48.

#### SURPRISING revolution!

The day-dawn yell of the whole multitude  
 In Pilate's judgment hall was: Crucify!  
 But now the deed is done, now that strange signs  
 And words mysterious prove the Crucified  
 Is the Messiah; now that they feel  
 God's Gift unspeakable they in their guilt  
 Have flung in the face of the Great Giver,  
 Remorse and fear and horror agitate;  
 And they who madly in the morning screamed,  
 "His blood be on our children and on us!"  
 The dreadful act accomplished, beat their breasts,  
 Returning to their homes affrighted now.

Wondrous preparative for Pentecost!  
 Self-condemnation, consciousness of sin,  
 And legal terrors worked in every breast,  
 So that when Peter with the tongue of flame  
 Preached pardon and forgiveness without stint,  
 Three thousand of the multitude embraced  
 The Gospel offer, and acknowledged Christ  
 The Saviour as their Saviour, and declared  
 The cross, the Crucified, the ascended Lord,  
 Their only hope, their only confidence.

Thus it is still; Jesus is crucified  
 By every sinner and by every sin;  
 And only when we recognise that Christ  
 Lived, suffered, died, conquered, and rose to save,  
 We feel the sinfulness of our own sin,

Gaining no comfort till the Holy Ghost  
 In pentecostal bliss reveals to us,  
 As our own personal Redeemer, Christ!

### March 25.

"And, behold, two of them went that same day to a  
 village called Emmaus." LUKE xxiv. 13.

THEY walked communing down the palmy glen  
 Which lies that side Jerusalem, on the way  
 Leading to Emmaus; but the scenery  
 And springtide fragrance were unnoticed now!  
 Their hearts were sad! "Though born at Nazareth  
 And of those we know, I surely thought," said one,  
 "He was the promised Christ!" "All blighted now  
 Our hopes," the other answered, "like that tree,  
 Which once spread proudly, now by the woodman  
 Felled, stripped, branchless, leafless, dead; and this day  
 He said He should arise, yet is not seen!"  
 One walking the same road o'ertakes them now:  
 "Of whom speak ye?" "Truly a stranger thou  
 About Jerusalem, not to have heard of Jesus,  
 Of His death and hoped-for rising! Verily this man  
 Was deemed Messiah!" "And rightly deemed," He  
 said;

"Hear what Moses, and the prophets, and the songs  
 Of royal David witness!" Fluently  
 Then down the stream of treasured prophecy  
 The Stranger glided, while in silent awe  
 Onwards they walked, and reached the village.  
 "Farewell!" He said! "Nay, part not so, the night  
 Approaches, abide and sup with us!" While  
 At the table then, breaking the bread, as once  
 Before He broke, they knew their Lord!

Saviour! in the hour

Of anxious doubt, or when corroding care  
 Eats up our comforts, overtake us, Lord!  
 Walk with us in the way, dispel the gloom,  
 Sup with us and abide, till the glad vision come,  
 And we perceive our God!

March 26.

"The place which is called Calvary." LUKE xxiii. 33.

How circumstance  
Invests with interest some localities,  
Which, otherwise unknown, unvisited,  
Had still remained uncared-for!

Marathon  
Had yet been but a sterile Attic plain,  
Had not the Persian in his arrogance  
Determined to absorb the classic land  
And make the Greeks his slaves. Then arose  
Throughout the small but proud peninsula,  
The unfaltering and unanimous resolve,  
Living or dying, to be free; and Marathon,  
Immortalized for ever, loudly tells  
What giant strength united men possess,  
And how a band of patriots can resist  
The shock of myriad mercenaries,  
Shattering them as the rock breaks the storm.

Waterloo,—  
Too little to be named upon the map,  
Too insignificant for notice, now  
Proudly conspicuous as the battle-field  
Where despotism fought with liberty,  
And where a glorious victory secured  
To the world long repose,—will ever be  
On history's page an unforgotten name!  
And pilgrimages there will still be made,  
To see the place where beaten Bonaparte  
Saw all his glory crushed by Wellington.

Calvary,  
One of Jerusalem's surrounding hills,  
Had still been nothing more, but that thereon  
Was fought the greatest battle ever known.  
There holiness encountered sin; there Christ  
Defeated Satan; there the spoiler learned  
What love could do, and how the God of love,  
Foreseeing Satan's malice, planned to save!

Marathon, Waterloo, and Wellington  
 May deck the historic page; but Calvary  
 Supplies a theme for all eternity,  
 And spirits of the justified shall sing  
 For ever and for ever joyous praise  
 To Him who conquered on Mount Calvary!

### March 27.

“Being seen of them forty days.” ACTS i. 3.

#### MYSTERIOUS interval!

Eventful, wonderful, but undescribed  
 Save by a few bright flashes! Christ had risen;  
 Death and the grave had vainly striven to hold  
 The conquering Saviour! He burst all their bars,  
 And during forty days revealed Himself  
 The manifested God! the risen Man!  
 Where was He all that time? Where did He dwell?  
 Who gave Him food? Who ministered to Him?  
 He shewed Himself to Mary; to the ten;  
 Again when doubting Thomas was with them;  
 To the two travellers to Emmaus;  
 To the apostles, when His powerful word  
 Crowded their net with fishes, large and small;  
 Then to five hundred brethren at one time,  
 Ere He ascended to His ancient throne.  
 But these were flashes of His presence: where  
 Dwelt He in this mysterious interval?  
 One thing we know. He mingled with the world,  
 With scribe, or pharisee, or sadducee,  
 With mockers, or revilers, or profane, no more;  
 Such might not by their presence stain again  
 The holiness, the purity, the love  
 Of the risen Christ. But where His home?  
 Ah, venturous thought! How thou dost dare to think?  
 Picturing the unfathomed Paradise,  
 Home of the Mediator's kingdom, where  
 He gathers His redeemed, safe housing them  
 Till the first resurrection morn! Oh, stay—

Stay, thought, thy bold imaginings ! Where'er  
 The word of God is silent ; when the page  
 Of Scripture has no voice, be silent too !  
 Indulge no fancy ! but in reverence trust,  
 Fully assured that death will introduce  
 All the redeemed to the Redeemer's home :  
 Absent from this world, present with the Lord !

### March 28.

"God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound  
 of a trumpet." Ps. xlvii. 5.

THE mighty God,  
 Who spake into existence this green world,  
 And who came down, more wondrous enterprise,  
 To rescue it from the stern blight of sin,  
 His work accomplished, sears triumphantly,  
 While the pearl gates unfold their broad expanse  
 To welcome His return. Think, my soul,  
 If angels wondered when they saw Him leave  
 His glory throne ; if, all astemishment,  
 They marked from Bethlehem's manger His career  
 To Pilate's bar, and more bewildered saw  
 Their King a bleeding victim on the cross,  
 And then entombed in death ; think, my soul,  
 As angels o'er the battlements of heaven  
 Gazed in surprise, wondering what all could mean ;  
 When they beheld the chains of death dispersed,  
 The bursted tomb, and saw their Master rise,  
 O'er all victorious, think ye their golden harps  
 Swelled not with loud hosannas, yea, methinks  
 Heaven's orchestra strove hard to find new praise,  
 And finding none sufficient, burst in shouts,  
 Harmonious shouts which shook the jasper streets  
 With, Glory in the highest !

And did no other shout  
 Attend His car ? Yea, from the deepest gloom,  
 The sable roof of Satan's council hall,  
 There came the shout of dire discomfiture,

The yell which told of utter overthrow,  
 Of soul-absorbing wonder and despair!  
 And let another shout, though late,  
 Follow Thy victory chariot! I would raise  
 Thanksgivings for Thy mercy, and what time  
 I muse upon its wonders, fervently,  
 Pray for fresh evidence Thou diedst for me!

### March 29.

"Sing us one of the songs of Zion!" Ps. cxxxvii. 3.

[Written in answer to a lady's inquiry when these would be resumed,  
 and on the anniversary of the death of my eldest child.]

WHERE is my harp?  
 Suspended on the willow, out of tune!  
 I cannot sing, I cannot wake its chords,  
 Cramped and confined with the oppressive weight  
 Of twice bereavement! My mother and my child  
 'Neath the green turf repose; and though I know  
 Their spirits now are praising, yet I know,  
 And feel distinctly, though the gain be theirs,  
 The loss to me is mighty! I can gaze  
 On the blue sky, assured its beauteous robe  
 Veils the bright throne of each; and I can hear,  
 Or seem to hear, their glad and rapturous songs!  
 I see my loving and beloved "Mamma,"  
 Smiling as ever, with kind looks and words,  
 Beckoning me onwards, homewards! And my child,  
 My angel child, my first, my lovely one,  
 My elder in eternity, near to the throne,  
 Fluttering with joy, a bird of paradise,  
 The cherished of Immanuel, saved by Him;  
 Oh, yes; I see her, and her certain bliss  
 Makes me content to yield her!

Thou who hast thus bereaved me!  
 Thou who alone hast balm to heal such wounds,  
 Father and Friend and Lord! Let but the cross  
 Speak to my heart from Thee in words of love,

Let it unbar the door, and give my soul  
 Sweet intercourse with Thee, and, they being blest,  
 The stroke a double bliss will be to me !

### March 30.

"Understandest thou what thou readest?" Acts viii. 30.

CANDACE'S treasurer,  
 Riding in oriental pomp towards home,  
 A proselyte returning from Jerusalem,—  
 Where, seeking God, he went to worship God,  
 To him as yet the unknown, unrealized,—  
 Was reading as he went the prophet's words,  
 "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter,  
 And as a sheep in the shearer's hand is dumb,  
 So opened He not His mouth." Ponderingly  
 He asked himself of whom the prophet spake ;  
 And God, who says that none shall vainly ask,  
 Shall vainly seek, sent an interpreter,  
 A teacher to enlighten and instruct.

How many since that Ethiop eunuch's day  
 Have read with awe this wondrous prophecy,  
 Earnestly seeking Him it represents !  
 Thanks be to God for the Interpreter  
 Who taught, not only the queen's treasurer,  
 But entering in the volume of the book  
 His question and the answer, thus supplies  
 Teaching from God to every child of God,  
 To prove that Jesus is the slaughtered Lamb,  
 The Substitute to bear His people's guilt !

Now, when we read the royal prophet's words,  
 To us they are history more than prophecy ;  
 We scarce remember that Isaiah wrote  
 More than seven hundred years before the event ;  
 We read them as a Gospel narrative,  
 Tracing therein the sufferings of the Lord,  
 The contumely, the agony, the death,  
 Gethsemane, the garden, and the cross ;  
 And, supplementing all with the strange words,

"It pleased the Father thus to bruise His Son,"  
 We tremble in amazement, till we read  
 What follows as the mighty recompense,  
 "He shall prolong His days—shall see His seed—  
 The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper then,—  
 The great sin Bearer, and sin Sacrifice,  
 The Intercessor for transgressions, then!  
 Shall then divide the portion and the spoil,  
 Shall see the travail of His soul repaid,  
 And be abundant satisfied."

### March 31.

"Put me in remembrance." ISAIAH xliii. 26.

I WAS, in secret and on bended knee,  
 Asking the Lord for a much-needed boon.  
 "I am Thy child," I said, "Thy ransomed one!  
 O heavenly Father, hear and bless Thy child!  
 Thou wilt not spurn Thine own adopted child!  
 Thy child who pleads the merits of Thy Son,  
 His Saviour, Intercessor, and High priest!"  
 When suddenly there came to me the words  
 "Put Me in remembrance!" and I pleaded thus:—  
 "Remember, Lord, the honour of Thy name,  
 Thine ancient glory and thy dateless love!  
 Remember the spontaneous covenant made,  
 Not with frail man, but with man's federal Head!  
 Remember Eden, when the tempter thought  
 He had grasped all, how Thou didst interfere,  
 Disclosed the antidote, and told Thy grace!  
 Remember Ararat with Thy cheering bow  
 And cheering words, 'I will be wroth no more!'  
 Remember Egypt, and the wilderness,  
 Thy wondrous doings in the field of Ham,  
 Thy mercies in the barren solitude!  
 Remember Solomon, when fresh and fair  
 The Temple sparkled on Moriah's height:  
 Remember how he prayed and Thou didst hear  
 Remember Bethlehem and its humble home!



Remember Tabor and the voice from heaven !  
 Gethsemane, the garden, and the grove,  
 And most of all, remember Calvary !  
 All this was done for man, fulfilled for man,  
 For man, to whom, when overwhelmed and sad,  
 Thou sayest, ' Put me in remembrance ' of these things,  
 Yea, ' Fill thy mouth with arguments, ' for I  
 Will be inquired of by Mine Israel  
 To give these blessings to them ! ' "

### April 1.

" Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth."

SOL. SONG i. 2.

THE kisses of Christ's mouth, undoubtedly  
 Are those exceeding precious promises,  
 Preserved as in a casket in the word ;  
 And when Immanuel, by His Spirit seals  
 Some promise as indeed the sinner's own,  
 'Tis as the kisses of a loved one. This is joy  
 With which a stranger intermeddleth not ;  
 As Olney's poet sings delightfully ;  
 It is like hoarded wine, too delicate  
 For common gaze, too pure for worldly minds !  
 It is a genuine evidence to prove  
 An interest in Christ's love ! Hath Jesus thus,  
 When on the knee of prayer thou hast besought  
 That He would manifest Himself to thee,  
 As to the world He doth not—hath He then  
 Spoken a promise warm into thy heart,  
 A promise suiting just the emergency,  
 A promise which subdued, and calmed, and filled  
 Thy soul with full assurance it should be  
 Soon and entirely realized ? Jesus Christ  
 Then kissed thee with the kisses of His mouth,  
 For ever then betrothed thee to Himself ;  
 It was the day of thine espousals ; and  
 Jesus, who thus acknowledged thee His bride,  
 Will never turn from thee or cease to love !  
 He says Himself, " I hate to put away ! "

Immanuel's love is everlasting love,  
 Its date was in eternity, the kiss  
 Only discovered it, and it shall last  
 As long as shall eternity !

### April 2.

“ Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises.” 2 PET. i. 4.

How different  
 The promise sealed upon the waiting soul,  
 The kiss impressed by Jesus on the lip  
 Reverently asking, with faith's eye upraised,  
 To the stolen promise which presumptuous ones  
 Snatch at and claim ! These do not lay hold,  
 They clutch as doth a thief who grasps at gold  
 Belonging to his neighbour ; like a rude clown  
 Who at a feast usurps the highest place,  
 Snatching at every dish, until the host,  
 With well-deserved rebuke, expelleth him !  
 The page of Scripture is a sumptuous feast !  
 Outspread in rich profusion, promises,  
 Full, ripe, reviving, court the hand of faith ;  
 Faith is invited, much encouraged, urged,  
 To come and to partake. But faith is meek,  
 Retiring, humble, modest, soon abashed ;  
 Save when its Author and Bestower gives  
 Increase of strength for seen emergencies ;  
 Faith then can be undaunted, bold and brave,  
 Receding when 'tis gone to little faith !  
 Faith sees the sumptuous feast, and looks, and longs,  
 Puts forth the hand, withdraws, puts forth again,  
 And tremblingly, at last, lays hold and pleads !  
 Not so presumption ; he has made a mask,  
 Which, when he wears, almost deceives the saints ;  
 But mark him at the scripture feast ! Not there  
 Is he at all abashed. He snatches this  
 And that rich promise, claiming every one,  
 Until, intoxicate, the mask falls off,  
 And saints discern the intruder !

April 3.

"Joint-heirs with Christ." ROM. viii. 17.

DELIGHTFUL thought ! If I'm an heir of life,  
Of glory, and of heaven, I'm a joint-heir  
With the Lord Jesus Christ ! Muse, my soul,  
Upon joint-heirship, in its privilege,  
And in its limitation. Faith may view  
From Pisgah's summit all the heritage,  
The length and breadth and riches of the estate,  
Yea, both the estates, of grace and glory too,  
And claim the whole in Christ, joint-heirs with Christ !  
But a joint-heir can't sell ! The world in vain,  
And vain the tempter, may with earthly charms,  
With present pleasures, seek to fascinate  
And buy our birthright, offering fading toys  
In barter for our vast inheritance !  
And we, poor silly souls ! in some weak hour,  
Might yield eternal life for nothingness.  
But a joint-heir can't sell ! Oh, glorious truth !  
Joint-heirs must all consent ; and Jesus Christ,  
Our elder Brother, keeps the title safe,  
And is too high, too holy, and too great  
For Satan ever to attempt again  
The wilderness temptation then repulsed !  
'Tis much to be an heir. Adam was heir,  
And Eden his estate ; but his manorial rights  
He bartered for an apple. Esau was heir,  
And sold his birthright for a dainty dish,  
Too late repenting what he ne'er regained !  
But a joint-heir can't sell, exchange, or grant,  
Assign, or mortgage, cut the entail, or give !  
Joint-heirs, we are beyond contingencies,  
Because joint-heirs with Christ !

## April 4.

"Neither shall his place know him any more." Job vii. 10.

To the Lord's house,  
The holy and the beautiful, I went,  
And to my usual seat. The hymn of praise,  
Unitedly ascending, sweetly rose. The word,  
Life-giving, life-refreshing, solemnly  
God's servant read, and mingled as he read  
Remarks to comfort and to edify.  
Then in the attitude of prayer we bent,  
Joining in aspirations all heart-breathed,  
In felt confession, and for needed wants.  
Sudden the preacher touched a sorrowing chord,  
Sorrow with joy united, mentioning  
The call to glory of an aged saint  
Who on the last Lord's day had worshipped there,  
But now who worshipped on the heavenly hill,  
In God's immediate presence, praising Him !  
Observing his accustomed seat, I marked  
The sorrowing sable group that filled it now—  
Children and children's children, tearful all,  
And *her* most sorrowing, who in losing him  
Had lost her earthly joy. And musing then,  
Methought the place which knew him once, no more  
Will know him or behold him ; all their tears  
Or their desires will bring him back no more,  
Yon glorious heaven is his eternal home !  
And, ruminating solemnly, I thought,  
When at some future day my place on earth  
Shall be found vacant, will the observer say  
Of me as confident, that heaven is mine ?  
The thought elicited the fervent prayer :  
" Almighty ! ere on earth my accustomed place  
Knows me no more, give me to know by faith,  
The exchange will be to glory ! "

April 5.

"My Beloved is gone down into His garden . . . to gather lilies." SOL. SONG vi. 2.

FORTH from His Paradise, home intermediate  
Of disembodied spirits justified,  
The Mediator from His sapphire throne  
Comes down into His garden, to His Church,  
To gather lilies. With observant eye  
He walks amid the several parterres,  
Surveying each in love and tenderness.  
Plants of His right-hand planting, dear to Him  
Is every flower: the feeblest and the best.

With sympathetic glance He stops at one,  
Blighted while in the bud. Too frail to bloom,  
It could not spread its beauties to the sun,  
It could not live in this ungenial sphere,  
It pined to be transplanted; and the Lord,  
Kind Husbandman, He took it to His breast  
To blossom in the upper Paradise.

He sees another tall and stately flower;  
But some rude hand had pressed its stem too hard,  
And it began to droop. He bound it up,  
Gave it new strength; and, watering it, He said  
In loving accents, "When I come again."

Once more He stops; a noble plant attracts  
Yet longer stay. 'Tis proud and strong and bright,  
Full of rich promise and abundant flower;  
But plainly His observant eye discerns  
A canker at the root,—disease is there,  
And its green leaves display incipient blight.  
Careful He tends it, rending all away  
Exuberant, injurious, hurtful, rank;  
And now, less bright, leaves it to live and thrive!

Again He stops and lovingly observes  
One which had budded often, often flowered,  
And now with very age was withering.  
Gently handling its weak dying leaves,  
Digging it by the root, He gathers it,

Places it with the young unbudding plant,  
Softly, caressingly, as treasure prized,  
And, that day's work accomplished, soars aloft  
With His new gathered lilies to His throne—  
His Mediator throne in Paradise.

And thus the Saviour watches, tends, removes,—  
Some early gathering, others gathering late,—  
The lilies in His garden, in His Church,  
To bloom for ever in the better land !

### April 6.

“ And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died.” DEUT. xxxiv. 7.

#### MOSES

Was in the school of Egypt forty years ;  
Forty years in Midian's wilderness  
He talked with God, in preparation there  
For his high enterprise, which occupied  
His third full period of forty years.

Moses accomplished wonderful results.  
Ten times he frightened Pharaoh on his throne,  
Perplexed magicians ; and his people, freed.  
He led from Egypt through the riven wave,  
Still leading in the desert, Israel's hosts,  
Unmoved by their rebellions, murmurings, doubts,  
By enemies all round and fears within,  
Successfully he led them, in God's time,  
Safe to the margin of the promised land,  
The Canaan he was not to enter—he knew why !

A greater Leader afterwards arose,  
Who needed not twice forty years to learn,  
Nor forty years to effect His greater work.  
Christ's ministry was only three short years ;  
But when He came He came with power divine  
To free, not only Israel from his chains,  
But all the race of man to liberate.  
He came to bring redemption to the world,  
To conquer Satan and to vanquish death ;  
He came, the incarnate God, to atone for sin,

To justify, to sanctify, to save ;  
 He came to bring in immortality,  
 To introduce the Gospel of God's love,  
 To build upon now cancelled services  
 The revelation of a brighter hope—  
 Salvation all accomplished by His death !  
 He came to publish through earth's length and breadth  
 Glad tidings to the perishing and poor ;  
 And though but as a handful at the first,  
 The scattered corn shall a rich harvest yield,  
 Abundant as the trees on Lebanon !

### April 7.

" One of these." MATT. vi. 29.

#### INDIVIDUALITY

Is one chief feature of the Christian life.  
 When Jesus Christ looked on those eastern fields  
 Glowing with springtide wild-flowers, His eye  
 Distinguished special loveliness in all,  
 Drawing His illustration from but one !  
 Omniscience can behold the universe  
 In all its wondrous vastness ; equally  
 Omniscience can observe the smallest part ;  
 Omniscience sees humanity at large,  
 Omniscience sees each individual man !  
 United millions in some grand emprise  
 Are watched by God, and each in each one's work  
 Share equally His limitless survey !  
 Zion in all her multitude of souls,  
 The New Jerusalem, the Saviour's bride,  
 Is watched by God's uncircumscribed regard,  
 In all her acts, in all her history,  
 Guided and guarded through her long career,  
 And safely will be brought to heaven her home !  
 And so the least of Zion's little ones  
 Is noticed in life's every circumstance.  
 In tottering infancy its early path  
 Is shielded ; and in youth, when life's young griefs

Press heavily and prompt the earnest prayer;  
 And in maturer age, when cares increase  
 And supplications rise importunate,  
 Jesus accepts, presents, and intercedes !  
 The promised Comforter to the whole Church  
 Is Christ's ascension gift, but every saint  
 Obtains the fulness of the grace divine !  
 Oh ! who can sanctify and educate,  
 Who teach like Him ? Once realized,  
 The Holy Spirit through life's pilgrimage  
 Accompanies God's child unto the end !  
 In care, temptation, and the battle-field  
 He gives sufficient strength to overcome ;  
 In death's dark vale, in the cold border stream,  
 He will protect, sustain, encourage, cheer,  
 So that the adversary shall in vain  
 Strive to clutch one of these !

### April 8.

"He is the propitiation for our sins." 1 JOHN ii. 2.

WELL said St. Gregory, that in Jesus Christ,  
 Our great Exemplar, and our living Head,  
 The various graces which in earlier days  
 The several patriarchs severally displayed,—  
 Faintly, imperfectly, displaying each,—  
 Were all combined, and all beheld complete !  
 But much and very fatally they err  
 Who deem this all His mission ! Christ came not,  
 Impersonating what He preached, alone  
 To shew its excellence, and by His death  
 To seal its truth ! Far higher, nobler ends  
 Brought from the middle throne the Son of God !  
 He came a voluntary Substitute,  
 To heal the hurt of sin in His redeemed !  
 He came to pay their penalty, and bear  
 The weight of all their punishment ! He came,  
 For them fulfilling all the holy law,  
 To weave a robe of spotless righteousness ;



So that, in Him beheld completely pure,  
 And clad in this white robe, the elect of God  
 Stand without fault ! This was enterprise  
 Fit for a God ; and to His many crowns  
 This adds a chaplet for Immanuel,  
 Which 'mongst the crowns of heaven well pleased He  
     wears,  
 Acknowledged thus the Mediator King !  
 And this, through all eternity, shall fill  
 The songs of heaven with never-dying praise !

### April 9.

" Full of names of blasphemy." Rev. xvii. 3.

HOLY ! holy ! holy ! is the Lord !  
 Thrice uttered attribute, the only one  
 Successively repeated, which our God  
 Appropriates as His own prerogative !  
 The Lord is good, is great, is merciful,  
 Omniscient, Omnipresent, and All-wise,  
 As much as He is holy ; but in vain  
 Search you His word to find Him thrice attach  
 These other attributes to His high name !  
 How much, methinks, this magnifies the guilt,  
 And shades with deeper darkness, that foul creed  
 Which God's chief favoured attribute assumes,  
 Addressing thus a pitiful old man,  
 Frail and contemptible, so lifting Him  
 To dignity of Godhead ! Popery  
 Has much that is absurd, much more  
 Erroneous, superstitious, and obscene ;  
 But that which stamps indelibly her brow  
 With blasphemy unrivalled, is that thus,  
 In God's own temple, and enthroned as God,  
 Usurping His authority and name,  
 She clothes her system and her ministers  
 With titles, honours, dignities, and power  
 Belonging solely unto Him who saith,  
 Loud and indignantly : " My glory I  
 Will give not to another ! "

## April 10.

“The wind bloweth.” JOHN iii. 8.

AND is the breeze immortal? Did that which now,  
Laden with fragrance from the summer grove,  
Fans and refreshes me, live first to-day?  
Was it new-born with sunrise, or did its birth  
Happen last year, or the last century?  
You cannot tell me, wise philosopher!  
You cannot contradict me, if I build  
A history of its course, dating its origin,  
Its earliest work, rustling the blightless leaves,  
When at the cool of eve Jehovah walked  
In heavenly converse with unfallen man!  
Hushed was its voice when the gay spotted snake  
Enticed our parents into sin, and sad  
It blew the fig-leaves round their shivering limbs  
As Eden's door was shut, and they were pushed,  
Joyless, and homeless, on the untrodden waste!  
Did it not furious make its first attempt  
To rise into a hurricane, that night  
When Cain, the outcast, sought the forest shade,  
And the riven trees refused their sanctuary  
To the blood-stained and God-cursed wanderer?  
Sin soon became full grown, and soon the breeze  
Learnt its rough language, and in storms became  
God's messenger of vengeance. Noah heard,  
Safe sheltered in the ark, its wrathful tones,  
When the upheaving ocean swept the earth  
Of every living thing. In his strange home,  
The truant prophet heard it ere it ceased,  
Subdued by his surrender. Galilee  
Heard it, and saw it in submission yield,  
Acknowledging in Mary's Son its governor.  
But though it can rage loudly, still it comes  
Sometimes in softness, sweetness, loveliness,  
Playing with flowers, playing with childhood's curls,  
Carrying the sky-bird's harmony, or notes  
From village belfry or from tuneful throng.

Lord of the wind!

Hasten the time when from a world renewed,  
The ascending breeze shall bear up to Thy throne  
Hosannas without discord!

April 11.

"The blood is the life." DEUT. xii. 23.

BLOOD has a powerful voice!

It called for vengeance when young Abel bowed  
Beneath his brother's blow. It told in type,  
For many a year, that wondrous sacrifice,  
When the incarnate God, the bleeding Man,  
Yielding His life for sinners, thus should buy  
Pardon and peace for all who realize  
Its saving, sanctifying worth!

Peter might well

In ecstasy proclaim its preciousness!  
And Patmos see, still as a Lamb new slain,  
The Saviour whose shed blood is Zion's life!  
Let science still inquire in learned phrase  
Where dwells in man the actual vital spark;  
We take the Scripture record as the truth,  
And never will concede the Word of God,  
The Book of Truth, can blunder or can err,  
Whate'er the subject, or whate'er is told,  
In history, physics, or astronomy!  
Man's life, his natural life, is in his blood,  
And equally man's new and heavenly life  
Is in the blood—the precious blood of Christ!  
There is a fountain! Oh, delightful words!  
There is a fountain filled with precious blood!  
Blood flowing from a Saviour's wounded side!  
Blood which atones, and pleads, and purifies!  
Blood which for ever yields a priceless tide  
For sin-sick, perishing, and dying man!  
Hast thou, my soul, participated here?  
Hast thou been plunged beneath this vital flood,  
And thence arisen to new life? To thee,

As much as unto Peter, will this stream  
 Be precious, precious blood, and unto thee  
 This blood will be the life !

### April 12.

"For I could wish that myself were accursed from  
 Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the  
 flesh." ROM. ix. 3.

PAUL could not mean  
 To be consigned to everlasting woe,  
 To be shut out eternally from God,  
 To be for ever in companionship  
 With devils and lost souls ! perishing  
 To save his brethren, kinsmen in the flesh !  
 Oh no, salvation is too personal,  
 Too precious to be lightly thrown away !  
 Paul had just been exulting rapturously  
 How totally impossible it is  
 To sever souls united once to Christ  
 From that most wondrous love—the love of God—  
 Which placed and fixed and safely keeps them there !  
 'Twere worse than mockery to boast so loud  
 That nothing could divide the soul from God,  
 The soul once ransomed, justified, and saved ;  
 And then to offer to give up such love,—  
 Love which he knew would never give up him,—  
 And be the scapegoat for his brethren's sin !  
 Oh, no, Paul meant not this ; not one who knows  
 The richness and the freeness and the worth  
 Of love Divine, of love unspeakable,  
 Could ever offer to relinquish it !  
 We could not if we would, and 'tis so high,  
 Ennobling, and absorbing, no one would,  
 Even if they might ! Saul, heretofore  
 The ambitious pupil of Gamaliel  
 The pharisee, with broad phylacteries,  
 Was still the lofty, the aspiring Paul !  
 The chief amongst the Rabbis would be now

The chief among Apostles ! His one aim,  
 Who compassed sea and land to persecute,  
 Is now to compass land and sea to save !  
 To publish everywhere, undauntedly,  
 The preciousness of Jesus, boasting now,—  
 His only boast !—Christ and Him crucified  
 With his whole soul engrossed with such desire,  
 'Twere much for Paul to say :—Yea, for their sakes  
 My brethren's sake, my kinsmen in the flesh,  
 I would forego all this, yield up this hope,  
 And willingly become a blighted man,  
 A withered, profitless, unfruitful branch,  
 A preacher unsuccessful in the Church,  
 With none in the great day to be my crown,  
 My glory, and my joy, if so I might,  
 Accurs'd thus from Christ, bring to the fold  
 My kinsmen in the flesh !

### April 13.

" Our brother . . . is set at liberty." HEB. xiii. 23.

I KNEW a man who all his life had walked  
 Sin's broad and flowery pathway. He had drunk  
 Madly and deeply at the poison-founts  
 Of vice and folly. Once a stalwart man,  
 He wasted all his strength and comeliness  
 In riot and excess. Forsaken now  
 By those who in his gala days assumed  
 The name of friends ; prostrate in fell disease,  
 In debt and danger, like the prodigal,  
 Awaking to his misery, he thought  
 Of his lost innocence and present sin !  
 The law of God came with condemning power,  
 And trembling he fore-viewed sin's punishment !  
 Despair gat hold of him ! He knew his guilt,  
 But he knew not the Saviour ! Then it was  
 Kind words and kindly counsel came to him.  
 A Christian sister—sister in the flesh—  
 Tended him in his illness, lovingly

Reading selected portions of God's word ;  
 Telling of Adam's sin, which introduced  
 Transgression to our nature, pure till then ;  
 Telling how God so loved poor fallen man,  
 He gave His only Son to die for him !  
 Telling of Jesus ; reading His kind words,  
 Christ's precious invitations, always new :—  
 " Come unto Me, ye heavy-laden poor !  
 And I will give you rest ! " Reading again :  
 " Although your sins be scarlet, I will cleanse,  
 Making them white as snow ! I will assume,  
 Yea have assumed, your guilt, and will impute  
 To you My perfect righteousness ! " Surprised,  
 He listened and was touched. The Comforter  
 Melted his heart and sealed the impression there ;  
 Made willing, he embraced the offered grace ;  
 Bowed at the mercy-seat ; felt pardoning love  
 Flow like a river, cheering, comforting !  
 He knew himself accepted, justified ;  
 Our brother then was set at liberty !  
 Oh, how he laboured afterwards for Christ !

#### April 14.

"Thou hast received gifts for men ; yea, for the rebellious  
 also." Ps. lxxviii. 18.

#### A REBEL, Lord !

A rebel to Thy sceptre, to Thy crown,  
 Murmuring in pride and naughtiness at Thee  
 And at Thy dispensations, can'st Thou hear  
 The prayer of one acknowledged thus to Thee ?  
 I may not cloke my sin ; I may not plead  
 Submission even in the heart. I feel and own,  
 That anger like a burning mountain fumes,  
 Fuming and raging till sometimes it sends,  
 High, wide, and wild, a torrent uncontrolled  
 Of fierce, indignant, and rebellious words !  
 True, I lament the outbreak, and would give  
 Much to recall the flame, especially  
 When it ascends above the instrument,

And burns against the Lord ; and much I grieve  
 That such rebellion should my heart infest !  
 But grief wipes not away transgression, nor  
 Doth my repentance the recurrence stay.  
 O Thou who savest sinners from their sins  
 As well as from their foes, Who didst receive,  
 As the reward of Thy accomplished work,  
 Gifts suitable for all, yea, even for me !  
 Oh ! give the antidote to this great sin,  
 This sin surpassing witchcraft, and on me  
 Bestow submission, love, and confidence !  
 And should again the furious tempest wake,  
 Look, Saviour, upon me, and speak in power  
 Thy own soft words that quieted the storm  
 In Galilee : say, " Peace ! be still ! " to me,  
 And every angry passion in my breast  
 Will then at once subside ! One thought, O Lord !  
 Encourages the hope. I own my sin,  
 I own myself rebellious ; yea, my God,  
 While I confess, I grieve, and earnest pray :—  
 Lord, make me all Thine own !

### April 15.

" Who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? "

Rom. vii. 24.

LIFE is the penalty of souls !  
 See yonder bird, once with untiring wing  
 It gambolled in the greenwood, carolling  
 Its pleasant music in the fragrant tree !  
 Now captived, prisoned in a little cage,  
 Its sweetest song is but a sad lament,  
 An earnest longing for its liberty.  
 Thus in its cage of flesh, the soul of man,  
 Conscious of thralldom, ceaselessly aspires  
 To a superior life. It cannot rest,  
 It cannot satisfy with this world's good.  
 Its prison may be gorgeous or be plain ;  
 It may be clothed in purple or in rags ;

It may feed sumptuously or be half starved ;  
 It may be learned or be ignorant ;  
 In every soul there is a craving thirst  
 For more than earth possesses. Tied and bound  
 Unto a nature uncongenial,  
 The soul endeavours vainly to be free.  
 It cannot quit the clog that weighs it down :  
 The sensual nature which it fain would loathe,  
 But that it is itself. Dread fellowship !  
 A spark of life shut in a cave of death !  
 A living body fettered to a corpse !  
 Well may it beat its cage, and dolorous cry :  
 "O wretched man, who shall deliver me  
 United thus to death !"

Thanks be to God,  
 Deliverance for the captive is proclaimed !  
 Jesus hath poured out His soul to death  
 To set the prisoner free ! In tones of love  
 He publishes salvation ! "Ye who thirst "  
 Come to the fountain ! 'Tis a living stream,  
 It frees and purifies and elevates ;  
 And soul and body plunged beneath its wave  
 Shall rise to a new life !

### April 16.

"If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God." GEN. xxviii. 20, 21.

ALL the shrewd bargains of earth's clever ones  
 Are nothing to the bargain Jacob made,  
 When, waking at Bethel, he communed with God,  
 And God vouchsafed the promise and the pledge.  
 Some may inquire whether presumption most  
 Or artlessness predominate ! He asks just all  
 The world requires, and all God's presence gives,  
 And in return,—oh, hear the rich exchange,—  
 He'll own the Lord his God ! Did not the Lord  
 His hand which curbs the lightnings then relax,



And bid them strike in vengeance ? No ! He yields,  
 Yields all the patriarch asks, on his own terms !  
 And when in future days the foe raged high,  
 When trouble came, or want was close at hand,  
 Jacob reminded God of His own word,  
 Pressing the Almighty closely : "Did'st Thou not say  
 That verily Thou would'st be my God ?  
 Did'st Thou not say that Thou would'st do me good ?"  
 The plea was sure, the argument was sound,  
 And God the Promiser performed it all !  
 Friendless as Jacob, Lord ! as Jacob came,  
 Fain would I fill my mouth with arguments,  
 And ask the promised blessing. Lord ! the plea  
 With which I come, Thou hast Thyself supplied !  
 I come the way Thou hast Thyself revealed  
 For banished ones to approach ! I come in faith,  
 Pleading the name of Jesus. For His sake,  
 Give, guide, and guard while in the wilderness,  
 And be so present while I'm travelling here,  
 That every dispensation sanctified  
 May meeten me for heaven !

### April 17.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid  
 them not." LUKE xviii. 16.

SAVIOUR ! I bring my babe to be baptized !  
 Encouraged and invited by Thyself,  
 I come, devoting to the Lord I love  
 The babe my Lord hath given me ! Let me not  
 Reject so sweet a privilege, because  
 Some, carnal-minded, carnalize the sign,  
 Usurping to themselves the power of God,  
 The grace which is His sole prerogative !  
 Let me not, as some zealous brethren do,  
 Hurrying, abhorrent of such robbery,  
 To far extremes, excluding all but self,  
 Nurture my babe an outcast to the Church,  
 Leaving to future days and other hands

His entrance into Zion visible !  
 I cannot give him grace ; I cannot fill  
 His infant bosom with the filial fear  
 And love and faith the Holy Ghost imparts ;  
 But, prizing them myself, oh, it is sweet  
 To lay him 'neath the shadow of the Rock,  
 To lead his early footsteps to the Vine,  
 To point his gaze to life's all fragrant Tree,  
 To tell the waymarks leading to the house,  
 The holy and the beautiful, wherein  
 His parents and their parents worshipped God !  
 And, who can tell, the honey from the Rock,  
 The grapes of Eshcol, and Life's various fruits  
 May in the sanctuary be found of him !  
 Then, to my child will be the memory dear  
 Of him who,—then perhaps beneath the turf,—  
 Enrolled him in the register below,  
 Encouraged by Christ's invitation given,  
 And praying fervently the outward sign  
 May be succeeded by the heavenly grace  
 Which only gives it value ; proving thus  
 His name, e'er time began, enrolled of God  
 In the Lamb's book of life !

### April 18.

" Come and dine." JOHN xxi. 12.

OH that my Lord  
 This invitation to my soul would give !  
 Unsatisfied with all that earth supplies,  
 Hungering and thirsting, I have waited long,  
 Craving at wisdom's door superior food !  
 Like the sick man who, at Bethesda's pool  
 Long lingering, I see others earlier gain  
 Admission and the blessing, which from me  
 Is still withheld ; and mournfully  
 I raise a tearful eye, and oft inquire  
 If disappointment always shall be mine !  
 Almighty ! who hath given the appetite

For higher, nobler food, and made me loathe  
 Earth's richest entertainments, when to me,  
 Fulfilling Thine own promise, wilt Thou say,  
 All things are ready, sinner, come and dine?  
 When, seated at the table of my Lord,  
 Shall I partake of heavenly wine and bread,  
 Feeding on Jesus as a Lamb new slain,  
 Participating in the fatted calf,  
 The marrow and the apples and the grapes:  
 Symbols which faith's keen eye reads easily?  
 Oh, when shall I on these rich dainties feast,  
 With covenant salt, and feel my soul revived  
 As faith appropriates the mystic food?  
 Almighty! who hath given the appetite,  
 Feed now Thy hungry suppliant, that thereby  
 Growing, I may no longer be a babe,  
 Nurtured on milk, and tottering constantly  
 At wisdom's threshold, but progressing still,  
 Now a young man, a father now in Christ,  
 I may to those around give evidence  
 That Gospel meat hath been my nutriment,  
 That I have dined with Jesus!

### April 19.

"And they shall see His face." Rev. xxii. 4.

MARY! who in the house at Bethany  
 Didst sit at Jesus' feet and hear His words!  
 Mary! who at the pharisee's repast  
 Didst pour the spikenard o'er His sacred feet,  
 And wiped them with the tresses of thy head!  
 Mary! the mother of the Lord! ye saw  
 Jesus in His humility, and loved!  
 Ye shall behold Him on His glory throne,  
 And when ye see His face shall see *He* loves!  
 Peter! who walked upon the yielding wave,  
 Impatient to salute the approaching Lord!  
 John! who at the parting passover reclined  
 Upon the Saviour's breast! Paul! last, not least

Of those who saw the Lord ! who published wide  
 Amongst the Gentiles the Redeemer's cross !  
 Ye all shall see His face, and share His smile,  
 And realize His love !

Saints ! since the day  
 Of His ascension, who have known His grace,  
 Endured His cross, participating each  
 With Jesus in His sufferings, ye shall see  
 His face with joy upon His glory throne,  
 And seeing, recognise the Lord, whom oft,  
 During your pilgrimage, ye saw by faith,  
 And loved, though yet unseen by nature's eye !  
 And I shall see His face, shall see that day  
 Without a veil between, that face which now  
 I long by faith to see ! Immanuel !  
 Hear my importunate, my ceaseless prayer :  
 Let me behold Thee as my Saviour now,  
 That I may see Thee then my Friend !

### April 20.

" And they shall see His face." Rev. xxii. 4.

SOLDIER ! who in thine ignorance and guilt,  
 When Jesus, scorned, derided, buffeted,  
 Wearing the purple robe and thorny crown,  
 Didst dare to spit upon His sacred face !  
 Soldier ! one day thou'lt see His face again !  
 He will not then be in earth's judgment hall,  
 But on heaven's judgment throne ! He will not wear  
 A briary coronet, but a crown of stars !  
 The robe, the reed, will be exchanged that day  
 For royalties earth's kings have never reached :  
 Celestial glories unapproachable !  
 Soldier ! wilt thou then spit upon His face ?  
 Wilt thou then kneel and say deridingly,  
 Hail ! King of the Jews ?

Judas ! full oft in His humility  
 Thou sawest the Lord ! Dost thou remember yet  
 The kiss on the dark night at Olivet ?

Judas ! one day thou'lt see His face again,  
 Not in the garden, not in the dark night,  
 But on the great white throne, refulgent then  
 With the full blaze of His own majesty !  
 Judas ! wilt thou then dare to kiss His face ?  
 Wilt thou then dare to march up to His throne,  
 And say again, "Hail ! Master" ?

Pilate ! remember thine unreal boast,  
 How thou couldst save or crucify ! Judge unjust !  
 Who didst condemn while yet acknowledging  
 Thou sawest no fault ! Thou too shalt see His face,  
 Jesus the Judge, thyself the criminal.  
 How wilt thou meet the Lord ?

### April 21.

"I John . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos."  
 Rev. i. 9.

THE tyrant thought it very fearful doom  
 To banish him to that lone desolate isle !  
 None were there to soothe, to succour,  
 To companion with ; but even when he heard  
 The latest echo of the boatmen's voice,  
 And faintly, in the twilight, marked the course  
 Of their departing vessel, no wild fear  
 Disturbed his confidence in Him who said,  
 "I will forsake thee never ! " Blissful words !  
 Soon realized in Patmos, and fulfilled,  
 Not only in a way to cheer the soul  
 Of this His banished servant, but that hence  
 It might remain a pillar durable,  
 Bearing inscriptions of God's faithfulness ;  
 He spread a panorama to his view,  
 Unfolding the vicissitudes and joys,  
 The battle-fields and triumphs of the Church  
 Unto the end of time ; that thus,  
 When searching Zion's history, the saint,  
 Remembering John's joy in adversity,  
 Might love the cross that every pilgrim bears,  
 Nor grieve when it pressed heavily !

Oh ! who shall tell

John's ecstasy of bliss, when heaven itself  
Came down to Patmos, when his Lord's own voice  
Companioned with him, and his fingers sketched  
The gorgeous scenery of the prophecy ?  
The tyrant, revelling 'neath his marble domes,  
Knew not the happiness that Patmos gave  
To the lone exile, likened to which,  
The richest pleasures ever known by him  
Were emptiness indeed !

## April 22.

“What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the  
seven Churches which are in Asia.” Rev. i. 11.

WHEN we read

The epistles treasured in the Apocalypse,  
Addressed to the Seven Churches specified,—  
Then flourishing in young prosperity,  
But now forgotten in their sad decay,  
Save by these warnings from their slighted Lord,  
These messages of love and sympathy,—  
Let us be very sure our glorious Head,  
Though primarily He wrote to those addressed,  
Hoarded these letters in the Sacred Book,  
That to the end of time, not these alone,—  
These Asian Churches, Churches now no more,—  
But that the Church in every age and clime  
Might read and read and read untiringly,—  
As tests of character, beacon-lights to warn,  
Love tokens to encourage and to guide,—  
These golden memories of our risen Lord,  
These proofs that in the higher sanctuary  
He watches still with most observant eye  
The progress, vacillations, wanderings,  
The love and constancy and faithfulness  
Of every Church while in the battlefield,  
Satan's arena, and will in the great day,  
To those who overcome, give thrones and crowns,

The palms of victory, the harps of gold,  
 The mansions in the new Jerusalem,  
 Making them pillars in the Temple there,  
 Not pillars to sustain,—the Lord sustains!—  
 But pillars ornamental to adorn.

And equally  
 As to the Churches, so to separate saints  
 Are these most wonderful epistles sent,  
 To awaken, warn, encourage, and instruct!  
 Then let us in humility deduce  
 From each some prominent encouragement  
 Or some distinguishing and warning word,  
 Something that shall awaken, guide, and teach.  
 Thus, testing character and testing love,  
 May we behold ourselves as in a glass,  
 And see ourselves as Christ our Saviour sees!

### April 23.

“Thou hast left thy first love.” Rev. ii. 4.

“WRITE to the Church of Ephesus,  
 Thou hast left thy first love ” In Ephesus  
 There was much, very much that Christ approves—  
 Her works, her patience, and her earnestness,  
 Her firm rejection of false ministers,  
 Her hatred of the things the Saviour hates;  
 But nothing compensates diminished love!  
 Remember, Ephesus, thy earlier days,  
 Thy young affection’s warm devotedness,  
 And think what thou art now, compared with then!  
 How art thou fallen, Ephesus! Repent,  
 Or else I will remove thy candlestick,  
 And thou shalt be forgotten, save to warn!  
 Alas for Ephesus! she did not repent;  
 And Ephesus, the zealous Ephesus, is gone!  
 Oh, let the Churches of our day regard  
 The warning given to Ephesus and them!  
 They may be diligent in outside work;  
 They may most gorgeous sanctuaries build

They may outshine all else in glittering show—  
 Processions, incense, altars, offerings,  
 And eloquence of most uncommon fire ;  
 They may persuade with words of tenderness ;  
 They may condemn with hot and angry zeal ;  
 They may send over seas and continents  
 To proselyte the heathen unto God ;  
 But do they love, and do all this in love ?  
 Is Jesus Christ most precious to their souls ?  
 Do they remember their espousal day,  
 And love as then ? The glory of the Lord,  
 Is that the first, the chief design of all ?  
 Or is it all false fire, false zeal, to shroud  
 The throne now vacant, where Love erstwhile reigned ?

And let each soul go individually  
 To her retirement, and on bended knee  
 Inquire the same : Is Christ the master-spring,  
 The grand momentum in each enterprise ?  
 Works done in ostentation or in pride  
 Are unaccepted, unacceptable ;  
 But all that love may prompt and love perform,  
 The God of love will own and recompense !

### April 24.

“I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but  
 thou art rich).” Rev. ii. 9.

“WRITE to the Church in Smyrna,  
 I know thy tribulation and thy works ;  
 I know thy poverty, but thou art rich ;  
 I know the falseness and the blasphemy  
 Of those who dwell within thee. Fear them not !  
 Fear not the prospect of more suffering,  
 Fear not imprisonment or a martyr's death.  
 Ten days of trial thou shalt surely know,  
 Ten persecutions led by pagandom ;  
 But be thou faithful unto death, and I  
 Will give to all that overcome a crown  
 Of life, and victory o'er the second death.”



Oh, what a voice of sympathy and love  
 To Churches in adversity and gloom!  
 When persecution, robed in power, inflicts  
 Tortures, and penalties, and threats, and death;  
 When, poverty, privation, peril, pain,  
 Are always near; when false professors scoff,  
 Oh, let the Church remember Smyrna then!  
 Her hour of want and tribulation was  
 The hour when Jesus said that she was rich,  
 Rich above rubies in celestial wealth;  
 And surely Christ must rightly estimate!  
 Pray, persecuted saints and Churches, pray,  
 Pray for deliverance and for strength to bear,  
 But pray more earnestly to overcome,  
 To be found faithful, thus to reach the crown,  
 And thus to realize eternal life!

Tried Christian! do not be cast down because  
 Want, woe, and weariness attend thy path.  
 Thou mayst be, notwithstanding, rich indeed—  
 Rich in communion with a risen Christ,  
 Rich in a Father's love, rich in the grace  
 And the rich influence of the Holy Ghost!  
 Rich Churches and rich Christians, rightly taught,  
 Would glad exchange their rich exuberance  
 For the true riches, the superior wealth  
 Enjoyed sometimes by those accounted poor!

### April 25.

“Thou holdest fast My name.” Rev. ii. 13.

“WRITE to the Church in Pergamos,  
 The Church of Christ dwelling with Antichrist.”  
 Strange home, for saints to dwell where Satan dwells,  
 Surrounded by temptations, evil deeds,  
 And evil doers, scorners, profligates, and those  
 Whose doctrines and whose practices God hates!  
 But still the testimony stands! Christ says,  
 “Thou holdest fast My name, hast not denied  
 My faith, even when My faithful Antipas

Was martyred 'mongst you by My enemies."  
 Christ praises Pergamos for steadfastness  
 Unshaken by the dread of martyrdom ;  
 But Jesus to the praises adds reproof  
 For heresies and naughtiness allowed,  
 Unblamed amongst them. "Repent, repent," He says,  
 "Or I will come and fight them with the sword,  
 The sharp two-edged sword that wounds to slay,  
 Or wounds to cut sin's festering sore and heal!"  
 Then comes Christ's promise to His conquering ones,  
 "To him that overcometh, I will give  
 The hidden manna on which angels feed,  
 And the white stone whereon, unreadable,  
 Save by themselves, is written the new name,  
 The evidence of sonship and of love."

Churches and saints who dwell where Satan reigns,  
 Who amidst peril hold and own the truth,  
 Where persecution stands with whetted sword,  
 Seeking to strike, or who 'mongst heretics  
 And those who wear religion's cloak, that thus  
 They may sin more conveniently, beware !  
 Regard attentively these words of Christ,  
 To warn and to encourage Pergamos,  
 And learn the lesson rightly ! Dangerous  
 Are thy surroundings, thy temptations too !  
 Repent ! withdraw from evil company !  
 Shun all communications with the men  
 Who practise evil while professing Christ !  
 Be not alarmed by persecution's threats,  
 But follow Jesus Christ, and overcome !  
 Receiving then the wonderful reward,  
 Compared with which all loss is greatest gain.

### April 26.

"I will put upon you none other burden." Rev. ii. 24.

"WRITE to the Church in Thyatira"—  
 The Church whose history may perhaps be traced  
 To Lydia, who at Philippi heard Paul,

And, thus converted, brought the glorious news  
Of Jesus and salvation to her home.

Church crowned with many praises ! Seen by Him

Whose eyes are like unto a flame of fire,  
Pre-eminent in charity and faith,  
In pattern and in service and in works,  
And, unlike Ephesus, with love increased,  
Strengthened, enlarged, instead of lessening !  
But yet a "notwithstanding" shades the praise :—  
"I have a few things against thee, because  
Thou sufferest error and profanity  
To teach and to seduce within the Church !"  
Dire threatenings then the insulted Lord proclaims  
On those false prophets who will not repent ;  
And to the Church that shelters them declares  
They'll prove sufficient burden !

Church of to-day, let Thyatira be  
A warning and a lesson and a guide !  
Expel from thy communion all who teach,  
Or preach, or practise foul idolatries !  
Drive clean away all those who sacrifice  
To lust or pomp, ambition, pleasure, pride !  
Who build on sacerdotal influence  
All their religion, all their hopes and fears !  
Who worship superstitious ceremonies  
More than the Lord whom they profess to serve,  
And claim a priesthood and authority  
God hath not given and never will allow !  
Refuse, deny, withdraw entirely from  
These heretics in Zion, or they will prove  
A blight, a canker, and a withering  
More than sufficient burden !

Hold fast the truth, each individual saint,  
And, faithful amongst faithless, yours shall be  
A glory, a pre-eminence, a power,  
Bright as the morning star !

## April 27.

"Thou hast a few names . . . which have not defiled  
their garments." Rev. iii. 4.

"WRITE to the Church in Sardis,"

The Church degenerate in her lethargy !  
Alive with every living function ceased !  
Soon to revolt, to be restored no more.  
Regardless of the admonitory word,  
Regardless of entreaties, warnings, threats,  
Sardis but seemed to live, while really dead !  
Dead in declension, dead to watchfulness,  
Dead to devotedness, to zeal and love !  
Oh ! what more sad than an expiring Church,  
Both ministry and people languishing,  
Decaying gradual in unfelt disease,  
Hypocrites to themselves ? But even here,  
Within this sepulchre of lifelessness,  
This dreadful tomb of torpid energies,  
Even here were some with garments undefiled,  
A few who walked with God, walked worthily,  
Whose names are written in the Book of Life !  
On them the Lord bestows encouragement,  
And gives to them the promise : They shall walk  
With Him in white, acknowledged by the Lord  
Before the Father and the angel hosts  
In the great Judgment Day !

What saith the Lord  
Unto the rest in Sardis ? "I will come  
As a thief cometh, unexpectedly."  
When the Lord's gracious presence is withdrawn,  
How terrible His presence as a Judge !  
O ye who slight the visits of His grace,  
Who sin against His law, and spurn His love,  
Who grieve and quench the Spirit of the Lord,  
Oh, what will be your end ? Worse, worse, much worse  
Than those who never knew the Lord : Sodom,  
Gomorrah, and the cities of the plain !

Is there a Church like Sardis in our day ?  
Can there be found now individual saints

Claiming to be alive, alive to God,  
 While spiritually dead in sloth and sin ?  
 Enrolment in Church registers on earth  
 Ensures not always registry within  
 The Book of Life ! How sad ! to live,  
 Assuming to be children of the Lord,  
 Christ's dread disclaimer to receive at last,  
 "I never knew you !"

### April 28.

"I have set before thee an open door." REV. iii. 8.

"WRITE to the Church in Philadelphia,"

The Church without a fault, and on whose brow  
 Shine commendations only equalled by  
 Its sparkling coronet of promises—  
 Heaven's own pure pattern of a perfect Church !  
 Conspicuous both in name and character  
 Was Philadelphia for her love sincere  
 To all the brethren and to Jesus Christ,  
 The Elder Brother, who declares that all  
 Shall know how He hath loved this faithful Church !

"Thus saith the Lord, the Holy and the True,  
 Who hath the key of high authority,  
 Who openeth and who shutteth as He will :  
 Behold, I give to thee an open door  
 Of opportunity and utterance,  
 A door of access to the mercy-seat,  
 A door of intercourse with Heaven by prayer,  
 A door of near communion with thy God,  
 A door which none shall close ; and unto thee,—  
 Not warning as I other Churches warned,—  
 To thee who hast my word of patience kept,  
 I give the promise, in temptation's hour,  
 The hour of trial that shall come to all,  
 I will keep thee in my pavilion safe,  
 And shew the world, and spurious Churches shew,  
 That they who faithfully adhere to Me,  
 Holding My word, although with little strength,

Shall in the time of their perplexity  
Obtain from Me almighty power to help  
When their own strength would fail."

Oh ! what a privilege,  
For Churches and saints individually,  
To realize this ever open door !  
To know, whatever be the anxiety,  
The threatening, or the peril, or the storm,  
An open door is still accessible—  
A door for faith to enter confident,  
And ask, assured the need will be supplied  
According to the promise !

### April 29.

"Because thou art . . . neither cold nor hot."  
REV. iii. 16.

"WRITE to the Church in Laodicea,"  
Latest and worst, but yet a Church of Christ,  
A candlestick with light extinguished now ;  
The recreant, the backsliding, the lukewarm,  
A Gallio Church, indifferent totally  
To God, His cause, His people, and His work !  
To Smyrna's Church, lamenting poverty,  
Christ said, "But thou art rich !" Laodicea  
Boasted her wealth, her large increase of goods,  
Her want of nothing ; but the Lord declares  
That she is wretched, miserable,  
Naked, and blind, and poor ! Sure, such a Church  
Would glad embrace the counsel Jesus gives,  
And buy of Him pure gold, and thus be rich ;  
Raiment of spotless whiteness, and be clothed ;  
Eye-salve to heal, enabling her to see.  
"Faint not," Christ says, "at chastisement ; 'tis given  
In love ! I chasten all whom I receive ;  
Be zealous therefore in true penitence !  
Behold I stand, stand knocking at thy door,  
Willing to enter, willing to abide !"  
Unhappy Church ! Christ stands and knocks in vain.  
Supreme in her torpidity, she sleeps ;

Not cold, not hot, too indolent to rise,  
Utterly careless to the voice of love,  
Neglecting all the offers of God's grace,  
Inviting thus the terrible decree,  
Once uttered, ever irreversible!

Dread sentence! let it, like a beacon-light,  
Warn every Church and every saint as well!  
Oh, shun lukewarmness! shun indifference!  
God is an earnest God; Christ came and died  
In very earnestness to save mankind!  
The promised Comforter most earnestly  
Awakens, warns, encourages, and guides!  
Shall man, for whom Heaven's full machinery  
Is earnestly employed to renovate—  
Shall man refuse salvation? Shall Christ say—  
Shall He who gave His life a sacrifice,  
Say to those sleepers on perdition's brink:—  
"Ye will not come to Me and live?"

### April 30.

"To him that overcometh!" Rev. iii. 21.

CLIMAX of all, the chorus, the refrain,  
The grand accompaniment completing each!  
Count up the gifts, the galaxy of gifts,  
Gorgeous emblazoning the victory flag  
Of him that overcometh!  
'Tis Jesus speaks—Head of the Church on earth,  
Head of the Church triumphant in the skies!  
He speaks to encourage soldiers in the fight:  
"He that overcometh, conquering the foe,  
After the conflict, of the Tree of life  
That groweth in the Paradise of God  
Shall eat, and of the hidden manna eat!  
He shall know nothing of the second death!  
To him I give the stone immaculate  
Whereon there shall be written the new name  
Which none can read but those receiving it:  
As conquerors these shall over nations rule,

Ruling in uncontrolled authority.  
 Bright in their dignity as the morning star,  
 Clothed in My white and spotless righteousness,  
 Their names recorded in the Book of Life,  
 I will acknowledge them in the great day  
 Before My Father and the angel hosts !  
 Pillars within the higher sanctuary,  
 They shall go thence no more ! I will engrave  
 On them the incommunicable name—  
 The name of God, and they shall be enrolled  
 Citizens of the city of My God,  
 The New Jerusalem, their shining home !  
 And as I sit upon My Father's throne,  
 So shall they sit on Mine as kings and priests,  
 Glorious for ever in the heaven prepared !”

Warriors for Christ,  
 Fight manfully the battles of your Lord !  
 Fight in His strength victorious ! never faint !  
 To him that overcometh shall be given  
 All Heaven's redundancy of blissfulness !  
 Be brave, undaunted, firm, courageous, true,  
 Remembering always your inheritance—  
 The prize assured to all that overcome !

### May I.

“Them that honour Me I will honour.” 1 SAM. ii. 30.

ENGLAND, almost excusably, may feel  
 The flush of pride this memorable year !  
 Collected in a palace which upsprang  
 To life and light almost with magic haste,  
 She sees the wealth and ingenuities  
 Of earth's five continents, if not surpassed,  
 Equalled by her own sons, on her own soil !  
 England may higher exultation feel,  
 That when the world, from China to the pole,  
 Came crowding to the universal show !  
 The wondrous Exhibition, England's sons  
 Required nor swords nor soldiers to maintain



Good conduct and good order in the land !  
 Beauteous the building, beauteous its contents,  
 But still more beautiful to see the throngs,  
 The tens of thousands, day by day collect,  
 And day by day disperse, in quietness,  
 Clean, sober, smiling, pleased !

Statesmen may give  
 Sagacious reasons for this peacefulness,  
 Enlightening foreigners in wondering mood  
 With long orations on the excellence  
 Of England's Constitution, their own work,  
 Which thus ensured this peace ! Well, much I love  
 Old England and her laws ; none value more  
 The privilege of being England's child ;  
 I love her Crown, her Government, her Church ;  
 I love her children, and I love her land ;  
 Her lovely fields, where solitude may walk  
 And fear no harm ; I love her crowded towns,  
 And glory in the inscriptions on the front  
 Of her proud buildings, giving praise to God !  
 Oh, this is England's safety ! England yields  
 Honour to God, and God preserves the land,  
 Bestowing many blessings ! Unless the Lord  
 Had kept the city, vain the watchman's care !

### May 2.

"I will go up to the land of unwall'd villages."

EZEK. xxxviii. 11.

LET my life's close be on a sabbath eve  
 In the bright summer-tide ! Let me die,  
 If I may choose, 'midst rural sceneries,  
 Far from the noise of cities, where so long  
 My life was spent. I would be quite withdrawn,—  
 I thank my God I am in part withdrawn,—  
 From the excitements and anxieties  
 Of trade and commerce, politics and law.  
 I would know nothing of them now except  
 The summary in the day's journal, where,  
 Like distant rumours from a foreign land,

We read of changes and vicissitudes,  
 Tumults and war, ambition and disgrace,  
 With sympathy but no personal concern.  
 There, conversing with nature in her fields,  
 Her orchards, and her woods, her flowers and fruits,  
 Her summer landscapes and her winter snows,  
 I would ascend to nature's God, and hold  
 Converse with the Creator in His works.  
 To Him I would draw near and recognise  
 In Him my Heavenly Father, I would hear  
 From Him the precious words spoken by Him,  
 Spoken to me: "With everlasting love  
 I've lovèd thee, and given Mine equal Son,  
 My only Son, to die a shameful death  
 To bring thee to new life—a life in heaven!"  
 I would have fellowship with Jesus Christ,  
 My Saviour, my High-priest, my Advocate!  
 Talk to Him as my Brother and my Friend,  
 And realize the promised Comforter!

Thus communing with God, I would enjoy  
 Communion with His people! Sweet to walk  
 With such and talk of God, with God so near!  
 With such to meditate upon God's word,  
 With such to anticipate the hour of death,  
 With such to muse upon our future home,  
 With such to feel, when disunited here,  
 'Tis but brief separation! We shall meet,  
 And know, and love, and serve again in heaven!

Death is no dark intruder amongst such;  
 We change the scene, perhaps scarce change the scene,  
 But do we change our company?

### May 3.

"The flowers appear on the earth." SOL. SONG ii. 12.

Do you love flowers?  
 Beautiful flowers, of perfume exquisite,  
 Flowers ever bright and blightless? There are such,  
 But not in nature's garden. First they grew

In Eden, unexpected, 'neath a cloud,  
When Eve and Adam ate forbidden fruit  
And felt the poison rankle ; then a flower,  
A precious promise from the heart of God,  
Spontaneous breathed encouragement and hope.  
Exiles, they carried from their garden home  
This promise of their Father, dearly prized !  
And pleading it upon their knees, obtained  
Fresh tokens of His love in other flowers,  
Rich promises, which fragrant ever lived  
For them and for their children all along  
The centuries of time. At eventide  
Enoch enjoyed in fellowship with God  
These flowers from Paradise. Within his ark  
Noah possessed and gathered strength from them !  
And Abram, when he left his father's tents,  
Hoarded them in his bosom ! Even Lot  
In his dark home endeavoured to retain !  
And Salem's priestly king their value knew !  
By their kiln fires in Goshen Jacob's sons  
Were often cheered by them ; and by the sea  
And in the wilderness and in their wars  
They found their worth ! Ancient saints,  
Judges and kings, prophets, and priests, and seers,  
And little children, loved these lovely flowers !  
Martyrs rejoiced, defying sword and flame,  
When to their bosoms they could clasp these flowers,  
These promises of a performing God ;  
And men and women in anxieties,  
In anguish, in bereavement, and in death,  
Gathered and cherished and were helped thereby !  
Thus through the ages, precious in all time  
Even when separate flowers, more precious still  
When, lovingly collected by love's hand,  
They form a bouquet now of priceless worth ;  
For He who gave them has approved and sealed,  
Encircling all with His yea and amen  
That they may bloom for ever !

## May 4.

"I have set the Lord always before me." PSALM xvi. 8.

THE Christian's glad conviction always is:—

"Thou, God, seest me!" His ever earnest prayer:

"Search me, and prove me, and examine me,

Shew to me all the evil in my heart,

And lead me in the everlasting way!"

But 'tis a loftier faith,—more blest resolve,

More happy consummation, if attained,—

When in humility and trustfulness,

In love's determined self-devotedness,

The Christian can affirm and manifest,

In conduct as in language: I have set

Always the Lord before me! Oh, to feel

Always as in God's presence! Oh, to act

Consciously as if the eye of God

Were visibly down looking upon me!

With morning light as to the parent comes

The loving child, so to approach the Lord

And ask His blessing! All the busy day,

In every action, trivial or supreme,

To come to God for counsel and for aid:

"Lord, what would'st Thou have me do? Shew Thy way!"

'And then at night, in quiet retrospect

Surveying the day's doings, to thank God

For His protection, guidance, and supplies!

Always dependent, still a supplicant,

The evening prayer accompanies the praise,

"Lord! let Thy outspread wings still shelter me!

Cover me, Father, with Thy opened hand

From seen and unseen foes, and let me feel

The Omnipresent God surrounds my path!"

Thus walking in the sunlight of God's face,

Earth will become the vestibule of heaven;

Nearness to God will hinder Satan's darts;

Communion with the Lord will introduce

Faith's full assurance; and when death shall come,

He will be welcomed as the messenger  
 To take those to His home whose presence here  
 They have by faith thus sweetly realized!

And this is Christian life! Alas! how few,  
 And those how seldom, this perfection reach,  
 Attain this privilege, walking through the world  
 Only as travellers to their glorious home,  
 The title-deeds of which, indisputable,  
 They clasp close to their bosoms!

### May 5.

"I . . . will ascribe righteousness to my Maker."  
 JOB xxxvi. 3.

EXULTINGLY he said,  
 Borrowing Elihu's words, "I will ascribe  
 Unto my Maker righteousness; to Him  
 Alone and altogether. His decrees,  
 Determined in eternity, are all  
 By righteousness distinguished, though the world,  
 The cavilling world, with sin's polluting breath,  
 May say they are unjust. I will ascribe,"  
 Again the preacher joyously exclaimed,  
 "The righteousness which clothes the ransomed  
 Church,  
 And constitutes her title-deeds for heaven,  
 To God alone and altogether. 'Tis His work,  
 His finished, perfect work, and it will bring  
 Safe to their heaven the aggregate elect.  
 In all His dispensations towards the Church,  
 His government of men and men's affairs,  
 His sceptre still is swayed in righteousness;  
 And when assembled worlds around His throne  
 Receive their final doom, each separate soul,  
 Whether condemned or saved, convinced shall own  
 That righteousness the verdict dictated  
 Which justice then shall sign!"

My restless mind  
 Pondering, while thus the preacher preached for God,  
 Asked ruminating, "But will God to me

Ascribe this righteousness to justify ?  
 In this white robe arrayed, may I approach,  
 Assured that Christ's imputed excellence  
 Gives me access and audience and a smile ? ”  
 Uniting with the preacher, I ascribe  
 Unto my Maker righteousness ; but, Lord !  
 Grant me the Holy Spirit's witnessing,  
 To know Thou hast imputed it to me !

### May 6.

“ The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.”  
 MATT. xi. 5.

COMPLETE epitome,  
 Concise and comprehensive portraiture  
 Of His all-powerful ministry, who came,  
 The shrouded God, to ransom guilty man !  
 Almighty power by frequent miracle  
 Revealed Messiah veiled in human flesh !  
 The blind, the lame, the leper, and the deaf  
 Found Jesus' mandate a catholicon ;  
 And even death at His command withdrew,  
 Yielding the gelid corpse to life restored !  
 I love to contemplate His sympathy,  
 Who, touched with its infirmities, would heal  
 The sicknesses of nature ; but to me,  
 Priceless Physician, these symbolical  
 Display worse maladies and greater cures !  
 In days gone by, with something like recoil,  
 I glanced upon the catalogue of woes ;  
 But now, concentrated I see them all  
 In my own soul, in mischief spiritual ;  
 And sensible that one advance to cure  
 Is consciousness of ill, I praise Thy name,  
 That by Thy Spirit Thou hast taught my soul  
 The hurt, the need, and the Physician's name ;  
 So that, as went the impotent of old,  
 I come to Jesus with the self-same prayers :—

Oh, Son of David, that I might receive  
 My sight! Strengthen the arm of faith! Say, Lord :  
 Be clean! Unstop my ear! Speak : Lazarus, arise!  
 Sometimes, O Lord, I have believed this done,  
 That Thou hast given new faculties, new life ;  
 And then my prayer asks larger blessedness,  
 A word, a look, a smile, such as of old  
 Peter on Tabor realized ! O Lord !  
 Answering as in Thy wisdom Thou seest fit,  
 Grant blessings suitable, and I will praise !

### May 7.

“Woman, what have I to do with thee?” JOHN ii. 4.

In the relations of His human life,  
 Jesus was our Exemplar. In His youth  
 Obedient to His parents, working perhaps  
 With His reputed father at his trade ;  
 But when He entered on His ministry,  
 When,—the baptized Messiah,—He began  
 Salvation's enterprise, when He assumed  
 His true position as the Son of God,  
 He put aside, refused, and over-ruled  
 His mother's interference in His work.  
 Mary's maternal influence then had ceased ;  
 And when at Cana she unwittingly  
 Suggested the exertion of His power,  
 He answered, “ What have I to do with thee ?  
 Woman ! Mine hour is not yet come ! ” The Lord  
 Performed the miracle He meant, but first  
 Disowned the right of any to propose,  
 To intercede, to mediate, or suggest !

Blessed amongst women Mary was and is ;  
 But Mary's influence ceased when Mary's Son  
 Declared Himself the Son of God with power ;  
 And Mary in the higher sanctuary  
 Has gained no power that she possessed not here.  
 The Lord's reproof at Cana once for all  
 Taught Mary what henceforward was her place ;

And never afterwards did she presume  
To arrogate maternal influence,  
Or hesitate to acknowledge in her Son,  
The Son of God—the Saviour of the world!

Blessed amongst women Mary was and is,  
Blest as the mother of the Incarnate Son;  
But blest, most blest, blest inexpressibly,  
As a lost sinner saved by Jesus Christ!

Oh, let this truth, emblazoned prominent,  
Conspicuous on the Gospel banner shine :—  
None intervene between the soul and Christ,  
And none but Christ between the soul and God!

### May 8.

“ In due time Christ died.” Rom. v. 6.

THE cross of Christ  
Is the grand centre of all history!  
From the first moment that our God revealed  
Salvation and a Saviour,—when man’s sin  
Leavened the whole creation, and man heard,  
And the creation heard, that in due time  
A great Restorer should all things restore,  
Bruising the serpent’s head, destroying sin,  
And reconciling man again to God,—  
Humanity in blindness natural  
Has longed, uncertain still for what it longed,  
Has waited, prayed, and watched unconsciously;  
And the creation in mute earnestness  
Has groaned for its Deliverer!

During two thousand years  
In nature’s ignorance man struggled on,  
While only here and there a righteous few  
Towards God attained communion spiritual!  
During two thousand more God shewed Himself  
Openly, yet still darkly; Abraham’s seed  
Became the special people of the Lord.  
The promise then assumed distinctiveness,  
And in due time Messiah came. Alas! alas!



God's special people nailed Him to a cross,  
Spurned the Restorer, and refused their King.

His cross, the full atonement for man's sin,  
Was then declared by the great Comforter,  
Man's Teacher for a third two thousand years!

Successfully the cross accomplishes  
The wondrous enterprise to save the world,  
To gather in the elect, to bring to God  
The fulness of the Gentiles, and to graft,  
The natural branches for a time cut off,  
Into the true and living olive-tree!

Oh, glorious day, when the six thousand years  
Fulfilled shall introduce Millennium!

When the Restorer, in His glory seen,  
Shall come, surrounded with His ransomed ones,  
To reign on the new earth, the Prince of Peace,  
All the long Sabbath of a thousand years!  
Manacled then shall the old serpent be;  
Creation shall be swept from its sad blight,  
And man, restored to innocence again,  
Shall fill the renovated world with praise,  
And God shall see His purposes fulfilled.

### May 9.

"Now that He ascended, what is it but that He also  
descended first." EPH. iv. 9.

How much they err

Who represent the Saviour a mere man,  
Most good, most pure, a very model man,  
Filled with the Spirit of the living God,  
Preaching salvation, practising the right,  
Exhibiting the moral virtues perfectly,  
Sealing His mission with a martyr's death  
And then ascending! Ah! ascending where?  
Ascending where He was before! This fact  
Scatters to nothingness such sophistries.  
If Jesus Christ, His work accomplished, went  
For the first time to heaven, to be  
Rewarded for His enterprise, and crowned

For great success with a rich diadem,  
 We might dispute His pre-existent life.  
 But Jesus Christ *ascending* plainly means,  
 As saith the Apostle, He *descended* first :  
 He came and He returned ! Faith sees it all !  
 Faith sees the Saviour on His ancient throne  
 Co-equal with the Father ! Faith beholds  
 The Three-One God in council ! Faith can hear  
 The Son of God consenting to assume  
 Unfallen humanity to rescue man.  
 Faith grasps the covenant believingly,  
 And on the work of the Incarnate God,  
 Not on the work of man—the best of men—  
 Builds all her hope of immortality !

Happy the man, the happiest man on earth,  
 Who, having crossed the wilderness of doubt,  
 Attains the confidence of childlike trust,  
 And, clasping to his heart the Spirit's seal,  
 Exclaims with Didymus : My Lord, my God !

### May 10.

“In the beginning.” GEN. i. 1.

GEOLOGISTS are very wise !  
 They know so much that God hath not revealed,  
 Discoveries that Moses never dreamt !  
 Weak man ! he thought that when, inspired of God,  
 He chronicled creation, the beginning meant  
 Earth's earliest history ; but geologists  
 Have found beginnings many before that !  
 In designations unpronounceable,  
 They tell of earth, first as a solitude,  
 Then peopled with huge, shapeless, monstrous forms,  
 Happily extinct, then with a higher race,  
 Then higher yet, and then at last with man,  
 Who looks with pity, mingled with affright,  
 On these, earth's previous tenants ! Is it so ?  
 Then logically, if earth change so oft,  
 Sure it may change again, and, man's day done,

Earth may be peopled with a nobler race,  
 A much more splendid specimen of life,  
 Who in their day will retrospective glance,  
 Taught by their keen geologists, at us,  
 And, proudly pondering on these dreary days,  
 When puny manhood ruled a world unripe,  
 Exult at their pre-eminence, and boast  
 Earth's wonderful advance!

Specks of gold  
 Are sometimes gathered from a load of dross:  
 So from the theories of geologists  
 We may extract a truth they never thought.  
 Earth has a brighter period yet to come!  
 Her six days servitude are waning fast,  
 And soon shall dawn the glad millennial year  
 For which creation groaneth! Sin subdued,  
 Under the sceptre of the Prince of Peace,  
 Shall introduce the promised happiness,  
 When, all bad passions banished, love shall make  
 This world more bright than Eden!

### May II.

"To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not  
 according to this word, it is because there is no light in  
 them." Isa. viii. 20.

"I WISH you would omit," said one to me,  
 "Your leaf against geology. Why write  
 Derisively on what you do not know?"  
 Because geologists,—those whom I oppose,—  
 Propound a theory that gives God the lie,  
 And God's own revelation contradicts.  
 Because the choice is only between two:  
 Either to credit God, who built the world,  
 Or these, who say that God has made mistakes  
 Both in the date and structure of His work.  
 If I believe, as I devoutly do,  
 The holy Scriptures are inspired of God,  
 And are as true as God Himself is true  
 If I am confident of this because

By them the Lord has to my soul revealed  
 Salvation, heaven, and immortality;  
 I will not for a single moment yield,  
 And lift geology above my God!  
 I will not, with the Bible in my hand,  
 Accept discoveries that claim to prove  
 This earth is older than its Maker says;  
 That creation was but remodelling  
 What had pre-existed, and that it took  
 Six thousand years of progress gradual  
 Our world to perfect, when the Lord declares  
 He made it in six days. 'Tis the old tale—  
 The butterfly with insect mind employed  
 In criticizing palaces; the ant  
 Emerging from its little hill to shew  
 The true original of continents;  
 The creature challenging Omnipotence!  
 So will I never! I admire the man  
 Who with due reverence investigates  
 Science in all its branches; but if he ask  
 Pre-eminence for science over God,  
 And God's own history of God's own work,  
 I clasp the Bible to my heart, and turn  
 From all such sceptics and their sophistries.

### May 12.

“What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?”

MATT. xxvii. 22.

THE question Pilate carelessly proposed  
 Jesus Himself now puts to every one!  
 Preach, is His mandate to His ministers,  
 In every land! To every human heart  
 Proclaim the great salvation! All who hear  
 Are asked the question Pilate asked the Jews:  
 Pilate, with careless eye and careless heart,  
 Saw but a malefactor in the Christ;  
 Willing to save, willing to crucify,  
 Either to gain the popular applause—  
 To free Barabbas or release the Christ!

Now that the question comes to us, let us,  
 In all solemnity, right answer give!  
 What will ye do with Jesus? Jesus asks.  
 The judgment-hall, the suffering, and the cross  
 Accomplished now, the risen Saviour speaks:—  
 “I came to do My Father’s will, to give  
 My life a sacrifice for sin, and yield  
 Full propitiation for My people’s guilt;  
 Within the veil, their great High Priest, I plead,  
 Successful Intercessor, and receive  
 For them all that they need, and send  
 The promised Comforter to educate,  
 Preparing them for this prepared home.”

What will ye do with Jesus? Jesus asks.  
 Will ye accept, rejoicingly accept  
 Salvation, without money, without price;  
 The robe of righteousness by Jesus wrought;  
 Sufficient grace for this life’s pilgrimage;  
 And glorious immortality at last?

What will ye do with Jesus? Jesus asks.  
 Will ye neglect, in cold indifference,  
 Will ye refuse salvation? Will ye scorn  
 This precious Saviour, crucify afresh  
 The Incarnate God, and trample on His love?

What will ye do with Jesus? Jesus asks.  
 The wonderful alternative is now;  
 May heavenly influence influence your choice!

### May 13.

“Arise ye and depart.” MIC. ii. 10.

#### SOLEMN words!

When from our Father God the summons comes;  
 Arise! depart! for this is not your rest;  
 How sweet the Apostle’s declaration then:  
 There remaineth therefore for God’s people rest!  
 A rest! a home! a heaven! a Father’s house!  
 And very often in life’s pilgrimage  
 The Christian asks inquiringly of home,

Much pondering its place and character.

Myriads have entered into the unseen,  
 But none return to tell its mysteries,  
 Its joys, employments, or inhabitants ;  
 And in God's revelation, still obscure,  
 Faith only sees, darkly as through a glass !  
 " Eye hath not seen, ear heard, or heart conceived "  
 The splendours or the purity of heaven !  
 Thought, leaning upon faith, paints glowingly  
 The wonderful transition of the soul,  
 Escaping from earth's sorrows and earth's pains,  
 And entering, full of rapture and amaze,  
 The home prepared, the New Jerusalem,  
 The glorious city of the Glorious King !  
 And sometimes on the bed of death the soul,  
 Just as she plumes her wings to soar above,  
 Radiant with ecstasy, speaks, looks, or smiles  
 Significant of joy unutterable !  
 " Hark ! " said one I loved, as fearlessly she reached  
 Death's sable portal ; " hark ! " What did she hear ?  
 " Oh, this is glory ! " said another saint.  
 What did she see as she departed hence ?  
 We may imagine, but we shall not know  
 Until the message comes to us ; and then  
 We may perhaps see the bright gates ajar,  
 And all surprised at the surprising glow,  
 Drop half unconsciously some utterance,  
 Some treasured word to encourage and assure !

### May 14.

" One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now  
 I see." JOHN ix. 25.

WHERE am I ? tell me, more experienced saint,  
 Or rather Thou, Eternal Spirit, tell !  
 Hath my soul passed the gate, and tread I now  
 The narrow way cast up which leads to heaven ?  
 Do I know Jesus ? Is He mine ? May I  
 Trust for salvation to his righteousness  
 Imputed that the law will not condemn ?

Spirit ! illumine my inexperienced soul !  
 Let me see Jesus ! see my Lord as mine !  
 Unseen, I love Him, love Him as my great,  
 Constant Deliverer, and my All in All !  
 O God, affirm to my still doubting soul  
 That my hopes rest upon a basis sure !  
 That safe is my inheritance in heaven !  
 Where am I, Spirit, in the life of grace ?  
 Am I new born ? Tell me, great Comforter !  
 Brief and too limited my knowledge yet !  
 What know I ? only this, that once whereas  
 I wandered blind, I see ; see my own wants,  
 And inability to feed them, and I see,  
 Far off I see, or think so, One with power  
 And willingness abundant to bestow,  
 To whom my hopes and prayers ascend !

### May 15.

“As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.” REV. iii. 19.

MANY and sore the chastenings I have known,  
 And when my bosom throbbed beneath the weight  
 Of some new mighty misery, methought  
 My cares were greater than a man could bear ;  
 But through them all this Scripture always gave  
 A sunshine ray, diffusing joy and hope :—  
 “Those whom I love I chasten and rebuke.”  
 I said, I am on every side rebuked  
 And chastened, surely Jesus loves ! He loves,  
 For frequent, when all earthly hope hath failed,  
 He hath been near to help me, and I love,  
 How can I less, the kind Deliverer too !  
 But this suffices not. Sinners unsubdued  
 Tremble beneath the judgments of the Lord,  
 The retributions of His providence,  
 And I have sinned, sinned oft, sin now, my Lord !  
 How shall I know that I an interest have  
 In Thee and Thy salvation ? How shall I know  
 That Thou art mine, that I am Thine,

That in the garden Thou didst groan for me,  
 That on the cross my dying Saviour gave  
 For me His life a ransom, and that now,  
 Great Intercessor ! He prevails for me ?  
 Lord ! at Thy footstool, at Thy mercy throne,  
 I wait, Thy humble suppliant ! Let the vision come,  
 The promised vision ; let it cheer me now !  
 Speak, Lord, Thy servant waiteth, waits to hear !

### May 16.

“Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he  
 is old he will not depart from it.” Prov. xxii. 6.

ON memory's wall,  
 Amongst the many pictures pendent there,  
 One, more attractive, more enduring, draws  
 Frequent my eye, and fills it with a tear.  
 It represents a well remembered room,  
 Where oft in childhood, on an ottoman,  
 I sat beneath a tender mother's smile,  
 And drank a mother's words. On Sabbath eves,  
 Most on those winter Sabbath eves, when seemed  
 The world shut out, reading the sacred page,  
 Or infant hymn, or simple narrative ;  
 A mother's soft remark impressing more  
 Their meaning, and their tendency ; and when,  
 Bent at my mother's knee, in feeble phrase  
 I lisped the evening prayer ; I loved the task,  
 And loved the time, because a mother's love  
 Shed sweetness on it all.

In after years,  
 When time shook o'er me strange vicissitudes ;  
 When the world lost its bloom, and cankering care  
 Hollowed my comforts ; when in loneliness  
 I trod the wilderness of soul distress ;  
 When need endeavoured prayer, and hope sometimes,  
 On feeble wing, sought refuge of the Lord,  
 The seed thus sown upsprung. I sought the Lord ;  
 I, who had prayed in early thoughtlessness,



Now, urged by dire necessity, invoked  
 The aid so long neglected. Sensible  
 Of nothingness, as well as need, I came  
 In God's appointed way, pleading the name  
 And trusting in the merits of the Lamb;  
 Thus coming, I have tasted sovereign grace,  
 And tasting, thirst for more!

### May 17.

"Consider how great things [the Lord] hath done for  
 you." 1 SAM. xii. 24.

FAREWELLS are precious words,  
 Especially farewells of friends gone home!  
 Jacob and Moses, Joshua and Samuel,  
 With other Bible heroes, have bequeathed  
 A glorious legacy of parting words,  
 Counsels, and warnings, and encouragements,  
 In life, in death, to aid and comfort saints!  
 Gilgal with Israel's representatives  
 Was crowded, when the prophet Samuel,  
 In words of sadness, introduced their king;  
 Surrendering his position so long held,  
 Challenging reproach on his good name,  
 And, bolder still, upon God's character:—  
 "Consider the great things the Lord hath done!"  
 'Twas well they should, while now rejecting God,  
 Demanding in His place an earthly king,  
 That they might be as other peoples were!  
 Let *us* the injunction equally regard;  
 Let *us* look back on our past histories,  
 And bring to our remembrance the great things  
 The Lord hath done for us! The chronicle  
 Of every Christian's life sparkles with acts  
 Of lovingkindness on the part of God,  
 Often unsought and always undeserved!  
 From retrospection's summit it is well  
 To view life's travelled path, considering  
 How often God hath interposed to save

From seen and unseen peril; hedging up  
Our way with thorns when we had well-nigh turned  
Our footsteps into evil; answering prayer  
When in our weakness foes loud threatened harm;  
Supplying every need, and sanctifying  
All tribulations to our real good!

'Tis well for all thus to review the past,  
But most encouraging for tottering age,  
Nearing life's close, life's mercies to survey,  
All confident that He who thus hath led  
Will lead them safely to their home in heaven!

### May 18.

"They presented unto Him gifts, gold, and frankincense,  
and myrrh." MATT. ii. 11.

As came the sages on Thy natal day  
With offerings of frankincense, gold, and myrrh,  
So, Saviour, would I venture; though my gifts  
Be poor, and poor myself, yet in their mystic sense  
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh, I would present.  
Earth's gold sustains the impress of earth's kings,  
And to them be it rendered; but the gold  
Bearing Thy image, love, which is Thyself,  
Fain would I realize, and fain present,  
As streamlets to the ocean, unto Thee,  
Its source original. Let my prayers  
Ascending be the frankincense I bring,  
In odoriferous columns rising high,  
Acceptable through Zion's great High Priest,  
Our true Melchisedek, who constant stands  
Receiving and presenting Israel's prayers,  
Enriched with his own odours, at the throne.  
Spirit of prayer! touch with a living coal  
The offering and the altar of my heart!  
Indite in me petitions suitable,  
For me, a suppliant taught by Thee, to know  
My own deficiency and Jesus' worth!

Bring me,  
The myrrh of self-denial in my hands,  
Desiring to embrace Emmanuel's cross,  
Content to tread the briary path to heaven,  
And walking through the world a sojourner,  
Happy when from the hill I gain a view  
In the far sunshine of my sparkling home,  
Or in the valley still with upward glance  
Seeking love-tokens thence!

### May 19.

"Thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness."  
Ps. xxi. 3.

OUR God is not a God of afterthoughts!  
No unforeseen vicissitudes surprise,  
Perplex, or hinder His matured designs.  
When He determined to create the world,  
He hoarded in the chaos boundless stores  
Of salts and stone, metals and minerals,  
To be discovered as the world might need.  
When He foresaw that man created good  
Would lapse to sin, His love prevenient gave  
A Saviour and a Sanctifier to restore.

When His uncircumscribed survey beheld  
The man's requirements and the world's career,  
He filled His own exhaustless treasury  
With all humanity could ever want,  
With all a craving world could ever ask,  
With all a ransomed Church could supplicate.  
Then in the calmness of Almighty power,  
Of perfect wisdom, and Omniscient thought,  
He spake creation's mandate, and arose  
At His command the world, with all its wealth,  
And man, its sovereign, soon, too soon seduced!  
Think ye that God was then by Satan foiled,  
Nonplussed, and at a loss? The antidote  
Afore prepared was quick made manifest,  
And man, fallen man, found God was still his Friend.

So in the progress of the centuries ;  
 In every need, in every circumstance,  
 When nations, peoples, individual men,  
 Look up to Him in their necessities,  
 God hath the suitable supply at hand,  
 And, as the world's wise Governor, bestows !  
 But how much more, how much more readily  
 God gives to those especially His own !  
 United to Him in the covenant,  
 Chosen in Christ before the world was formed,  
 Whose names are written in the Book of Life !  
 He is their Father ! they His children are !  
 To them He lends an ever ready ear,  
 Prepared to give before the need requires,  
 Willing to bless before the prayer ascends,  
 Always beforehand waiting to dispense !

### May 20.

"And Noah went in." GEN. vii. 7.

WHAT were the patriarch's thoughts that eventide,  
 When he surveyed for the last time the world,  
 And urged once more, on her deriding sons,  
 The warnings given so oft ? He was a man,  
 A husband, and a father ! Could he view  
 The countless multitudes of fellow-men ?  
 Life's sweet relationships could he behold :  
 The prattling babe, the laughing boy, the maid  
 Coy in her new betrothal, the young wife  
 All overfilled with love, the matron there,  
 Proud of her noble sons ; nay, could he turn  
 His eye across the valleys yet serene  
 In the sun's setting splendour, marking here  
 The merry dance of some light-hearted ones  
 Rejoicing after the day's toil, and there  
 The congregated sons of revelry :  
 Could he thus take his final view of earth,  
 Her sceneries and her children, and not feel,  
 Feel as a man, and weep hot scalding tears

For her impenitent and careless throngs :  
 While as a man of God, he bent to God,  
 Submissive to His purpose and His plan !  
 Then, uttering yet once more the threatening dire,  
 Still louder publishing the peril near,  
 All heedless of their laughter and their jest,  
 He led the way, adoring sovereign grace,  
 To the now finished ark, and safe shut in,  
 Grateful, became the link between two worlds !  
 The beacon-light of warning and of love !

### May 21.

“ And Noah went forth.” GEN. viii. 18.

WHAT were the patriarch's thoughts that sunny morn,  
 When he surveyed for the first time the world,  
 Lately submerged, and all unconscious now,  
 How recent it had been the sepulchre,  
 The watery grave of myriads drowned in wrath ?  
 Descending from the mountain, he could see  
 The pre-diluvial homes of former friends,  
 The sites of ruined towns and villages ;  
 And recollection's powerful pencil sketched  
 Sceneries of the world before the flood,  
 Wakening emotions he could not repress !  
 He saw, perhaps he saw, in the far vale  
 His father's homestead, where in boyish days  
 He played, and talked, and planned with boyhood's  
     friends  
 Of future schemes and wonderful designs !  
 Thence, gaining her young love who afterwards  
 Became the second mother of mankind.  
 He went in his glad bridal hour to build  
 His own first home, where often joyously  
 He gambolled with his boys, now tall, grave men,  
 Who, with their wives, gazed in astonishment  
 On the changed world, and talked of their escape !  
 Surely it needed all the confidence  
 God could impart, by the enlivening bow,

The cheering word, the promise full of love,  
 And faith in the spontaneous covenant,  
 To encourage these lone wanderers to begin  
 The mighty enterprise—to build afresh,  
 To cultivate and people the new world,  
 Green but inanimate, lovely, fresh, and fair,  
 But terrible in its bright loneliness !

God then fulfilled the promise later given :  
 Strength was accorded equal to the day ;  
 And soon new cities witnessed active life ;  
 The meadows teemed with flocks and herds once more,  
 Vineyard and oliveyard their produce gave,  
 And golden harvests heaped in crowded barns  
 Wakened new pride, which introduced new sin.

Alas for human nature ! Shinar's plain  
 Soon saw the unfinished tower defiant rise,  
 Man's huge though thwarted challenge against God !  
 But God, provoked not now, serenely saw,  
 And, calmly sending language manifold,  
 Scattered the peoples, peopling thus the world.

### May 22.

"We . . . walked unto the house of God in company."  
 Ps. lv. 14.

THREE youths one summer Sabbath evening met,  
 Met unpremeditatingly, to hear  
 A noted Baptist preacher—Robert Hall.  
 After the service, towards their several homes  
 They walked some miles together, conversing  
 Freely about the old man eloquent ;  
 All fascinated with his grand discourse,  
 And, naming each their favourites, they compared  
 Their several talents, talking, as youths will,  
 Openly, crudely, and decisively.  
 Then they talked much of sects and sentiments,  
 Pronouncing unripe verdicts upon each ;  
 Then they talked of their prospects in the world,  
 Of all they were and all they wished to be,

Till one by one they parted, in this world  
To meet all three together nevermore !

Of these youths I was one ; we met sometimes,  
Being engaged in the same line of life,  
Singly, and thus each other's progress learnt ;  
Each knew life's cares, shared life's prosperities,  
And each maintained position in the Church ;  
But how apart ! One of the three became  
An elder in the Presbyterian Church ;  
Another 'mongst the Congregationalists  
Held office as a deacon ; and the third,  
Turning from Presbytery, embraced the Church  
By law established ; to its highest class,  
Bigoted, ritualistic, he adhered,  
Seeking, and craving, and unsatisfied ;  
Until at last, relinquishing the faith,  
He went right over to the Church of Rome,  
A papist, like most recreants, doubly so.

'Tis forty years since that same summer eve,  
And aged now, retired from business cares,  
I sojourn in the country. One morn I read  
In the day's journal unexpectedly  
That one, this pervert from his parents' church,  
The church in which his father ministered,  
Was suddenly called hence ! I could not forget  
The bright and sanguine youth of long ago ;  
And bowing down in silence thoughtfully,  
Prayed God would keep, as only God can keep,  
Me steadfast in the faith unto the end !

### May 23.

"Ye shall not surely die." GEN. iii. 4.

THE old prevarication !  
First introduced by Satan, when he met  
By lie and sophistry God's plain decree,  
Persuading Eve God meant not what He said.  
The ancient sophistry is now revived,  
The old prevarication used afresh :

"Ye shall not surely die,"—not surely die!  
 Eternal death and everlasting flame,  
 The worm that dieth not, the lake of fire  
 For ever and for evermore unquenched,  
 Are only words of rhetoric! God is love!  
 His nature and His attributes display  
 That He is full of mercy, much too full  
 To punish everlastingly for sin!

Satan well knows, and those thus arguing know,  
 How prone men are to accept what pleases them;  
 And if by any arguments, or none,  
 It could be proved, or plausibly maintained,  
 That hope exists in hell, that wrath *to come*  
 Will one day, no matter how far off that day,  
 Be wrath *gone by*, extinguished and atoned  
 By the long woe of penal centuries,  
 So much the less would sinful men dread hell!

And who would seek to controvert this hope?  
 None, were it based on truth! But when we know  
 God's word is clean against it, when we see  
 That every word confirming the dread fact  
 Of hell's eternity, are the same words  
 As fence the immortality of heaven,  
 The eternity of glory, and sustain,  
 Immutable for ever and for evermore,  
 The throne, the being, and the power of God,  
 We dare not join in that false charity,  
 Which, while it seeks to undermine God's threats,  
 Works unintending just as much to sap  
 The firm foundation of God's promises!

Eternal glory and eternal woe  
 Rest on the same decree! If one should fail,  
 If the eternity of one should cease,  
 Why may not both, and all God's word be vain?

Man, man, encourage not fallacious hopes!  
 Think not that God is variable like you!  
 Think not His threatenings are all meaningless!  
 Hear His own words:—Heaven and earth shall pass,  
 But not one jot or tittle of My word  
 Shall fail to be accomplished



## May 24.

"And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes : and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go." JOHN xi. 44.

LORD! take away the grave clothes from my soul!  
 In nature's grave I heard Thy powerful voice,  
 And issued from its sepulchre, but I came  
 Just as I was, enveloped mind and soul!  
 I could not see, nor hear, nor understand;  
 I only lived, and living moved towards Thee,  
 Life's Source and life's Bestower, earnestly  
 Desiring to behold, and love, and praise!  
 Commission one of Thine ambassadors  
 To take away the napkin and the shroud,  
 To free me from old nature's manacles,  
 Pollutions, and corruptions, and disgrace!  
 Thy representative, let him divest  
 My living soul of death's habiliments!  
 Strip me of every legal tendency,  
 Free-will assumption, self-spun righteousness;  
 From every worldly, grovelling, sensual thought!  
 Then let him lead me, as himself was led,  
 The promised Comforter still leading both,  
 Where the white raiment, by Thyself put on,  
 Shall fit me for the company of saints,  
 The living children of the living God!  
 There meet with me as Thou dost meet with Thine,  
 And realizing frequent fellowship,  
 May I become like Thee, and dwelling thus  
 Near to Thyself, may I Thy secrets learn,  
 Enjoy Thy smiles, upon Thy bosom lean,  
 Taste all the sacred intercourse of love,  
 The fond endearments Zion only knows;  
 And thus made meet for the inheritance,  
 May I, enraptured, meet death's stingless touch,  
 Assured it introduces me to heaven,  
 The heaven Thy presence constitutes!

## May 25.

"He that entereth in by the way of the north gate to worship shall go out by the way of the south gate; and he that entereth by the way of the south gate shall go forth by the way of the north gate: he shall not return by the way of the gate whereby he came in, but shall go forth over against it. And the prince in the midst of them, when they go in, shall go in; and when they go forth, shall go forth." EZEK. xlv. 9, 10.

ACCESS to God the Father is through Christ!  
 Christ says Himself, "I am the Door, the Way;  
 None come unto the Father but by Me!"  
 Access to Christ is by the influence,  
 Melting, attracting, of the Holy Ghost!  
 Great Spirit! wondrously and variously,  
 As it may please Thy free and sovereign will,  
 Dost Thou on human souls exert Thy power.  
 The time, the mode, the agent, all are Thine,  
 Chosen by Thee, effectual made by Thee!  
 Invisibly and irresistibly!

Some Thou dost call in the springtide of life,  
 Ere yet perhaps they leave parental homes,  
 Unstained by outward immoralities,  
 Subdued and won by holy, heavenly love!  
 Willing and glad these enter the south gate,  
 Entering to worship, to confide, and praise:  
 But faith untried may not be real faith!  
 Love unassailed may not be love sincere!  
 Therefore temptations, mental battle-fields;  
 Therefore the wilderness of soul distress;  
 Therefore the going out at the north gate,  
 Out of the sunshine, out to discipline!

So they who enter fearful, guilty, lost,  
 Hurrying from Sinai's thunder in despair,  
 Condemned by law, condemned by conscience too,  
 Flee to the sanctuary, entering the north gate,  
 Glad to embrace the Rock, shelterless else:  
 These sometimes very long endure the rod,  
 The doubt, the warfare, the suspense, the gloom,

Until, in God's good time, they find relief;  
 The promised vision fills their souls with joy,  
 And the bright beamings at the southern gate  
 Reveal the Sun of Righteousness to them!

Delightful thought! in every changing scene,  
 And such as have no changes fear not God,  
 Their Prince accompanies, sustains, protects:  
 When they go in, whichever be the gate,  
 The Prince goes with them; when they go forth  
 The Prince goes forth, forsaking nevermore.  
 O happy Zion! blest with such a Prince;  
 Emmanuel! God with us!

### May 26.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat."  
 Rev. ii. 7.

THE fatal fruit,  
 Entailing death and misery on mankind,  
 Our first progenitor, in the exercise  
 Of that free will his children boast so much,  
 Gathered and ate: its sovereign antidote,  
 The tree of life, whose fruit and leaves supply  
 Healing and sustenance to wounded souls,  
 Lives 'bove his reach, and God Himself, who gives  
 The appetite, must equally bestow  
 The berry, and the apple, and the grape!  
 Thus taught, I come a hungry suppliant:  
 Giver of every good and perfect gift!  
 Who hath to me imparted appetite,  
 Bend, I beseech Thee, down some fragrant branch!  
 Gather from life's all-fruitful tree and give!  
 I bend in waiting, longing attitude;  
 Oh, testify of Jesus to my soul!  
 He is life's mystic Tree, and lavishly,  
 On either side the river, He supplies  
 Food for His Church in heaven, and food for those  
 Heaven-born still travelling in the wilderness!  
 Oh, that some promise spoken specially,  
 Bursting like grapes upon a fevered tongue,

Might cheer me now! Let some bright word,  
 Revealing personal interest in Thy love,  
 Revive like apples! Let the precept, Lord!  
 As the corrective berry, guide and guard  
 My footsteps in the way of holiness!  
 Thus all in all be Jesus to my soul,  
 Fed on Thee, by Thee, Thou art all I want,  
 And less will never satisfy!

### May 27.

"His blood be on us and on our children."

MATT. xxvii. 25.

LET me, Lord,  
 Transmute the impious yell into a prayer,  
 And reverentially the mercy-seat  
 Approaching, ask of Israel's great High Priest  
 To sprinkle on my soul His hyssop branch!  
 Long suppliant at Thy footstool, sensible  
 Of sin's pollution, staining everything;  
 The application of a Saviour's blood  
 Has been my ardent, my unceasing prayer!  
 Oh, that I might by faith appropriate!  
 Oh, that its healing influence sweetly felt,  
 Opened to me free access to the throne!  
 I ask, I seek, I prize no other plea,  
 Than Christ's atoning blood and righteousness!  
 Spirit Jehovah! who hath taught my soul  
 Its need and nothingness, teaching me  
 Where all I want is stored sufficiently!  
 Open to me the treasures that I crave!  
 Reveal to me my right and title there!  
 Witness to me electing, pardoning love!  
 Wash me in Calvary's cleansing purple stream!  
 Clothe me in linen which is always white!  
 Give me the new unutterable name!  
 Seal me with Thine own impress as an heir,  
 An heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ,  
 By virtue of an union with my Lord,  
 Made manifest by His own blood applied!

Thus wearing on my forehead and my heart  
 Assurance as a jewel and a crown,  
 I shall live 'bove the world's vicissitudes,  
 With all my hopes in heaven!

### May 28.

"And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers."  
 EPH. iv. 11.

'Tis worth observing  
 That 'mongst the ascension gifts, the office names  
 Of Israel spiritual, we do not find  
 The work, the office, or the character,  
 The designation, or the name of Priest.  
 No, for *our* only priest is Christ Himself!  
 Israel was taught to offer sacrifice  
 Prospectively foreshadowing Jesus Christ.  
 But when our great High Priest on Calvary's brow  
 Offered Himself, the Lamb without a stain,  
 Entering Himself within the holiest place,  
 For ever there to plead His people's cause,  
 He cancelled every future sacrifice,  
 By publishing Jehovah satisfied!  
 Who then shall estimate their daring sin,  
 Who, claiming priestly name, presumptuously  
 Changing commemoration into act,  
 Assert they offer bloodless sacrifice  
 Well pleasing unto God, when foolishly  
 They change the emblems into offerings!  
 Such, ignorant, do despise to our Lord!  
 They contradict His word, and arrogate  
 An office and a name which pour contempt  
 On Him who saith, "Therefore remaineth now  
 No other sacrifice for sin." We all approach,  
 When at the mercy-seat we bend in prayer,  
 Offering the sacrifice of contrite hearts,  
 We all approach as priests, each for himself;  
 But he who claims official character,

And he who ventures meritoriously,  
 Insults the great High Priest, the only one  
 Whose intercession and whose sacrifice  
 Open access to heaven !

### May 29.

“ We hanged our harps upon the willows.” Ps. cxxxvii. 2.

IN their captivity  
 The Israelites,—the people of the Lord,—  
 Lonely and sorrowful on Chebar’s banks,  
 Exiles from Salem, still retained their harps !  
 Silent, unstrung, and tuneless they were there  
 Suspended on the overhanging trees,  
 And all in vain the proud Chaldeans asked  
 That Zion’s children Zion’s songs should sing.

Their harps were sad mementoes of the past,—  
 Mementoes far too sacred to be tuned  
 At foreign bidding, to accompany  
 The melodies of home in Babylon.  
 Yet they retained their harps, remembering,  
 Then lightly valued, how on Zion’s hill,  
 And round Siloam’s fount at evening hour,  
 They joyful sang their royal David’s songs ;  
 And now lamenting, weeping, hoping still,  
 They kept their harps unbroken, trustfully  
 Anticipating still their glad return,  
 When, always compassionate, the Lord again  
 Shall look on them in love, and bring them back  
 Exultant to Jerusalem once more !

Christians in trouble, in captivity  
 To sin, to Satan, to the world, to self,  
 Exiles from Jesus, from the mercy-seat,  
 From sanctuary privilege, far from home  
 From love, from happiness, from God,  
 Like Israel at the ancient river, ye  
 Can sing not now, can praise the Lord not now,  
 But oh, retain your harps ! though silent now,  
 Tuneless, unstrung, suspended out of reach,

Retain them still unbroken ! Bend the knee  
And bend the heart in sorrowful lament ;  
Seek urgently, importunately seek,  
God's presence and the Saviour's smile again,  
The free forgiveness and the loving word !  
Then shall your harps wake to new melody,  
Then rapturous sing all the bright pathway home,  
Your home, your heaven, where harps harmonious here  
Shall be exchanged for harps of nobler tune,  
Harps of pure gold, prepared by love Divine,  
And fitted for that higher sanctuary !

### May 30.

" Let my son go that he may serve me." Exod. iv. 23.

A CAPTIVE, Lord,  
In mental Mizraim, Egypt spiritual,  
Long hath my cry ascended from a heart  
Wearied, and pained with the taskmaster's stroke,  
And the taskmaster's bondage. Let the sigh,  
Pressed from a bosom overfilled with cares,  
Let the groan, ascending from the prison house,  
Arise, and may my Lord, who heard the cry  
Of captive Israel, pitying hear me too !  
Send Thine ambassador to speak Thy will,  
Yea, be Thyself Thine own ambassador !  
Do Thou declare Thy purpose to the foes  
Who keep my soul in darkness and distress !  
Do Thou command the tyrant who so long  
Hath made me do his drudgery, that now  
He liberate Thy son to serve alone  
Thyself, his only rightful sovereign Lord !  
Alas, alas, my Lord, while in my chains,  
Worse than Thine Israel, I've contracted guilt,  
Disease, and debt, which compass me around,  
And ask Thee, Lord, to pardon and forgive !  
Bring me from Egypt, Lord, my soul shall praise !  
Conduct me through the separating stream !  
Lead in the wilderness, I lean on Thee ;

Let Sinai thunder, Thou art all my hope !  
Let Amalek assault, I trust Thy power !  
In every circumstance, and every state,  
Fain would I love Thee, fain would praise Thy name !  
But hasten, Lord, the anticipated hour  
When, past the bondage and the wilderness,  
Entering to Canaan, the glad rest of faith,  
Reposing in assurance 'neath its vines,  
Knowing myself a son, my every thought,  
Absorbed in rapture, shall be full of love !

### May 31.

"I will raise up for them a plant of renown."  
EZEK. xxxiv. 29.

I've but a little garden, but I have  
One plant therein, one that I value much,  
For it revived me when I once was dead.  
'Tis an exotic of celestial name,  
And of celestial nature. It was brought  
Unasked, unpurchased, and was set therein  
By One who drew me to admire at first,  
And teaching me its value still unfolds  
New properties, new virtues, wonderful !  
I sometimes gaze upon its red and white  
Commingle, and then call my plant a rose :  
Sharon's own flower a rose without a thorn !  
Then pondering its unsullied purity,  
Its modest beauty, and its mild perfume,  
I call it then the lily of the vale !  
Again I ruminate ; my plant extends  
Its branches wide and free, and pendent grapes  
My soul refreshing, prove my plant a vine !  
The sun is hot ; I faint beneath its beams ;  
My plant allures me to its shade, and drops  
Ripe apples, citron flavoured, to my hand !  
Pursued by foes who fain would do me hurt,  
My plant a whispering invitation gives,  
And thus encouraged, running I exclaim,



I will betake me to the palm-tree, yea,  
 I will embrace its branches, and whene'er  
 Faith-led I shelter thus beneath my plant;  
 The sun of persecution cannot harm,  
 The winds of tribulation vainly blow,  
 The world and sin and Satan hurt me not,  
 But I abide in peace! Is not my plant  
 A plant of high renown?

### June 1.

"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it."  
 REV. XX. 13.

LARGEST of all the cemeteries!  
 Great place of graves, where no sepulchral stones  
 Or sculptured monuments false flattery yield,  
 Veiling deficient grief! At the dread day  
 When the loud trumpet shall re-wake to life  
 The innumerable dead, thy coral caves,  
 Sparkling in ocean loveliness, shall send,  
 To the archangel's voice, a multitude  
 Larger than from earth's catacombs!

Thou wide and wonderful domain!  
 What powerful mind can estimate thy wealth?  
 Thy swallowed merchandise, thy pearls of price,  
 Thy vast varieties of life, but all how poor,  
 How valueless, contrasted with thy dead!  
 The buried bodies of the heirs of heaven,  
 Hid in thy depths profound, are safely watched  
 By that Omniscient eye, whose powerful glance  
 Sees all thy extent and every object there;  
 Nor sees alone, but, faithful to His pledge,  
 Marks the vicissitude of every bone,  
 Prepared at the set time to build anew  
 Each for the resurrection morning, fresh and fair,  
 That all His saints may be presented safe,  
 Perfect in His perfection uncorrupt!

Sea! thou hast many mysteries;  
 A walk along thy margin gives the mind

Food for much meditation, but to think of thee  
 As the chief treasury of heaven, invests  
 The watery world with a superior worth,  
 And gives a nobler interest to thy waves!  
 Few can behold thy billows but their thoughts  
 Muse on some loved one treacherously engulfed  
 By thee, deceitful ocean, whose soft smile  
 Lures often to destroy, changing too soon  
 To dark and furious storms, tossing, like toys,  
 Earth's mightiest navies, and outpouring thence  
 Life's thousands unto death!

## June 2.

"Arise, go up to Bethel." GEN. xxxv. 1.

A BRIGHT and active youth  
 Is hurrying from his father's house in fear  
 Lest a supplanted brother's hot revenge  
 Should overtake. Resting awhile at Luz,  
 He dreamed, and wakening made a vow to God:  
 This spot should be to him the place of praise,  
 The Bethel where his offerings should be given.

A worn and aged man  
 Revisits Bethel; much hath intervened  
 Since that remembered dream, neglected vow!  
 How God can prosper! How man can forget!  
 The frightened, homeless wanderer who crossed  
 The pebbly brook with nothing but his staff  
 Hath now become two bands. A lengthened train  
 Of wives and children, maidservants and men,  
 Oxen and camels, sheep and goats, surround,  
 In patriarchal wealth, that once lone man!  
 Surely he hath to Bethel often been  
 With frequent offerings and with constant praise!  
 Ah, this his first visit since his dream;  
 He has been so engrossed, courting his wives,  
 Labouring for Laban, striving arduously  
 And somewhat craftily his flocks and herds  
 To multiply, filling his tents with sons,

And with one daughter, cause of many sighs,—  
 How could he spare the time for gratitude?  
 How could he travel the long way to Luz?  
 But trouble came, that grand awakener;  
 At Succoth, he remembered his neglect,  
 When God, the slighted God, to Jacob said,  
 “Arise, go up to Bethel!” and he went,  
 Building the altar until then forgot.

My soul, hast thou some unfulfilled resolve,  
 Some vow pronounced in difficulty’s hour,  
 Some purpose unaccomplished? On thy knees,  
 Within thy closet supplicating God,  
 Didst thou once urge:—If Thou wilt hear me now,  
 If Thou wilt now appear, delivering me,  
 Oh, I will love, and praise, and serve! Is it so?  
 Did God deliver, and hast thou forgot?  
 Arise, and go to Bethel!

### June 3.

“Thy thoughts which are to us-ward.” Ps. xl. 5.

Jehovah thinks,  
 Thinks of His Zion in the wilderness,  
 And thinks so constantly and variously,  
 That like the ransomed, John in Patmos saw,  
 Arithmetic God’s thoughts cannot recount!  
 Jehovah thought of Zion, ere He built  
 The earth and all its hills, before He spread  
 The lofty sky, and the wide sea diffused!  
 His thoughts were thoughts of love! Love which devised  
 Salvation long before the fallen fell,  
 And righteousness ere sin itself was born!  
 Jehovah thinks complacently in Christ,  
 On all the registered joint-heirs with Christ;  
 And occupies the unexplored extent  
 Of His vast mind for their eternal good!  
 He thinks on Zion in the aggregate,  
 Determined Zion shall her crown attain!  
 He thinks on every member; none so poor,

Illiterate, or unknown, to be beyond  
 The glance of His omnipotent survey !  
 He thinks upon them unregenerate,  
 Arranging time's vicissitudes to bring  
 Their wandering souls within the fold of Christ !  
 He thinks on them in tribulation's hour ;  
 In the dark moment when despair creeps in,  
 When unbelief is whispering frigid doubts,  
 When earthly friends forsake, and all seems drear ;  
 Then, thinking upon each, He sheds a ray  
 Of love, and hope, and faith, and confidence,  
 Commensurate with each one's woe, and each,  
 Thus strengthened, sings : " How wonderful Thy works,  
 Thy thoughts of love how numberless, O God !  
 How numberless towards me ! "

#### June 4.

" I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart."  
 Ps. xl. 10.

'Tis Jesus' voice !  
 In David's language David's Saviour speaks !  
 The minstrel monarch sings prospectively,  
 The King, the Priest, the Prophet of the Church :  
 His enterprise, His victory, and His crown !  
 Immanuel came to live a spotless life,  
 To vanquish sin, and Satan, and the world,  
 To suffer all the accumulated wrath  
 Due to His Church, and yielding then to death  
 The life which none could take, to magnify  
 God's law and justice ; weaving thus a robe,  
 A robe of righteousness commensurate  
 In size, in worth, in purity, for all  
 Whose names are entered in the Book of Life !  
 Immanuel's enterprise beheld as done,  
 He speaks, foreshadowing its accomplishment,  
 The purpose of His love ; I have not hid  
 The righteousness thus purchased with My blood,  
 The righteousness demanded by the law,

The righteousness which constitutes for heaven  
 Ample and only title-deed ; I have not hid  
 In My own heart this trophy of My power,  
 This full development of burning love !  
 I needed no white robe to wear Myself,  
 All-righteous, and all-holy, and all-pure !  
 I came, Thy servant, to perform Thy will,  
 Delighted, came to accomplish Thy decree,  
 My Father God ! Thy faithfulness and truth,  
 Thy loving-kindness, and Thy grace to prove !  
 Resplendent proof ! The Father gave His Son,  
 The Son a righteousness both wrought and brought,  
 And now the Comforter exhibits it ;  
 And God's ambassadors commissioned preach  
 Its freeness and its worth !

### June 5.

“He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that  
 regardeth the clouds shall not reap.” ECCLES. xi. 4.

Up with the lark, my men, the miller said ;  
 Much must be done to-morrow ! Trim the sweeps,  
 Prepare the grain, have all in readiness,  
 And let a good day's work be well got through !  
 One, wondrous wise, among the miller's men,  
 Captious, self-confident, and pert, exclaimed :  
 “Master of course commands the wind ! I thought,  
 Foolishly thought no doubt, that all we do  
 Were vain without the wind ! ”

Thus have I oft  
 The heady, talkative professor heard  
 Chattering of God's decrees, fixed purposes,  
 Unalterable will ; all holy truths,  
 But pleaded most unholily, when men  
 Make them the cloak to cover indolence,  
 Or pride, or bitterness, or grosser sin !  
 Secret things belong to the Most High ! 'Tis ours  
 To listen unto what He hath revealed,  
 To obey the injunction, to perform our part,

Using with diligence all means, assured  
 That God, who works by means, will deign to bless !  
 Wise therefore was the miller, though he knew  
 Nothing about the wind, if it should blow  
 Prospering his work, or for awhile be calm ;  
 And wisely shall we act, if arduously,  
 In all our doings, we laborious work,  
 As if results depended on ourselves,  
 Acknowledging meanwhile that we may plant,  
 Water, and watch, but God alone can give  
 The looked-for increase !

### June 6.

" All scripture is given by inspiration of God."  
 2 TIM. iii. 16.

Truly the Bible is too lightly prized ;  
 Oh, did we but regard it as we ought :—  
 God's record of creation's six days' work,  
 God's institution of the Sabbath-day,  
 God's own narration how the blight of sin  
 Marred His new world, and God's disclosure then  
 Of the great antidote before prepared ;  
 God's story of the deluge and the ark,  
 The promise bow, and peopling earth afresh ;  
 God's chronicle of Israel's history,  
 The separated race exhibiting  
 In type the battlefields and victories,  
 The woes, the wants, and the encouragements  
 Of the true Church and individual saints ;  
 God's revelation of His works and ways ;  
 God's own development from age to age  
 Of the Incarnate Son, the coming King,  
 The wondrous Prophet, the undying Priest ;  
 God's message to His exiles far from home ;  
 God's letter as a Father to His child,  
 His child at school ! Is it indeed all this ?  
 Truly the Bible is too lightly prized !  
 Oh, if the world some dreary morning woke  
 And found the Bible blank, the pages white,

And every letter, every vestige, gone,—  
 'Tis a contingency before supposed,—  
 Who shall describe the amazement, horror, dread,  
 In each one's heart, on each one's countenance!  
 Even the sceptic, who disputes and mocks,  
 Would tremble at a Bible thus withdrawn;  
 The world's historians, who go there to seek  
 The only truthful history of the world,  
 Ere history was born, would mourn its loss;  
 Philosophers and moralists would own  
 So pure a source of lessons ethical  
 'Twas sad should cease; and Christians would lament,  
 Oh, how they would lament, lost privilege,  
 Missed opportunities, and communion gone!  
 Truly the Bible is too lightly prized;  
 To know its worth mankind must feel its loss!

### June 7.

"From everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God."  
 Ps. xc. 2.

ALL the long history of the Church of God,  
 All the long chronicle of centuries,  
 Since the dark day when the two exiles left  
 Eden the beautiful for the outer world,  
 Is but an episode in the eternity,  
 The lifetime of Jehovah! Who can think,  
 E'en if we may presume to think at all,  
 Of what hath intervened since—ah, since when?  
 We may not say since the great God first lived,  
 For God, the eternal God, was never young,  
 Or middle-aged, or old! Eternity  
 Engraves no wrinkle on the brow of God!  
 Gives no distinguishable trace of years,  
 Nor in its evolutions adds or takes  
 Aught touching His unvarying present now!  
 Imaginings of Deity! we fall back,  
 Recoiling at the height, the depth, the breadth,  
 As from a shoreless ocean; yet again,

Attracted even by the vastness, we approach  
 Trembling and wondering, earnest to explore !  
 God hath revealed Himself in His own word  
 As the sole fount of life ! We may think of Him,  
 As circles of eternity evolve,  
 Constantly developing new worlds, new spheres,  
 And watching with paternal care as they  
 Living their centuries, progress and cease ;  
 We may conceive their bright inhabitants,  
 Unfallen, unsaved, yet passing some ordeal,  
 Becoming cherubim and seraphim ;  
 And can imagine Heaven's astonishment  
 When one young world fell from its eminence  
 Into pollution, death, and punishment !  
 Oh, what a blot on the pure universe  
 Must seem that withered, blighted, cankered thing !  
 We wonder not that God, foreseeing this  
 With predetermined grace, decreed to save.  
 Would He have Lucifer, His conquered foe,  
 Heaven's banished traitor, triumph over Him !  
 'Twas a fit enterprise for God to save,  
 To ransom, and restore ; and ever bright,  
 'Mongst the celestial archives, treasured safe,  
 Salvation's prelapsarian covenant shines,  
 Shining for ever a grand incident  
 In the eternity of God.

### June 8.

"Him, whose coming is after the working of Satan."  
 2 THESS. ii. 9.

WHEN from the mountain's height the tempter spread  
 Earth's aggregate of kingdoms to the view,  
 And saw, surprised, the unmoved face of Christ ;  
 When offering, what was never his to give,  
 Earth's aggregate of sceptres, barteringly,  
 The calm repulse revealed the shrouded God ;  
 And Satan knew, what he had feared before,  
 That He who tossed him o'er heaven's battlements



Had come from heaven to give the death-wound now !  
 Upspringing in the tempter's breast then woke,  
 Then first awoke, the thought to interpose  
 A rival Christ, and substitute a scheme  
 Which, veiling blasphemy and bitterness  
 Beneath the mask of truth and holy zeal,  
 Should lure men from the Lord, and lead them on,  
 Not only victims to the wrath of God  
 In their own souls, but, blindly mad, to kill,  
 With strange variety of torture, those  
 Who loved the Christ of God. Favourite thought !  
 Which Satan cherished in much pondering mood,  
 And when matured, developed gradually,  
 First 'mong the saints themselves, by scattering seeds  
 Of pride unbrotherly, and angry words,  
 Fostered by foes whom Satan introduced  
 Expressly for his purpose : hypocrites  
 Who cloaked themselves in fair religion's garb,  
 Assumed her name for every hateful act,  
 And used her language better to deceive !  
 Thus Antichrist was born ! History shews  
 Her onward course of crime, and Patmos tells  
 Her certain, speedy doom !

### June 9.

"The mountains . . . round about Jerusalem."  
 Ps. cxiv. 2.

STRANGE scenes have happened upon mountain tops !  
 Could mount Moriah speak, it might disclose  
 What would invest its brow with majesty,  
 With interest, and with wonder, and with love.  
 When Abraham with his only son went up  
 To offer there his child in sacrifice,—  
 When God, thus manifesting Abraham's faith,  
 Exchanged the victim and disclosed His grace,—  
 Moriah well might blazon on its front,  
 "'Tis in the mountain that the Lord is seen,  
 In the emergence is made manifest !"  
 When David, perhaps upon Moriah's top,

Offered in penitence and earnestness  
 His sacrifice and prayer to stay the plague,  
 Inflicted on his people for his sin,  
 Moriah saw again God's grace revealed,  
 The power of prayer, and strength of penitence !

What a long tale of holiness and love,  
 And, longer still, of pride and wickedness,  
 Moriah could unfold of scenes within  
 The sanctuary built by Solomon !  
 Well might Moriah feel, could mountains feel,  
 Proud to sustain so grand an edifice,  
 So holy, glorious, and significant ;  
 Well might Moriah feel exuberant  
 In joy and gladness, when the priestly king,  
 Offering abundant sacrifice, offered more,  
 Offering his heart, offering his people's hearts,  
 Gaining rich answers full of richest good !  
 Alas for mount Moriah, where is now  
 The temple and its glory ? where the fane  
 Whose splendour and magnificence eclipsed  
 All the world's other buildings, for it contained  
 The Shekinah of the Invisible,  
 The Urim and the Thummim, and the ark ?  
 All, all withdrawn long since ! But stay the sigh :  
 Perhaps upon Moriah's brow the feet  
 Of the descending Mediator King,  
 When to fulfil His grand millennial reign  
 He comes to earth, may touch this mountain first,  
 Investing it with glory yet more bright,  
 A holiness surpassing Solomon !

### June 10.

" And the child sneezed seven times." 2 Kings iv. 35.

MAY I not pierce beyond the history,  
 And in the Shunamite's recovered child  
 Read the new birth of Zion's little ones !  
 In the wide field, the world, they first receive  
*Conviction's* sudden stroke, which prostrates them,

Dead to the law, and sin reviving thus,  
 They die to every self-wrought righteousness.  
 Brought to their mother's house, their mother's care  
 Asks of the Church's ministers the aid  
 The Church's God thus instrumentally  
 Vouchsafes to render to the Church's prayers.  
 The prophet's servant and the prophet's staff  
 Are ministers without the prophet's power :  
 The prophet is Heaven's own ambassador,  
 Communicating *life* from life received,  
 And cherishing the yet incipient strength,  
 Until the latent life be visible.  
 Delightful work, to watch the early grace,  
 And point the dawning faith to Jesus Christ !  
 Delightful work, to mark the young desire  
 Feebly endeavouring prayer, and then to see  
 The eye brimful of soft contrition's tear !  
 Delightful work, to see the heart subdued,  
 And filial *fear* sit regent on the throne !  
 To see *faith* on her new-fledged pinions soar  
 Heavenward, while *hope* anticipates the crown,  
 The full possession of the bliss of heaven ;  
 Then *love*, in meditative attitude,  
 Pondering the joy, and musing on the cost,  
 Rapturous expands in a redundant tide  
 Of full affection, like a crystal stream,  
 Wide flowing to the ocean whence it came ;  
 Last comes *assurance*, like a coronet,  
 Crowning the saint then ripe for Paradise,  
 For glory, and for God !

### June II.

"Jordan." JOSH. iii. 17.

RIVER of many miracles !  
 Dividing stream between the wilderness  
 And Canaan's land of rest ; narrow and swift  
 Thy current, like the separating wave  
 'Twixt earth and heaven, of which thou art the type !

The footprints of the priests which bare the ark  
 No sooner touched thy margin than thou fledd'st,  
 Affrighted fledd'st, and left the channel dry  
 For Israel's host to pass. Twice again,  
 Touched by the prophet's mantle, it drew back,  
 And dry-shod they crossed over. River of death!  
 When I draw near thy waters, when my foot  
 Touches the margin of thy sable stream,  
 When my eye, shivering, the cold current sees,  
 Oh, let me view, standing amidst the flood,  
 The great, the anti-typical High Priest,  
 The real ark; and as I cross the stream,  
 Oh, let the threatening waters, right and left,  
 Retire for me, that I, like Israel's host,  
 May clean pass over! Ascended Prophet! who,  
 Elijah like, went up to heaven by fire,  
 The fire of persecution and of wrath,  
 Oh, let the mantle of thy righteousness  
 Cleave the cold stream for me! River of life!  
 Then shalt thou be, divided wave, to me  
 An opened pathway for my soul to heaven,  
 Anticipated then, instead of feared!  
 Desired, instead of dreaded!

### June 12.

"God . . . manifest in the flesh." 1 TIM. iii. 16.

'Tis profitable side by side to view  
 The humbleness and greatness of the Lord!  
 He took our nature, but 'twas sinless flesh;  
 Born of a virgin by the Spirit's power,  
 His birthplace was a manger, but thereon  
 Beamed a new star to mark the sacred place,  
 And at His feet earth's wisest homage paid!  
 Asleep within the ship, the boisterous wave  
 Tossed the tired Saviour; but awaking now,  
 A single word commands the waves to peace!  
 He was so poor He had not the small coin  
 For tribute due to Cæsar; but a fish

Brings it obedient at the needed time !  
 He was by soldiers seized, and bound, and led,  
 But previously a word had struck them down !  
 Suspended on the cross between two thieves,  
 He softened, and converted, and renewed  
 One, while the scoffer in his sins expires !  
 He dies ; but when He dies the world is dark,  
 The mountains tremble, and such portents dire  
 Distinguish His departure that, amazed,  
 Even the centurion, watching at His cross,  
 Amazed exclaims : Doubtless this man was God !  
 Entombed, the stone, the seal, the soldiery  
 Bar His escape. Futile endeavour ! He ascends,  
 Bursting through all ! ofttimes reveals Himself,  
 And at the appointed time triumphant soars  
 Back to His glory, while attending throngs  
 Sing His accomplished work !

My soul !

Grieve not at fellowship with Christ in grief !  
 All must participate His cross whose brow  
 Shall realize His crown ! Rejoice, the Lord,  
 Humble no more, possesses all His power,  
 Still sympathetic from His sojourn here,  
 All ready for thy need !

### June 13.

" Lucifer, son of the morning ! " Isa. xiv. 12.

#### MYSTERIOUS spirit !

Mysterious in thy primal dignity !  
 Son of the morning, very near the throne,  
 So near that pride engendering in thy breast  
 Suggested rivalry with the Supreme ;  
 Forgetful that thy proud magnificence  
 Hung on the pleasure and the power of God !  
 Mysterious in the conflict, Lucifer,  
 When, gathering round thy dark, rebellious flag  
 A third of heaven's bright hosts by thee seduced,  
 Ye waged rebellious war in heaven, and God

Put forth His mightiest energies to hurl  
Thee, vanquished, o'er its blazing battlements !  
Mysterious in thy fall, when, toppling down  
Headlong, with all thy army scorched and torn,  
Hatred to thy great Conqueror prompted thee  
Even in the burning pit to plan revenge !  
Mysterious in thy hate, foul enemy,  
Creeping in serpent form beneath the fence  
Of the young world's first innocence, thy tongue  
Luring to guilt and death the earliest man,  
And for six thousand years assiduously  
Plotting to injure men, from hate to God !  
Mysterious in thy meanness, subtlety,  
Cunning, and guile ! Originator thou  
Of lies and theft, of murder, war, and crime,  
Invented to defile what God made good !  
Mysterious in thy insolence, daringly  
Shewing thyself in the celestial court,  
And holding about Job long talk with God !  
Mysterious in presumption, venturing  
To tempt the Incarnate Son, the shrouded God,  
Who came to frustrate thee and ransom man !  
Lost spirit, mysterious will be thy end,  
When, all thy machinations overruled,  
The renovated world shall sing thy fall,  
And man redeemed exult o'er Satan bound,  
Bound with a heavy chain to escape no more !

#### June 14.

"I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."

MATT. viii. 19.

HE was so very willing ; he would go  
Instantly, anywhere, to follow Christ !  
His loins are girt, his staff is in his hand,  
And his best foot already seems upraised  
To tread the pathway Zion-ward. Jesus speaks :—  
"Foxes have holes, birds of the air have nests,  
But Christ hath no place for repose, no home !"

Alas! these few words freeze up all his fire!  
 He stays, he hesitates, he almost grieves;  
 But yet to follow one so poor, so destitute,  
 Is not to be expected! He had thought  
 Messiah was a King, and when he saw  
 The ready miracle, and heard the words  
 Of love and wisdom, confident that Christ  
 Was the Messiah, and reckoning prudently,  
 He thought to share His splendour, and to be  
 At least prime vizier to the Lord! Jesus reads  
 The heart and its imaginings! He would not  
 Frown on the unreal zeal, nor yet forbid  
 The selfish seeker, but exhibiting the path  
 His followers must tread, these backward turn,  
 Themselves excluding from such dear-bought bliss!

Exhilarating truth!

While worldlings and while aliens for a time,  
 When Zion's pathway seems all bright with flowers,  
 And gorgeous in the sunshine, may assume  
 The pilgrim's staff and scollop-shell, turning back  
 At the first cloud—all whom the Father loved,  
 The Son redeemed, and whom the Spirit draws,  
 Shall hear the Saviour's love call: Follow Me!  
 And hearing, shall obedient follow Christ,  
 Attracted by an influence which shall lead  
 And bring them safe to glory!

### June 15.

"I will take vengeance, and I will not meet thee as a man."

ISA. xlvii. 3.

OH, direful threat!

'Tis the saint's satisfaction when he comes  
 In trouble or temptation, that he comes  
 Not only unto God, but to God-man!  
 That when he breathes his sorrows at the throne,  
 He speaks to God in Christ! Immanuel  
 Our nature took that He might sympathise  
 With us in all our griefs, and now in heaven,

Our great High Priest ! He knows what trouble means,  
 And listens as a man ! Oh ! had He come  
 A bright and burning seraph to our world,  
 All glorious, high, and unapproachable,  
 We might have feared, we might have trembled too,  
 But not have dared to love ! Jesus came  
 A brother born for our adversity ;  
 And still in heaven wears every tender name  
 For those His love subdues. Hast thou, my soul,  
 Nay hast thou not, thus bowed beneath His sway ?  
 Canst thou not count the earnest of His love,  
 The forctastes of His grace ? And is it not  
 Thy consolation and thy privilege,  
 In every difficulty, every want,  
 To know that Jesus reigns on yonder throne  
 As man, the great God-man ! Direful threat !  
 They who see never thus the Lord as man,  
 Who meet Jehovah in the day of dread  
 Unsheltered and unloved, must meet Him then  
 Not as a man ! He says Himself : Not then,  
 Not then will I meet sinners as a man ;  
 I will take vengeance, furious vengeance, then !  
 I will then meet them as a bear bereaved,  
 And they shall know My wrath !

### June 16.

"Abana and Pharpar." 2 KINGS v. 12.

PRESUMPTUOUS rivers !  
 Or rather he, presumptuous boaster ! who  
 Ventured to name thy streams in rivalry  
 To Canaan's border wave ! What though thy banks  
 Sustained Damascus in its orient pride,  
 Its marble palaces and lofty towers,  
 Its countless thousands and its many gates,  
 Ye could not cure the sick ! Abana's stream  
 And Pharpar's waters all in vain would strive  
 To wash the chieftain clean ! His leprosy,  
 Unhealed, unhealing, would their power defy,



However clear and limpid each might flow !  
 Proud man ! almost thou missed the miracle,  
 And lost the cure ; and had not He who gave  
 To Jordan healing influence, influenced thee,  
 Thou wouldst have died a leper !

So 'tis now ;  
 When the new wakened sinner turns to God,  
 Turns in faith's early dawn : What must I do ?  
 Is his first cry. Self-confident, he would  
 Join in the enterprise to save his soul ;  
 He cannot think himself all-powerless yet ;  
 He cannot totally relinquish yet  
 His favourite rivers, his own righteousness ;  
 Abana, Pharpar, still are near his heart ;  
 And when he hears Jehovah's plan to save :  
 " Only believe ! " he disapproves God's way,  
 'Tis much too simple, too undignified ;  
 He thought God would have set some harder task,  
 And harder task were more acceptable,  
 To prove His love, proving His power as well,  
 Just as the Syrian chieftain would have done,  
 Or have submitted to some wondrous work  
 Rather than simply wash !

### June 17.

" God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all."  
 1 JOHN i. 5.

WHENCE, asks the sceptic,  
 Whence to the incomplete creation came  
 Light ere the sun was made ? Let there be light !  
 Was the first mandate the Creator gave ;  
 But God did not till the fourth day create  
 The lights which now illuminate the world.  
 Whence, asks the sceptic, came this previous light ?  
 Anxious to prove God's word a paradox.

How easily the Christian answers him :  
 Our God is Light, Himself the source of light,  
 The essence and original of light ;

And when His Spirit moved upon the void,  
The presence of the God brought light thereon !  
With God there is no darkness. It recedes  
Always before the manifested God !

But then, objects the sceptic, God employed  
All the first day to sever and divide  
Light from the night and darkness from the day,  
Yet He was present all the time : how then  
You say when God is present all is light ;  
Where was the darkness then ? Still easily  
The Christian, with the Bible in his hand,  
Can answer also this :—He who is light  
Doth dwell in darkness, Solomon declares,  
And shrouds His bright pavilion with thick cloud ;  
He may reveal Himself, and all is light,  
He may withdraw Himself, and all is dark,  
Just as He now from impious sceptics hides  
What He reveals to humble, trustful faith.  
God fills all space ; but light, light that is good,  
Is only where His presence is revealed.  
Light is not good that feeds the fires of hell,  
Nor is the light of intellect that mocks  
At God, the fountain of intelligence ;  
Each is God's light perverted. Yonder lights,  
The sun and moon and stars, which God ordained,  
Lights visible for a material world,  
Are but faint scintillations of that light  
Which lit creation ere those lights were given.

### June 18.

“ He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light.”  
Ps. xxxvii. 6.

#### SAINTS anticipate

Joyful the body's resurrection, when  
This mortal shall wear immortality,  
And this corruption incorruption gain !  
'Tis a delightful prospect, and invests  
Every dark circumstance with blissfulness.

In pain, in want, in gloom, the troubled soul  
 May cheerful pierce beyond the sable cloud,  
 Discerning that ascension morn when death,  
 And death's cold treasury, the grave, shall own  
 They are indeed defeated !

Saints in gloom,  
 In gloom produced by slander's poisonous breath,  
 May count another resurrection day :  
 The resurrection of their slandered names,  
 Their injured characters, and blighted worth !  
 Not always shall calumniators feed  
 On saints' infirmities as pleasant bread ;  
 The foul-mouthed slanderer, and the still more base  
 Fawning insinuator, who softly breathed,  
 Pitying the while, his venom on his friend,  
 Shall not for ever find a ready ear !  
 The victim soon, the victim who confides  
 His cause and character to God, shall hear,  
 And the base slanderer shall hear as well,  
 And the too ready listening world shall hear,  
 These angry words from heaven : I will arise ;  
 I will my persecuted child defend  
 From him that puffeth at him ; I will bring  
 His righteousness to light, and will declare  
 His judgment as the noon ! Is not this  
 The resurrection of the saint's good name ?

### June 19.

" *Through much tribulation.*" Acts xiv. 22.

Precious preposition !  
 The saint sustains, yea, every saint sustains,  
 The weight of tribulation more or less,  
 In measurement apportioned for their good !  
 The saint must tread, yea, every saint doth tread,  
 The dark and cold and briary wilderness  
 Of this world's woe. It is the Lord's decree !  
 But God hath so surrounded this with good,  
 So overrules and sanctifies the ill,

That tribulation, working patience, brings  
Nearer to God, and makes us love Him more !  
" Before I was afflicted," David said,  
" I went astray, but now I keep Thy word."  
He was arrested by this officer,  
Rude and rough-spoken, but he ushered him  
To the still chamber and the curtained room ;  
And there, alone with God, the God of love,  
He realized communion never known  
Till sorrow sanctified brought near to God !

Trouble has various aspects, various names ;  
To some it comes as pale, corroding care ;  
To some as pain and sickness personal,  
Or relative in dear ones fondly loved ;  
To some reproach, to some bereavement, some  
In constant struggle for their daily bread ;  
And some, worst woe, lament an absent God,  
Neglected prayer, and privileges lost !  
But when the gloom is densest, and the path  
Most perilous, and the heart is most distressed,  
Let us remember, to encourage us,  
That God, who hath ordained His children's path  
In life's probationary school, shall be  
In tribulation, hath declared as well  
It shall be *through* it. The saint's arch enemy  
May trouble upon trouble ceaseless pile,  
And strive with all his might to crush God's child,  
But not one saint shall perish ! safe at last  
All join the hosanna of the royal bard :—  
" Through fire and water God hath safely led,  
Protecting me from every hostile sword,  
From every hostile tongue, safe bringing me  
Into the wealthy place where I would pay  
The sacrifice and offerings which I vowed  
To God when in my peril."



June 20.

"I will arise and go to my father." LUKE xv. 18.

HAPPY resolve !

Essence of all the gospel, all the law !  
Oh, there is joy in heaven when from the depths  
Of sin's pollution sinners sorrowing lift  
The eye, the heart, the hope, the prayer to God !  
When the lost prodigal in rags and sin,  
Remembering former peace and innocence,  
Felt the first wish for home ; when he exclaimed,  
"I will arise !" he took a long advance  
From degradation towards his father's heart !  
When the poor publican repentant prayed,  
"O God, be merciful to me !" his step  
Instantly halted on sin's broad career,  
And in life's narrow path thenceforward walked !  
Oh, 'tis a ray from heaven, from God Himself,  
Which leads the sinner, dead in trespasses,  
To look to God, the High and Lofty One,  
And realize a Father ! This light of life,  
This spark from heaven's Illuminator, lifts  
The helpless sinner from his helplessness,  
Shews the dark precipice whereon he stood,  
Reveals the tempter and the tempter's snares,  
And prompts the words, the firm decision prompts,  
"I will arise !" This is the second birth,  
Regeneration works this wondrous change,  
When the freed soul shakes off the manacles,  
The bondage of corruption, and aspires  
To higher, holier, more enduring joys ;  
And still, though cramped with sin adhering yet,  
Breathes fervently the wish : Oh that I had  
The yellow pinions of the shining dove,  
Then would I be at rest !



June 21.

"Bring with thee . . . the books." 2 TIM. iv. 13.

THEY are my classics !

Next to the word of God, if I were driven  
To some lone, desolate isle, and had my choice  
Of only two books for my library,  
The Pilgrim of John Bunyan, and the Hymns  
Which Olney's sainted songsters rapturous sung,  
Should be my choice. In childhood's earliest days,  
When I perused it as a pleasant tale ;  
In later years, when dimly I discerned  
The meaning of the allegory ; and now,  
When oft retired I test my slow advance  
With Christian's onward progress, dear to me  
Hath been the pilgrim's page, and almost as dear  
The thrillings of their harp who touch so mild  
The varied feelings of the sons of God :  
Now wakening them to ecstasy with strains  
Which lift to heaven, now dwelling on their griefs  
And their infirmities, that they may point  
To the great antidote of every care.

Is there a man I envy ?

'Tis he who hath been privileged to pen  
Some lasting legacy for saints ! Oh, it is bliss  
To know one's own salvation ; more blissful still,  
In publishing the grace ourselves have known,  
To be the means of adding to the Church ;  
But who shall estimate his boundless joy  
Who realizes these, and afterwards,  
From his bright throne in yon celestial world,  
Sees wandering sinners join the fold of God,  
And hears them tell the offspring of his pen  
Was blest to their awakening ! Angels rejoice  
Over repentant souls ; and think ye saints  
When glorified are stoics !

June 22.

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy."  
COL. ii. 8.

THE Bible was not given to man  
To teach the arts and sciences, or to be  
A lesson-book for knowledge secular.  
This we admit; but Holy Scripture is  
Emphatically truth, so purely true  
That, when fulfilling its high purposes,  
It deigns to give us incidentally  
Some utterance or disclosure relative  
To art, or science, or philosophy,  
They who regard the Bible as God's word,  
As God's own revelation given to man,  
Will humbly, reverently, receive as truth  
All it may tell, even though it may oppose,  
Or seem to oppose, man's most acknowledged facts.

This world's cosmogony, the planet sphere,  
The motion of the sun or of the earth,  
Its true chronology and destiny,  
Nature's developments and nature's laws,  
May all supply abundant enterprise  
For thought and diligence to investigate;  
And much man may accomplish and may prove;  
Much has been left occult for human skill,  
In God's own time, to bring to light and use;  
And amply is philosophy repaid!  
But what, the Christian asks, and may demand,  
Is that when science comes with some new light  
Which seems to contradict the word of God,  
God's word shall have pre-eminence; and man  
Has always found, and shall for ever find,  
That progress in discovery confirms  
The truth of all that Holy Scripture tells.

Prove God's own revelation to be false,  
You sap the firm foundation of our faith,  
Destroy our hope, and overthrow our trust!  
Philosophy and infidelity may strive,

Uniting, to accomplish this, but all in vain;  
 God has them in derision, and God's child  
 Values them nothing more.

### June 23.

"Come up hither!" Rev. iv. 1.

PALE death! thy dart  
 Hath suddenly uncaged the soul of one  
 Whose name wakes varied recollections, some  
 Of sunshine, some of gloom! I knew him when,  
 Like a tall floweret in some gay parterre,  
 Brightest and loveliest, he exalted shone;  
 When every lip with adulation moved,  
 And even envy spake reluctant praise!  
 I knew him too when summer days had gone,  
 When, darkly overcast, the wintry cloud  
 Dissolved in tempest, and his spring-tide bloom  
 And mid-day splendour all were veiled in storms!  
 Season of trial, which the tender health  
 Of earth-born friendship seldom stands against,  
 But which establishes and more endears  
 His friendship who is termed emphatically  
 More friendly than a brother!

'Twas thus in his life's history:  
 His dawn was brilliant, and what time he bloomed,  
 Scattering his perfume lavishly on all,  
 Oh, he was flattered; but his Lord, who knew  
 That long prosperity, like tropic suns,  
 Gives life to many evils, sent in love  
 A messenger to buffet, weaning thus  
 His heart from this cold world, and bringing him  
 To closer fellowship with Heaven. Then the taunt  
 And slander were loud uttered, and the men  
 Who crouched to his prosperity, looked high,  
 And knew him not, now tribulation walked,  
 Unwished companion, with him. Oh, 'twas well  
 He had a Friend in heaven who knew no change,  
 Who saw him thus become the sport of tongues,



Beheld him brave calamity, and knew  
 'Twas from a confidence in God; and He was touched,  
 Touched with a sense of the infirmities  
 Of His tried child; and now, his work all done,  
 He, smiling, beckoned him away from earth,  
 Called him from all his troubles, all his cares,  
 Saying in soft, sweet accents, "Come up hither!"

### June 24.

"I will pardon *all* their iniquities." JER. xxxiii. 8.

THERE'S many a little word  
 Shines like a star within the firmament  
 Of inspiration's page, making resplendent more  
 What was already brilliant! So have I seen  
 The circlet on the finger or the brow,  
 Shining in golden pomp, by some small gem  
 Made tenfold brighter and more valuable!  
 The debtor, owing thousands, would be glad  
 If some kind friend paid half, and lavish thanks  
 Would utter fluently! The treacherous lord,  
 Absolved of every treason to that hour  
 By his indulgent monarch, would express  
 Abundantly his gratitude! The son,  
 Seven times a prodigal, seven times forgiven,  
 Would own his father's love; but these are poor,  
 All similes are poor, to represent  
 The vastness, and the fulness, and the worth  
 Of the word *all*, the little word which clears  
 Our future, present, past delinquencies!  
 We all are debtors, having nought to pay;  
 We all are traitors, nurturing in our breasts  
 Seeds of new treasons, ripening constantly;  
 We are all prodigals, in heart seduced  
 By every passing vapour. Sound abroad  
 The wondrous love of God, all wonderful!  
 Who, of His own free will, when thus in debt,  
 Traitors and prodigals, devised a scheme  
 To pay our debts, to pardon and atone!

Oh, had He left one trespass unforgiven,  
 One debt unpaid, one sin for us to atone,  
 All had been vain, and our salvation, thus  
 The creature of contingency, had failed !  
 But He forgave us *all* ! He pardoned *all* !  
 Gave our great Substitute a full discharge !  
 And, by His Spirit testifying this,  
 So melts, and humbles, and allures the heart,  
 That sin becomes a hateful thing to us,  
 And our most earnest prayer deliverance craves  
 From sin and sin's dominion !

### June 25.

“ What is man ? ” Ps. viii. 4.

WHAT art thou, man ?  
 An idler or a worker ? All should work ;  
 And all do work, for Satan or for God !  
 The world's Creator works ! He worked six days  
 In building the vast universe ! He works  
 Unceasingly, untiringly, untired,  
 Upholding, ruling, and supplying it.  
 Angels work ; their busy pinions move  
 Ceaselessly active, ceaselessly employed  
 In constant work for God ! Creation works,  
 Developing its powers received from God  
 With wondrous chemistry and wondrous skill,  
 Perpetually producing various life !  
 Devils work ; their earnest enterprise  
 To damage and despoil what God made good !  
 Proud of their chief, how they exulting yelled  
 When Satan introduced the bane of sin  
 To Eden's young inhabitants ; and ever since  
 They strive to flatter, to seduce, destroy  
 Each individual man ! not one too mean  
 To be a prey for hell ! not one too mean  
 For devils to employ all diligence  
 To snatch from God ! Industrious  
 They fan the flames of passion, discord, war,  
 Gloating delighted over battle-fields,

Lending their aid when men invent new modes  
 Of more ingenious slaughter, and most glad  
 When superstition will receive from them  
 New instruments of torture exquisite!  
 Sometimes we fear that devils rule unchecked,  
 That God transfers to them the government  
 Of earth, of man, and all mankind's concerns  
 In this we err. Jehovah reigns supreme!  
 He watches, overrules, and regulates;  
 And devils oft, to their dismay, behold  
 Their cleverest schemes so contravened by God,  
 That what they meant for evil turns to good!  
 Thus God doth work, and thus the devils work,  
 Earth the arena, and mankind the prize!

Man! know thy dignity, thy priceless worth!  
 God wills to save thee! Man! wilt thou be saved?  
 Satan would clutch thee! Man! wilt thou be lost?  
 Oh, seek salvation! None shall seek in vain!  
 Then, saved thyself, co-worker be with God;  
 Seek to save others, saving them from hell,  
 To be in the great day thy crown of joy!

### June 26.

"What is man?" Ps. viii. 4.

WHAT art thou, man?  
 Contemplate thy original! the source  
 Of the long stream of thy progenitors,  
 Up to the fountain where thy race began!  
 'Tis only in one record; without that  
 Men flounder in their ignorance, and invent  
 Absurd and monstrous and ridiculous  
 Beginnings for thee. Man was made by God,  
 Made in His image, upright, stainless, good,  
 Endowed with high intelligence, and filled  
 With an undying soul, becoming thus  
 A living temple of the living God!  
 Alas, that man should fall! but fallen thus,  
 Though thus a broken fane, an edifice  
 Spoiled, desecrated, stained, defaced, undone

By sin and Satan, yet a temple still,  
 A temple where the living God will deign  
 To make fresh residence! What art thou, man?  
 The Lord would renovate His ruined fane!  
 Would purify His temple! Jesus knocks,—  
 Jesus, the Renovator, Saviour, Friend,  
 Knocks at thy door, and asks admission now!  
 Let the Restorer willing entrance gain;  
 Hear His kind invitation given to all:  
 Behold, I stand even at thy door, and knock;  
 If any hear My voice, and ope the door,  
 I will come in! Oh, who shall estimate  
 The dignities of renovated men!  
 Their high prerogatives as kings and priests;  
 Reigning with Christ on earth a thousand years,  
 Reigning through all eternity in heaven,  
 Peers with the cherubim and seraphim;  
 Circling the great white throne, arrayed in white,  
 And singing the new song, which none but they  
 Of all heaven's congregated hosts can sing,—  
 Salvation's anthem: Worthy is the Lamb!  
 Blessing and honour and glory and power  
 Unto Him that sitteth upon the throne,  
 And unto the Lamb, for ever. Amen!  
 And all heaven joins in glad response, Amen!

### June 27.

“What is man?” Ps. viii. 4.

WHAT art thou, man?  
 Probationer in life for heaven or hell!  
 Perhaps unconsciously, perhaps as yet  
 The solemn truth has scarcely flashed across  
 The inner chambers of thy darkened soul;  
 But it is true! Thyself, thy child, thy friend,  
 Thy neighbour, all thy fellow-citizens,  
 All dwellers in thy native land, and all  
 In all earth's continents, of every clime,  
 Of all complexions, and all languages,—  
 All are probationers for life or death;

And all shall one day share eternal woe  
 Or everlasting bliss ! What art thou, man ?  
 Art thou still dead in ignorance and sin,  
 In the broad road, unknowing where it leads ?  
 Art thou presumptuously defying God,  
 Drinking full draughts of sin, flattering thyself,  
 Or by God's enemy, man's direst foe,  
 Deluded to believe, God's threats are vain ?  
 Art thou, half-trembling, half-awakened now,  
 Feeling for God, if haply thou mayest find ?  
 Art thou yet learning thine own strengthlessness,  
 Thy righteousness how faulty, and thy faith,  
 Thy love, thy hope, thy joy, thy confidence,  
 To be unreal, cankered, like the fruit,—  
 The pleasant-looking, but deceptive fruit,—  
 The apples growing by Gomorrah's lake ?  
 Or hast thou found thy Saviour, found in Him  
 True righteousness, true faith, true love, true joy,  
 Finding in Him thy title-deeds for heaven ?  
 Where art thou, man ? The important question ask,  
 When in thy solitude, alone with God,  
 Ask, conscious that eternity depends,  
 Thy endless bliss, thy endless misery,  
 On thy true answer !

### June 28.

"And I put . . . a beautiful crown upon thine head."  
 EZEK. xvi. 12.

WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

OH for the eagle wings,  
 The untiring strength which lifts a Christian's hope  
 'Bove all earth's proud and gorgeous pageantries,  
 And likening each to high and heavenly things,  
 Surveys them in their real nothingness !  
 A nation hath been dazzled with the pomp,  
 The glitter, of an earthly crowning day ;  
 And all the homage and magnificence  
 A joyous people to their Queen could give

Hath been profusely rendered ; and 'twas well,  
 For God commendeth loyalty, but the eye  
 Which God illuminates, the Christian's eye,  
 Takes little pleasure in such spectacles ;  
 For he is thinking of that brilliant hour,  
 That grand celestial coronation day,  
 When, 'mid the glorious ecstasies of heaven,  
 And while the seraphim sweet anthems raise,  
 He shall be crowned with a far brighter crown,  
 And wear superior dignity ! He may now,  
 While dwelling in the wilderness, be poor,  
 The mean-clad tenant of some cheerless cot,  
 Oft hungry, oft distressed ; but when the wave,  
 The separating wave of death rolls near,  
 With it will come a convoy from the skies,  
 Angelic messengers, who, while they lead  
 To the pearl gates of heaven, will tell the soul  
 Of all the royalties awaiting him : the crown,  
 The golden throne, the mansion house, the harp,  
 All long ago prepared, and all laid up  
 For him expressly !

My soul ! canst thou,  
 Thus overlooking earthly sceneries,  
 Behold thy crown and crowning day ? God gives,  
 Even on earth, to all the heirs of heaven  
 An earnest of the kingdom : none shall wear  
 In heaven a crown who do not wear below  
 The beauteous coronet of spiritual life,  
 The white robe of a Saviour's righteousness,  
 The brodered work and jewels which portray  
 The graces of the Spirit ; precious gifts,  
 Insuring crowns eternal !

### June 29.

" The Lord trieth the righteous." Ps. xi. 5.

TRIALS are troubles, but they are something more  
 Trials are meant not merely to disturb  
 And agitate the bosom, not alone  
 To pale the brow, and plough upon the cheek

Furrows for tears to flow in; each is sent  
 On special errand from the court of Heaven,  
 Each with a special message. He who sits  
 On yonder emerald throne observant marks  
 All the long progress of His own elect.  
 He sees them in the rubbish of the fall;  
 He sees their dross, and to themselves will shew  
 Each one his own defilement. Filled with high  
 And holy purposes of love to each,  
 Intending all to sparkle radiant  
 Gems in salvation's crown, it may not be  
 That incrustations mighty or minute  
 Shall lessen His own glory. Satan then,  
 Who breathed sin's mildew on what once was good,  
 Might claim pre-eminence, which he never shall!  
 As a refiner therefore, God prepares,  
 Watches, and overrules the crucible,  
 The furnace, and the fire, through which His gold,  
 His choice gold, passes; and thrice blest is he  
 Who patiently endures the chastisement  
 Which in paternal love a Father's rod  
 Inflicts on each, a chastisement  
 Which they who are without it prove thereby  
 They are aliens and not children.

### June 30.

"And the Lord looked upon him." JUD. vi. 14.

'TWAS a dark time!  
 Usurpers ruled the land, oppression walked  
 Haughty and high, and when the fields were reaped,  
 The fields' possessors must in secret thresh,  
 Lest tyrants steal the food! Thus Gideon chose  
 The wine-press for his barn, and while he threshed,  
 Fearful, he saw a Stranger 'neath an oak,  
 Watching him at his labour. Did it not seem  
 Derision to address the trembling youth,  
 Whose looks and work betrayed timidity,  
 "Thou mighty man of valour!" and to say  
 He should deliver Israel? Gideon might well

Urge many wherefores, and ask many signs;  
 And, touched with our infirmities, as much  
 As when incarnate He sustained them, He,  
 The Angel of the covenant, who oft  
 In various forms His Israel visited, and now,  
 A Stranger 'neath the oak, rebuked him not,  
 But gave the answer, and vouchsafed the sign,  
 The signs he sought, and, more propitious still,  
 He *looked* on Gideon!

In green Eden's bowers,  
 When first the clay was fashioned to a man,  
 God breathed, and man became a living soul!  
 He who then breathed, now looked, and equal power  
 Attends the glance, for it infused a might  
 Sufficient for the promise, armed with which  
 Gideon delivered Israel!

Tyrants, Lord,  
 Cruel as Midian, with unsparing hand,—  
 Fallen nature's base corruptions,—me oppress!  
 They rob me of my peace, and joy, and love;  
 They bar access to Thee! Look on me, Lord!  
 Look as Thou didst on Gideon, strengthening me  
 With might to conquer, and as Gideon did,  
 So will I raise an altar to the Lord,  
 Inscribed *Jehovah Shalom*!

### July 1.

"So fight I, not as one that beateth the air." 1 COR. ix. 26.

In the Olympic games,  
 However numerous were the candidates,  
 But one was conqueror! Many might toil,  
 Struggle, and strive, and from their brows distil  
 The dew-drops of fatigue, but all in vain,  
 Save the proud victor, who engrossed the prize!  
 Ours is a race without a rivalry!  
 All are competitors, yet all shall gain,  
 And every candidate be a conqueror!  
 Strange paradox to men of worldly minds!



It seems to them a vain comparison ;  
And oft they question : If the prize be sure,  
Why strive for victory ? If a throne in heaven,  
A palm-branch, and a crown must terminate  
The earthly struggle of all Zion's sons,  
Why care for care, or feel a blush at sin ?  
Oh, they know not that when the soul receives  
The impress from above, when the exchange,  
A heart of flesh for nature's heart of stone,  
Enters the Christian in the race for heaven,  
Desires, thoughts, motives, all alike renewed,  
Abhor their former earthliness, and now  
The heart that once loved sin loves holiness,  
The will inclined to evil now is changed,  
The downward tendency turns Zionward,  
And all the struggle is against the sin,  
The Adam nature tempting constantly !  
Saints struggle not for heaven, they know that sure,  
When once they know that Jesus Christ is theirs !  
The struggle is to keep their title-deeds  
Unstained, their garments white, their prospects clear,  
And sin, which cannot rule or ruin them,  
From vexing, tarnishing, or sorrowing them !  
For this they struggle, and for this they strive ;  
For this, in prayerful attitude, ask strength,  
Commensurate, from Israel's mighty One,  
Which Israel's Strength bestows !

## July 2.

“ These that have turned the world upside down.”  
Acts xvii. 6.

'Twas said reproachfully, but it describes  
The apostle's mission, and the enterprise  
In which God's ministers are all engaged ;  
Upside-down to turn the inverted world,  
Is that which they endeavour arduously !  
Upright it stood, when God its hills and fields,  
Rivers and seas, surveyed and called all good !  
And upright stood its first inhabitant !

'Twas sin the scene reversed, and man since then  
 Walks with his forehead bending to the ground ;  
 His feet upraised, kicking indignantly  
 Against the sovereign will and power of God !  
 To turn man back to his first rectitude,  
 To shew a standing 'bove contingency,  
 Jehovah sends an embassy to earth,  
 Telling man his condition, and full oft  
 The Lord's ambassadors, by power Divine,  
 Cause men to see how upside-down they walk ;  
 And, reconciling them to mercy's plan,  
 Persuade them to reverse their deeds, their thoughts,  
 Their hopes, and their affections : God Himself  
 Effecting the great change within their hearts !  
 Thus, one by one, the renovation moves !  
 And when the Lord hath turned upright again  
 His own inheritance, and made all meet  
 For that pure home where no vicissitudes  
 The universal rectitude can change,  
 The mighty angel, spanning earth and sea,  
 Shall fold the book of time's long chronicle,  
 And close the page of sin !

### July 3.

"Dust . . . to dust." GEN. iii. 19.

WRITTEN DURING A WALK IN A CEMETERY.

'Tis sacred ground !  
 I tread on dust that once was animate,  
 And tenanted by souls alive to God,  
 Alive for God, and active in His work !  
 Here, waiting resurrection's morn, repose,  
 In sure and certain confidence, the dust  
 Of generations of ambassadors,  
 Commissioned with credentials from on high  
 To publish gospel news to fallen man !  
 The crowded stones with memorable names  
 Refresh the memory ; some eminent  
 Even in the world's histories, as brave

Amongst the brave who strove for liberty !  
 Some eminent for learning, talent, wit !  
 Some only known in Zion's chronicles,  
 Spending their lives in turning souls to God,  
 In feeding, comforting, and teaching saints !  
 Unknown, unnoticed, these passed through the world,  
 Unseen by worldlings, shedding perfume sweet,  
 Like the spring violets, 'neath their own green leaves !  
 These are the excellent of earth, the salt  
 That keeps the world from putrefying, and to these  
 The Saviour's plaudit will be chiefly given !

I do not wonder that saints love to lie  
 Buried with dust thus precious in God's sight !  
 Some dear to me thus rest, rest amongst those  
 Dear to themselves in ties of blood and love !  
 And well can I remember their fond wish,  
 Fondly expressed, that all thus dear to them  
 Might rise together, and at once ascend,  
 Together meet the Judge, receive the crown,  
 And realize together God and heaven !

#### July 4.

"Great is the mystery of godliness : God was manifest  
 in the flesh." 1 TIM. iii. 16.

#### I CONTEMPLATE

A shoreless, fathomless, exhaustless sea,  
 Whene'er I muse upon the Christ of God !  
 Man, unrenewed, can never apprehend  
 The complex nature of Immanuel,  
 The sorrowing, suffering, dying Son of man,  
 The holy and triumphant Son of God !  
 Faith has an eye to attempt the mystery !  
 Faith, God created, and God's sovereign gift,  
 Faith, retrospective, sees ere time began  
 The Trinity in council ; faith beholds  
 The Son in God step forward for the Church,  
 Her Surety, Substitute, and Advocate !  
 Faith views His person and His enterprise  
 Prefigured in the types of other days :

The altar, incense, offering, temple, priest,  
 The patriarch, prophet, lawgiver, and king!  
 Faith sees the new-born Babe at Ephratah,  
 Traces His history, meditates His words,  
 And understands what nature cannot read!  
 Faith reconciles the seeming paradox:  
 "My Father is greater than I!" with this,  
 "I and My Father are one!" Faith perceives  
 The Father's equal in the shrouded God,  
 The Father's servant in the complex Man,  
 The Mediator in Immanuel!

Author of faith!

My soul possesses or aspires thereto,  
 The faith that apprehends the Christ of God,  
 Appreciating His work! Give, O God,  
 The appropriating faith, by which my soul  
 May know it done for *me*!

### July 5.

• "Who first trusted in Christ." EPH. i. 12.

'Twas in the hour of death,  
 An aged saint, with brightening countenance, asked,  
 As of himself inquiring: Who the first  
 Trusted in Christ? And then at once,  
 Answering himself, replied: Assuredly  
 'Twas God the Father, trusted in His Son,  
 And in His word confiding, opened heaven  
 To all the myriads purchased with His blood,  
 Who lived and died ere yet that blood was shed!  
 And equally the Spirit trusted Him;  
 For when the covenant was only sealed,  
 Regarding all as done, He testified  
 The coming Saviour, and His finished work!  
 Thus taught, the sinner saw his sinfulness,  
 And thus enlightened, saw, by faith, the day  
 Of Jesus Christ, rejoicing; saved by faith,  
 Acting prospectively, as much as we,  
 Who retrospectively by faith behold!

Oh, 'tis a mutual confidence, for now  
 Jesus, who paid the covenanted price,  
 Ere in the aggregate the Church was saved,  
 Trusts in the Father and the Holy Ghost;  
 Beholding from His mediator throne,  
 Well satisfied, the travail of His soul,  
 Born and new born, received and glorified !  
 United thus in harmony and will,  
 In love, in power, in essence, joyously,  
 The enlightened sinner views the equal Three,  
 Participates the covenant work of each,  
 And worships Israel's One !

### July 6.

"Afterward !" HEB. xii. 17.

WHAT a tremendous afterward was that  
 Which barred the gates of penitence and hope  
 To Esau, scornful long, now seeking rest !  
 There we may plainly see the difference  
 Between repentance weeping contrite tears,  
 And that remorse which always comes too late !  
 Jacob oft fell in sin, but He who loved  
 With dateless love the patriarch, ere he knew  
 Evil from good, opened within his heart  
 A spring, whence constant rose at every fault  
 Compunctions drops, well pleasing to the Lord !  
 He fell as falls a lamb into a ditch,  
 Hating the stain, and comfortless until  
 Cleansed in the stream which heals and purifies !  
 Esau fell not ; sin was his home and aim ;  
 Sin was liege sovereign, reigning in his heart ;  
 Sin was in all his thoughts, in all his acts ;  
 And only when sin's consequences came,  
 When the vile tempter, certain of his prey,  
 Closed his foul wings, enough to yield a glimpse  
 Of all which sin had lost him, then remorse,  
 Stern, angry, envious, visited his breast !  
 'Tis the sad hap of all the reprobate

To be too late. They think of God too late!  
 They turn a longing eye towards heaven too late!  
 They prize the precious blood of Christ too late!  
 Too late desire to die that peaceful death  
 Enjoyed by those who living realize  
 The unbought love and grace unmerited  
 Of Him who saves in time!

### July 7.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove!" Ps. lv. 6.

AND if you had the pinions of the dove,  
 Where would you fly to, Christian? Art thou sad,  
 Weary, and worn in this life's pilgrimage?  
 Hath thy friend proved Abithophel? thy child  
 An Absalom? thyself a wandering one,  
 Exiled from home and home's endearments, cursed  
 By some foul Shimei? Art thou, Christian, thus,  
 Like David when he breathed this fervent wish?  
 Where would you fly to? Where the dove would fly:  
 To the tall rock, and, sheltering in its clefts,  
 There hide in peace and rest! Fly, fly there then;  
 Fly to the Rock of Ages, Jesus Christ!  
 Thou hast superior pinions, stronger wings  
 Than the weak, timid dove. Thou hast four wings,  
 Four pairs of pinions. Use them, Christian, now!  
 Thou hast the wings of love; oh, fly in love  
 To Him who loved so much He died for thee!  
 Thou hast the wings of hope, hope firm and sure,  
 Anchoring within the veil; soar, soar in hope  
 To Him who put it in thy breast, and waits  
 Ready to succour all who hope in Him!  
 Thou hast the wings of faith, prevailing faith,  
 Faith which may always ask an audience,  
 May ask and plead, and no denial take,  
 Wrestling and gaining blessings from the King!  
 Thou hast the wings of prayer, all-powerful prayer,  
 Prayer which has learnt so well the way to God,  
 So readily to reach the mercy-seat,

So perfectly the all-availing plea,  
 That it gains access by an upward glance,  
 An answer often by an half-breathed sigh !  
                                           Christian, seek not,  
 Possessed of these strong pinions, never seek  
 The dove's light wings; but when in grief or gloom,  
 No matter what may be the anxiety,  
 Fly with these pinions to the throne of grace :  
 There thou wilt find relief !

### July 8.

“It is done.” REV. xvi. 17.

EPOCH most memorable,  
 When heaven's expanse shall echo with the words;  
 When cherubim and burning seraphim  
 Louder than ever on celestial harps  
 Shall sound the tidings: It is done! Saints shall hear,  
 Responding in hosannas: It is done!  
 Heaven's countless throngs, of every rank and name,  
 Shall swell the proclamation! Far-off worlds,  
 In unimagined space, if such there are,  
 Shall ask, in unrepressed astonishment,  
 And hell's sulphureous caves shall wondering ask:  
 What is the mighty climax? Answering  
 Angels again shall sing their early song,  
 Which gladdened Eden when the world was new,  
 Ere sin was born, or man had gone astray;  
 And then, in mingled, mournful tones, angels shall sing  
 Man's grievous fall and God's prevenient grace,  
 When the stained world and Satan listening heard  
 God's earliest promise, then scarce understood!  
 Its gradual glad unfoldings they shall sing—  
 In ceremony, type, and sacrifice,  
 By dispensations sanctified, by gifts,  
 By grace, by prophecy; all telling man,  
 Telling, and ever telling, still untired,  
 The coming of sin's Conqueror; singing then  
 His birth, His life, and His atoning death,

His grand return to His primordial home,  
 His second coming and millennial reign,  
 His final battle and the judgment day,  
 His marriage and the presentation, when  
 His bride, the Church, resplendent by His side,  
 In full procession up heaven's golden streets  
 Shall march straight on to the eternal throne;  
 When, bending low,—His latest homage given,—  
 The Mediator,—servant now no more,—  
 Shall say, 'Tis done! the bond is now fulfilled!  
 Satan is conquered! All Thou gav'st are here!  
 Then shall the Son assume His own again,  
 Sit on His Father's throne, the Church on His;  
 And while the Father full approval smiles,  
 Heaven's brilliant orchestra shall burst in shouts,  
 Loud, and yet louder singing—It is done!

### July 9.

"They . . . began to make excuse." LUKE xiv.

THE world hath many histories;  
 Elaborate historians constitute  
 A splendid list in authorship; but not yet  
 Is written the History of Excuses,—  
 Copious theme, beginning in the garden  
 Where Adam, the first man, first introduced  
 This coward plea, this palliative of wrong.

Survey the scroll of ages since his time:  
 Patriarchs and prophets, princes, priests, and kings  
 Abram and Balaam, Moses, Aaron, Lot,  
 Gehazi and Elisha, David and Jezebel,  
 God's children and God's enemies,—all are seen  
 Proficients in evasion, sin's first-fruit,  
 Sin's most enticing, most enduring snare!

'Twould be a tedious task to scan the page  
 Of Bible narrative, and prominent  
 Mark this dark spot upon humanity!  
 He who would see it in its ugliness,  
 He who would know its fatal consequence,



He who would realize how God abhors  
 The slippery tongue that will not speak the truth,  
 Must read the parables of Jesus Christ!  
 Excuses there are shewn in all their guilt,  
 Their sinfulness, their penalty, their end.  
 The one has bought a field, and he must go,  
 The bargain being finished, he, shrewd man,  
 Must go and see it; see it afterwards!  
 Another has bought oxen; being bought,  
 'Tis now his time to ascertain their worth!  
 The third has married; oh, had he but known  
 The largeness of the heart of his great Host,  
 He had come, wife and all! Alas! they lost,  
 All lost, by vain excuses, that which meant  
 More than they thought for. Like Agrippa, they  
 Deferred their coming till it was too late,  
 As he the acceptance, never given again,  
 Of the great gospel offer, dying then,  
 An almost Christian, altogether lost!

### July 10.

"God . . . breathed into his nostrils the breath of  
 life, and man became a living soul." GEN. ii. 7.

I do not believe,  
 Said one, who called himself an infidel,  
 Your wondrous tale about immortal souls;  
 I think a living bird within my breast  
 Is just as likely as a living soul,  
 And would be just as good.  
 Better, far better, said a listener near;  
 For then at dying you would wholly die,  
 And need not fear the judgment. Then your boast,—  
 Ignoble boast, that ranks you with the beasts,—  
 Might be all true, and dying like your dog,  
 You both alike might be annihilate.  
 But man hath higher purpose, loftier powers;  
 Man lives for good or evil. Formed by God  
 In God's own image, ere he passed complete

From God's creating hand, his Maker breathed  
 Into his nostrils breath straight from Himself,  
 And man became a living soul! Tell me,  
 Is not the breath of the Eternal God  
 Eternal as that God? Can breath Divine  
 Cease ever? You may desire it should;  
 At enmity with God, you may prefer  
 Cessation of all life to life with God!  
 Yet revelation speaks, and nature speaks,  
 And your own conscience speaks the warning word,  
 Man's soul doth never die! You may here  
 Profess a frigid unbelief; but oft  
 Intrudes the whisper, What if it be true!  
 You know the voice; you may suppress it here;  
 But at the bar of God, when angels put  
 Your doomed but living soul on the left side  
 Of the dread judgment throne; and when in vain  
 You seek to escape the clutch of your soul's foe;  
 And when the burning gates of final wrath  
 Shut in your soul to everlasting pain;  
 When first you feel the scorch of quenchless fire;  
 When first you quiver in the dreadful grasp  
 Of the undying worm, prisoned in hell,  
 You will acknowledge, in your agony,  
 Man's soul doth never die!

### July II.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" RUTH ii. 19.

'Tis Sabbath-day!  
 A thousand sanctuaries with open doors  
 Invite attendance at the mercy-seat;  
 A thousand ministers uplift to-day  
 The banner of salvation; eloquent  
 They tell of sin's exceeding sinfulness,  
 Of man's propensity to evil, the result  
 Of our first parents' plunge into the snare  
 Sin's base originator artful planned  
 To work their fall. Then the great antidote,

The precious Fountain that alone can cleanse,  
The Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Wonderful.  
Oh, how they labour to proclaim His worth,  
To tell His praise, make known His excellence,  
And publish His unutterable love !  
How they invite, encourage, supplicate  
Sinners to come, as they themselves had come,  
And gain salvation, priceless, ample, sure,  
As they themselves had realized, prompting them  
In earnestness to tell to sinners round  
What a sufficient Saviour they have found !

Where hast thou gleaned to-day ?  
Didst thou go weary, faint, and famishing,  
Hearing astonished, but inclined to accept :  
Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ! Didst thou go  
Smarting beneath sin's venomous bite, and look,  
Persuaded by the preacher, to the pole  
Where hung in type the mystic portraiture  
Of the one only Healer, Jesus Christ ?  
Didst thou go pale with big anxieties,  
In sickness, in bereavement, or in want ;  
And pillowing thy pained head on promises,  
Didst thou resolve to cast thy care on Him  
Who,—this the preacher steadfastly maintained,—  
Careth for all who trust Him ? Didst thou go  
A prodigal, an exile far from home,  
And, listening to the preacher, who assured  
Thy fainting spirit that thy Father's arms  
Were open wide to clasp, didst thou resolve :  
I will arise, and to my Father's house,  
My Father's heart, in penitence return ?

Where didst thou glean to-day ?  
Sinners and saints should constant go and glean ;  
Boaz is in the field, and given the word  
To all His ministers, who glad obey,—  
Let fall some handfuls for them !



## July 12.

"One is not." GEN. xlii. 13.

Few families,  
When gathering round the hearth at Christmas-tide,  
Can boast a perfect circle : one is not !  
The father sighs, the mother drops a tear,  
Brothers and sisters mourn the absent one,  
While he, perhaps a thousand miles away,  
Thinks of the hour and wishes he were there !  
Oh ye who have not wandered, let not pride  
Suffuse the cheek, ye have not fallen perhaps  
Because ye were not tempted ! He who tempts,  
Seeing some in their pride securely his,  
Lets them select themselves their path to hell !  
Birds peck the fairest fruits ! The woodman fells  
The noblest of the forest ! Truant ones,  
In person, mind, and bearing, oft excel  
Those who are left untempted !

Hymeneal ties  
Unite me to a band where one is not !  
The child of many prayers, of many hopes,  
Vice spread her meshes for him, and he fell,  
Stained but not lost, and proudly conscious of it,  
He went far off to build a brighter name !  
He ploughs the ancient seas of old Cathay !  
He fights his country's enemies, who should  
In earlier days have fought with bosom sins !

\* \* \* \*

He went and has returned ; Almighty grace  
Met him far off, and beckoning him aside  
To the lone stillness of the curtained room,  
Sketched recollections of a mother's love,  
A mother's fond entreaties and kind looks ;  
And tidings following that his mother now  
Would greet her child no more, the truant prayed,  
Prayed for himself, that he might follow her,  
As she had followed Christ !

July 13.

"The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations." Isa. lii. 10.

"His arm brought salvation." Isa. lix. 16.

WHEN the Creator spread the vast concave  
Of heaven, with all its stars, and moon, and sun,  
His fingers were enough ; He lightly touched,  
And quickly finished these material things.  
Mazzaroth, Arcturus, and the Pleiades,  
Orion, and the stars of every name,  
Of every size, of every dignity,  
And planets, with attendant satellites,  
Fell sprinkled on the glistening firmament  
In countless myriads as His fingers shook  
With skill creative.

When God made man,  
The Three in One in heaven's bright council-halls  
Held each with each mysterious communing ;  
Then came the grand resolve : Let us make man !  
In our own image make ; and God's own hands  
Formed of the dust and fashioned the new world's  
Earliest inhabitant. God's own hands  
Sustains the breath of every living thing ;  
And man, the workmanship of God's own hands,  
Shall live when sun, and moon, and stars expire.

When man, thus made by God's own hands, rebelled,  
Seduced by Satan, God's arch-enemy ;  
When man broke through the fence of innocence,  
Rushing to peril, God disclosed His grace ;  
Rising in all His might and majesty,  
Indignant against Satan, God made bare,  
In its resistless strength, His holy arm ;  
And while the man whom He created good  
Seemed trembling o'er perdition's opened mouth,  
The arm of God to man salvation brought ;  
And ever since all those who trust His love  
Have under them God's everlasting arms !

Awake ! awake ! Put on again Thy strength !  
 Arm of the Lord, awake ! Thy people need,  
 Ceaselessly need, Thy ever present power !  
 Still God's great foe, like a wild beast at large,  
 Seeks to molest God's ransomed ! but in vain ;  
 Safe sheltered in the arms of covenant love,  
 They may exult o'er Satan and exclaim :  
 Hast thou an arm like God ?

### July 14.

" Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God."  
 Ps. lv. 19.

WRITTEN BEFORE THE UNION OF SICILY WITH THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.

IN Syracuse,  
 City of strange position ! it is said  
 The sun can always be discerned ! Syracuse,  
 In that fair island of earth's central sea,  
 Whose climate, fruits, and fruitfulness approach  
 The loveliness of Eden, but that man,  
 And man's bad government, have marred the whole,  
 Blighting the scenery with still heavier curse !  
 Syracuse sees always heaven's great light !  
 Alas ! the sun, throughout earth's length and breadth,  
 Sees scarce a spot outwardly beautiful,  
 So crushed by priestcraft and by despotism !

Thus are there some who from their earliest years,  
 Through middle life, and up to hoary age,  
 Sit in the sunshine of God's ordinance !  
 They hear the gospel, till the gospel seems  
 Tedious in its monotony ! The mystery  
 Of God and godliness so oft to them  
 Hath been proclaimed, its mystery seems gone !  
 The precious blood of Christ becomes to them  
 Nothing but rhetoric, and the love of God  
 A lofty theme for eloquence ! They can talk  
 Loudly and largely about heavenly things,  
 Forgetful heavenly things should lift to heaven !  
 Oh ! as the changeful skies of my own land

Span joys which sunbright Sicily sees not,  
 So in the bosom where anxiety  
 And doubt and sorrow much at present dwell,  
 Yielding but seldom place to confidence,  
 There is, more certainly, the love of God,  
 More visibly the earnest of His grace,  
 More real fellowship with God in Christ,  
 Than chattering talkers can with all their tongues  
 Prove they in truth possess!

### July 15.

"These men, the sons of Zeruiah, be too hard for me."  
 2 SAM. iii. 39.

AND can it be that Jesse's son, who fought,  
 Confiding fought, when a young shepherd lad,  
 The strong-armed man of Gath, and conquered him,  
 Shall quail at common men? Shall Israel's king  
 Tremble at subjects, subjects of his own?

Go to the rude sea-shore; the iron rock,  
 Which meets defiant the wild hurricane,  
 And the most boisterous wave, may be impressed  
 By the small drop perpetual, easier still  
 If the small drop be acid. Thus have I seen  
 The man of high resolve dauntless defy  
 Some mighty, overwhelming, crushing care,  
 Some dreadful threatening, or some dire mishap,  
 Some foe unmerciful, or traitorous friend,  
 And proudly, bravely, resolutely stand,  
 Courageous, unappalled, unconquered, free,  
 Who yet, in after-days, to little cares,  
 Perplexing, teasing, long inquietudes,  
 Surrendering all his courage, vanquished now,  
 Shall yield, subdued by trifles! Thus many feel,  
 In the experience of their history!  
 They fought, supplied with courage from above,  
 Some direful tribulation, and, surprising all,  
 They stood their ground! Ofttimes since then,  
 Depressed by constant small anxieties,  
 They feel inclined to yield, tired with the toil

Of ceaseless warfare, though it were with gnats !  
 What lesson learn we hence ? That He who gives  
 Sufficient strength to fight Philistia's pride,  
 Gives strength commensurate, and gives no more  
 To fight the meanest foe ! Israel's Help  
 Helps just enough, that we may know in Him  
 Alone our help is found !

### July 16.

"Canst thou by searching find out God ?" Job xi. 7.

WHAT is space ?

I go in thought to the world's farthest verge,  
 The extremest edge of the broad universe,  
 No matter how immense ; I reach the bound  
 Of worlds, and stars, and systems ; what do I find  
 Beyond all this ? Suppose I throw a dart  
 Forward, while thus I stand upon the brink,  
 Where does it travel ? Forward, forward, still ?  
 Then there is yet more space ! Does it rebound,  
 Struck back by some impenetrable wall  
 It cannot pierce ? Then in the farther verge  
 There is some matter occupying space,  
 Matter where space is not !

What is time ?

I travel backward, forward, which you will,  
 Backward to time's first birthday, or I go  
 This way to time's last breath, when time shall die ;  
 What was before, what will come after time ?  
 Eternity ? Well, let us journey still  
 Onwards and onwards, years untellable,  
 What cometh then ? and what comes after then ?

What is the Infinite ?

What is the nature, and the character,  
 The source, the essence, and the form of God ?  
 Philosopher ! you cannot tell me what is space !  
 You cannot represent eternity !  
 Bow down in reverence and humility  
 Before the great Supreme ! The Lord,



Whom, though he cannot comprehend, the saint  
 Believes, and loves, and trusts ; for in his heart  
 This great Incomprehensible hath shone  
 A ray of light and life, which proves to him  
 This God, to you unknown, is and will always be  
 His Father and his Friend !

### July 17.

" I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."  
 LUKE v. 32.

SHE was related to us.  
 Cold, proud, and childless, she had walked through life  
 In stainless rectitude, unloved, unloving,  
 Paying the utmost farthing due to all,  
 Paying to God the Sunday exercise,  
 And thus, self-righteous, felt in debt to none !

Our paths in life were different.  
 We seldom met ; a frigid, courteous word  
 Came sometimes, telling that she lived, still lived,  
 And telling little more. We had learned much ;  
 We had been tossed upon the troublous waves  
 Of this world's full anxieties ! We had known care,  
 Bereavement, and reproach, but these had been  
 Sanctified to bring us nearer God ;  
 And we were now humbly, but openly,  
 Disciples of the Saviour ! After long years  
 We visited the village where she dwelt ;  
 We came to heal dilapidated health.  
 Still cold, still courteous, listlessly she heard  
 How Jesus Christ was precious to us now,  
 Our only refuge, hope, and confidence  
 In life or death ! We talked just as we felt,  
 Resolved we would not blush to own our Lord,  
 And praying she might know and love Him too !  
 Once more we met ; withdrawn from business cares  
 We thought to spend the evening of our lives  
 In that same quiet village. She was aged now.  
 Childless, she felt the grief of loneliness ;

Unloved, she felt the dreariness of self;  
 Rich, she proved now the impotence of wealth;  
 We found what we had said remembered still,  
 Remembered with discomfort. Frequently  
 She introduced religion; told how correct  
 She had fulfilled her duties unto all;  
 None could lay anything unto her charge,  
 None say that she neglected earth or heaven.  
 How sad! we answered, for the Saviour said  
 He came not to the righteous. Perfect health  
 Wants no physician; only sinners need  
 Forgiveness and atonement! In astonishment  
 She listened while we read God's holy word;  
 And when, some few months afterwards, she died,  
 We knew rejoicingly our trust was hers,  
 Our Saviour hers, and that self-righteousness,  
 So prized by her, so valueless with God,  
 Had been exchanged for the pure spotless robe,  
 The righteousness of Christ!

### July 18.

"We love him, because He first loved us." 1 JOHN iv. 19.

LOVE is love's loadstone! As the magnet draws,  
 By its own influence, the lifeless lump,  
 Jehovah, by His Spirit, draws the soul,  
 Dead in its enmity and sin, to life,  
 And love, and holiness! They err much,  
 And prove themselves thereby remaining still  
 In nature's quarry, who tell, boastfully,  
 They dug themselves from out corruption's pit,  
 Springing by their own power, in their own strength,  
 From darkness up to light, from death to life,  
 From sin and Satan's manacles to God!  
 As well the metal from the inmost mine,  
 Laboriously extracted, purged, and cleansed,  
 Melted and purified, and made of use,  
 Might to the smith and the refiner say:  
 I made myself! They who have tasted, felt,

And handled of the precious word of life,  
 Whose eyes have been unscaled to see the worth  
 Of Jesus as a Saviour, whose heart of stone,  
 Exchanged for flesh, throbs now with warm desire,  
 Still more to know of Him whom much they love !  
 These own that all the work was done by God !  
 He stopped them in their sin and thoughtlessness !  
 He melted, humbled, and attracted them,  
 And manifesting His own dateless love,  
 Drew them to love—how could they less ?—Himself !  
 And now as day by day they gain fresh views,  
 The boundlessness, continuance, freeness, strength,  
 Of God's unfathomed, everlasting love,  
 They joyful sing, in glad acknowledgment :  
 We love, because He loved !

### July 19.

"Till we all come unto . . . a perfect man, unto the measure  
 of the stature of the fulness of Christ." EPH. iv. 13.

WILL there be babes in heaven ?  
 No ! neither babes in age or intellect !  
 When from its mother's breast the dying babe,  
 Dropping its mortal coil, outgushing free,  
 Soars up to paradise, a baby still,  
 It realizes all it can contain :  
 Saved by the sacrifice of Immanuel !  
 And when at the first resurrection it shall rise,  
 It shall its baby form reanimate,  
 To enjoy the thousand years millennium !  
 But growth is not a sin, nor fruit of sin,  
 And in that period when more manifest  
 Jesus shall reign, the Mediator King,  
 All inequalities shall harmonise ;  
 The dispensations now mysterious,  
 The crooks in each one's lot shall be made straight,  
 And God in all His acts be justified !  
 Then shall the baby saint become a man,  
 The imbecile obtain intelligence ;

The blind, the lame, their missing faculties,  
 Their missing limbs, again shall realize;  
 And then the saint who lived to tottering age  
 Shall gain a renovated youthfulness;  
 So that the multitude of Zion's sons,  
 The general assembly of the Church,  
 The Church of the first-born, shall stand complete,  
 All perfect in the measure of the Lord,  
 The stature fulness of Immanuel!  
 Saints, joyously anticipating this,  
 Now glad exclaim: I shall be satisfied  
 When in Thy likeness I awake!

### July 20.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve." JOSH. xxiv. 15.

SAY not that man is irresponsible!  
 Oh, do not make him merely a machine,  
 Acted upon, not acting! Bind him not,  
 Body and soul, in unrevealed decrees!  
 Adam was not so bound. He saw the fruit,  
 He knew the consequence of gathering it,  
 And exercising his own will partook!  
 The Jews were not so bound, to whom of old  
 Their captain gave the privilege of choice:  
 Choose now whom ye will serve! Nor are we now,  
 Not by the Lord, though all are chained by sin!

When God's ambassadors proclaim to man  
 God's method of salvation, man is called  
 To accept the grace proposed; upon himself  
 He brings the peril by rejecting it!  
 And all would thus reject, because by sin  
 We've lost the appetite as well as power;  
 This is the condemnation. God declares,  
 Light hath come in the world, but men prefer  
 Darkness before the light. Responsible  
 They suffer for responsibility!  
 Each one condemned for his iniquities!  
 Thus all would be condemned, but sovereign grace

Steps forth in Jesus for His own beloved,  
 His Church, His Zion, His elect ; for them,  
 Their Substitute, He takes upon Himself  
 All their responsibilities, and undertakes,  
 By His free Spirit, to awaken, melt,  
 Turn to repentance and to holiness,  
 The souls to Him betrothed ! They, like the rest,  
 Lose not responsibility, but find  
 Theirs all absorbed, assumed, fulfilled by Christ !

### July 21.

“ Make me as one of thy hired servants.” LUKE XV. 19.

WHEN, far from home,  
 Far from his father's house, his father's arms,  
 An exile and a swineherd, tired and faint,  
 The prodigal in his prepared address  
 Thought to make one request, which, when embraced  
 By his glad father, he forgot to ask ;  
 The rest came free, spontaneous, all  
 The language of a true repentance flowed,  
 Forth-gushing from love's fount, reopened now !  
 Folded to his rejoicing father's heart,  
 He felt himself again his father's child,  
 And longing for lost privileges then,—  
 Childhood's remembered happiness, the love,  
 The smile, the kiss, the welcome,—he not now  
 Wished to become an hireling !

Young converts thus,  
 In the first flush of felt unworthiness,  
 Urge at the mercy-seat : What shall I do ?  
 Forgetful they are at a throne of grace !  
 They come still clinging to self-righteousness,  
 As if to make a bargain with the Lord,  
 Proffering equivalents, to be redeemed,  
 As servants to be recompensed. False pride,  
 Even in the prodigal amongst his husks,  
 Would buy the children's bread, would purchase love—  
 A father's love ! But love cannot be bought,

Cannot be sold ! Love is not merchandise ;  
 And like as did the prodigal forget,  
 In love's embrace, his pre-arranged request,  
 So the young convert, realizing God  
 As all in all to him, salvation, strength,  
 Joy, righteousness, and peace, and glory too,  
 Loses all thought of self as anything !  
 An empty vessel, he receives from God  
 The riches treasured up by God in Christ  
 For all a sinner's need ; and joyfully  
 He sings the universal song of saints,  
 The acknowledgment of every ransomed soul :  
 To God be all the glory ! Christ is all !

### July 22.

" Our Father which art in heaven." MATT. vi. 9.

'Tis sweet to gaze upon the summer sky,  
 When all around is love and loveliness,  
 And feel that He whose smile beneficent  
 Thus gladdens His creation, may indeed,  
 Though dwelling in the high and holy place,  
 Boldly but humbly be approached, and called  
 " Our Father ! " Nor less a privilege  
 When thunder-clouds enwrap the world in gloom ;  
 When the world's beauty is all torn and stained  
 By the rude hand of winter ; when the breeze  
 Which summer taught to whisper gentleness,  
 In tempests now, growls like a fiend in chains ;  
 To know that He who holds within His fists  
 The winds, with all their mysteries, and sends  
 Thunders and lightnings, fierce-browed messengers,  
 Commissioned still for good ; to know that He,  
 Thus powerful, thus almighty, is through all  
 " Our Father ! " who, 'mid all their turbulence,  
 Stoops an attentive ear, when at the throne,  
 On faith's recumbent knee, His weakest child  
 Is lisping, " Abba ! " in the Saviour's name !  
 Thus sweet 'mid nature's gloom and gladness,

And thus equally, when joy or care  
 Gild or becloud our mental scenery :  
 He who can confident his soul upraise,  
 Coming to God with this endearing name,  
 Planteth his anchor firm within the veil,  
 Feels his security, and rests in faith !

### July 23.

"Hallowed be Thy name." MATT. vi. 9.

THY name, Almighty ! 'twas the plea,  
 The never-failing plea before the throne  
 Of elder saints, the patriarchs of the world,  
 When the world's years were few ! "What wilt Thou do  
 With Thy great name ?" And 'twas the cause  
 Thyself assigned, when still immutable,  
 Thou still didst give rich gifts, unmerited :  
 "'Tis for My great name's sake !" That name  
 Which afterwards of Jesus Christ, Thou saidst  
 In prophecy : "I will put it upon Him !"   
 Mysterious name ! which in the sacred page  
 Shines always glorious and pre-eminent !  
 Oh, it hath often been before the throne  
 My plea, my plea availing ! I have said :  
 'I know myself all base, I nothing am,  
 Can nothing do, to merit what I need,  
 But I am at Thy footstool, pleading, Lord,  
 Thy promise and Thy name !' Shall it be said  
 That one thus venturing, ventures all in vain ?  
 That one thus coming to the Rock, for want  
 Of any other shelter, finds the Rock  
 A frail and feeble refuge ? That the name  
 Of which it hath been said, there's none beside  
 Whereby man can be saved, is trusted in  
 Fruitlessly ? No, "Hallowed be Thy name !"   
 It ever hath been stainless, ever bright ;  
 And sin and Satan, aided though they be  
 By man's ingratitude, shall never breathe  
 A mildew on its glory, or cause Thee to break  
 The promise which it pledges !

## July 24.

"Thy kingdom come." MATT. vi. 10.

COME, Saviour! with the sceptre and the crown,  
 And all Thy regal dignity, and in my heart,  
 If Thou canst stoop thus low, erect Thy throne,  
 Set up Thy kingdom, and do Thou control  
 My every word, and thought, and enterprise!  
 Let them as in Thy presence be performed!  
 Oh, I would never cease this prayer, until  
 I feel and know assuredly Thou art  
 My King, my God, my Saviour; then my prayer,  
 Should it extend till then? shall likewise pray  
 That o'er the nations that are wrapped in gloom,  
 My King, whose coming brought me brightness, may  
 Arise, scatter their darkness, and His sunshine give!  
 Then will I pray, patient yet wishfully,  
 The coming of that kingdom which Thy word  
 Describes so glowingly, and which shall live  
 A full millennial year! Let me not ask,  
 Too curious, if that day, Thy visible throne,  
 Filled by Thee visibly, a conquering King,  
 Shall deck this worn-out earth, enough for me  
 Earth's other glories shall all paltry seem  
 Likened to that, when with Thine ancients Thou  
 Shalt reign most gloriously! At the thought,  
 This heart seems overfilled with fervency,  
 And even now the unpremeditated prayer  
 Breaks every barrier: "Thy kingdom come!"

## July 25.

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."  
 MATT. vi. 10.

'Tis not the hour to boast obedience, when  
 Thy life cup is all sweetness, when no cloud  
 Darkens the azure, and when Providence  
 Not yet hath sent bereavement suddenly,  
 Or some slow cankering blight to eat thy joys!



The tongue may talk when for wise purposes  
 God in His discipline prescribes delights;  
 May prattle fluent how submissively  
 The draught is taken, and the utterance then  
 Be frequently, Hosanna! How will it be  
 When trouble, like the sable tempest cloud,  
 Her mantle draws across thine hemisphere,  
 And sorrow brings her chalice full of bitters?  
 Then to say, not careless, like the formalist,  
 But with the heart: "Thy will, O Lord, be done!"  
 Requires more strength than vaunting nature has  
 In all her boasted storehouses! Nothing else  
 Can still the fuming waves of fretfulness;  
 Calm rude impatience and loud discontent,  
 But confidence upon a changeless God,  
 Offspring of faith, a jewel fetched by prayer  
 From heaven's own treasury, and ne'er refused  
 To those who, sensible of much revolt,  
 Seek first from God this true submissive frame,  
 Then meekly, but unhesitating, add,  
 Postscript to every prayer: "Thy will be done!"

### July 26.

"Give us this day our daily bread." MATT. vi. 11.

#### As I progress

In life's brief pilgrimage, I daily learn  
 That every day's supply must come from God;  
 That all my springs are in Him, and that I,  
 Without His aid and blessing, seek in vain  
 The bread that perisheth, and that true bread  
 Which, whosoever eating, shall not die!  
 Say not I slight the means and fain would feed  
 Upon the food of idleness! Labour to me  
 Has no uncomely countenance, more I hate  
 The languid face of sloth; but I have seen  
 The diligent toil arduously, and gain  
 Scarcely life's narrowest need, while some  
 With little labour have so large a share,

Their cup seems running over ! Taught by this  
 I climb 'bove second causes, and discern  
 The great Administrator for wise ends  
 Dispensing this world's wealth as He sees best !  
 Thus rightly valuing means, I daily come  
 Praying the God of means that they be made  
 Purveyors of His bounty, not alone  
 Of temporal supplies ; but having learnt  
 Man doth not live by bread alone, I pray  
 That He will sanctify unto my soul  
 His wilderness benevolence ; and though He may  
 Withhold from me the riches and the fame  
 I once too highly prized, yet if He grant  
 A crumb of heavenly bread with heavenly wine,  
 'Twill be an earnest of eternal life  
 Crowned with eternal honours !

### July 27.

" And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."  
 MATT. vi. 12.

AND may we ask forgiveness on this ground ?  
 Do we indeed our enemies forgive  
 As freely as we hope to be forgiven ?  
 Thus teaches He who cannot teach us wrong !  
 And yet we know, when in the crucible  
 We analyse our feelings, there remains  
 So much withheld of what should constitute  
 A pardon free as we must hope to obtain,  
 If we obtain salvation, that we pause,  
 And hesitate, and must at last adopt  
 The apostle's explanation : There is a law,  
 A law within our members, which restrains  
 The law within our minds, and when we would  
 Do good, keeps evil present and alert !  
 Oh, wretched men ! who shall deliver us ?  
 Thanks be to God through Jesus ! In our Lord  
 We are complete, are free, and when we bend,  
 Asking forgiveness as ourselves forgive,  
 We'll own ourselves still Shulamites, and pray

He'll strengthen grace to occupy the throne ;  
 And thus victorious o'er the residue  
 Of sin still in our hearts, enable us  
 To walk becoming that vocation high  
 Wherewith we trust He hath called us, and in  
 A generation crooked and perverse,  
 Give us to keep our garments always white,  
 Pure in His purity, and following Him,  
 Our great Exemplar, not for life alone,  
 But love to make life manifest !

### July 28.

"Lead us not into temptation." MATT. vi. 13.

God tempteth no man !  
 Scripture plainly tells, but there is one that does,  
 Untiring, persevering, unabashed ;  
 Witness his tempting Christ ! This cruel foe  
 Is ever on the watch, with baits and snares  
 Of every aspect and of every taste,  
 Adapting what to his infernal mind  
 Seems for each soul temptation suitable ;  
 And as our God this cruel foe restrains,  
 Curbing by bit and bridle, causing all  
 His movements unintended towards the Church,  
 As a corrective, still to work for good,  
 It may be said that thus permissively  
 God leads into temptation ! Justly then  
 Our prayer, not to the foe, but the foe's Lord  
 And as temptation is a bitter draught,  
 Painful and soul-perplexing, ardently  
 Will each one pray : " If it be Thy will,  
 Oh, take away this cup ! " Let each one add :  
 " But let Thy will be done ! " for should the Lord  
 Suffer the enemy our souls to tempt,  
 As Job was tempted, ceaseless, torturing, foul,  
 As Job, we from the furnace shall emerge,  
 Refined as silver, purified as gold,  
 For God will overrule, and watch, and bless,  
 Preserving His own jewels !

## July 29.

"But deliver us from evil." MATT. vi. 13.

EVIL of every name and nature taints  
 The moral atmosphere of this our world !  
 Sin is the parent whose large family  
 Infects us all ! The universal blight  
 Which mars God's fair creation is the breath,  
 The withering breath of sin ! In all its forms  
 Disease sprang from this putrid parent ! War,  
 'Mongst monarchs or 'mongst brothers, is the child,  
 The favourite child of sin ! Pale penury and care,  
 With the long list of earthly miseries,  
 Too long to name, and the dread monster, death,  
 Acknowledge sin their father. Think, my soul,  
 How comprehensive then this little prayer :  
 "Deliver us from evil !"

While passing through the world, oh, let it not  
 Within me have dominion, and though I,  
 Like all of human race, must breathe the air  
 Sin hath infected, must partake the griefs  
 Sin showers on all, and battle with the foes  
 With which sin lines life's pilgrimage,  
 Let my affections still be heavenward !  
 Sustain in sorrow with those joys with which  
 A stranger intermeddleth not, and in Thy strength,  
 Though weak myself, let me be conqueror still !  
 Thus, Lord, deliver me from evil here,  
 And in Thine own good time receive Thy son  
 To dwell with Thee, where evil never comes,  
 Or any of its children !

## July 30.

"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory."  
 MATT. vi. 13.

GRAND truth, and most encouraging ! Worms of earth,  
 Swaying a sceptre o'er a tiny speck  
 Of the same dust they're made from, may assume,

Look big, and talk like destiny! Punier still,  
 In the contracted circle which contains  
 The narrow fellowships of private men,  
 One 'mongst the rest, because his purse is full,  
 May swell and threaten, and perhaps oppress;  
 But tyrants, whether kingly or of home,  
 Are neither more or less than instruments  
 Used for wise ends by the one only King,  
 Whose is the kingdom and the power, and whose,  
 At last, shall be the glory! We may fear,  
 Tremble with apprehension, and turn pale,  
 When fellow-worms menace, but could we lift  
 The eye of faith above the mists of earth,  
 We should behold our heavenly Father sit  
 Calm on His ivory throne, observing all,  
 And so arranging each coincidence,  
 That man's free-will, still unconstrained, performs  
 His sovereign pleasure! The rich oppressor thus  
 May harass one to wean him from the world,  
 And raise his thoughts to heaven; may help,  
 For ostentation's sake, some needy saint;  
 And when his work is done, die, learning then  
 His real littleness! Kings of the earth,  
 Great men and mighty, may assemble, plan,  
 Arrange and rearrange; but history proves,  
 What Scripture tells, and every Christian owns,  
 God ruleth over all! His is the power,  
 The kingdom His, and His shall be the glory!

### July 31.

"Amen." MATT. vi. 13.

SEAL up our prayer,  
 Thou who Thyself emphatically art  
 The great, the mystical Amen, seal up  
 The prayer Thyself hast taught us with  
 Thine own grand imprimatur! Lord! we know  
 That we may bend the knee, and utter words,  
 Raise and attenuate the face, what time

The heart is unsubdued and wandering wide !  
 Oh, let our prayer be incense ! Condescend,  
 By Thy good Spirit teaching us to pray,  
 To cause, from the poor altar of our hearts,  
 An offering to ascend Thou wilt accept !  
 We look to Thee, Thou true Melchizedek !  
 Thou great High Priest ! who dost within the veil  
 Present and plead for Israel ! Lord ! be Thou  
 Our Intercessor and our Advocate !  
 And when in penury, in care, in pain,  
 Spiritual or temporal, we seek Thy throne,  
 Narrating all our sorrows and our needs,  
 And craving that relief and that supply  
 Which none but God can give us, then  
 Pronounce Thine acquiescence in Thy name,  
 And with Thine own "Amen !" fulfil the prayer,  
 Giving renewed occasion to our souls  
 To wreathe renewed thanksgivings !

### August I.

"Fight ye not with small or great, save only with the  
 King of Israel." 2 CHRON. xviii. 30.

WHEN Jesus left

The sparkling glories of His early throne  
 On mercy's errand, and the tidings reached  
 The sable courts of Satan, after surprise,  
 Like a wild wave, had swept across each brow,  
 And consultations deep and numerous,  
 Methinks the concave rang with the command :  
 'Captains of tens, fifties, and hundreds, hear !  
 Fight not with small or great, save only one,  
 E'en with this King of Israel ! To Him direct  
 All hell's artillery ; let every shaft  
 From every quiver point its aim at Him !  
 Remember, humbled as He now appears, 'tis He  
 Who pushed us out of heaven, and cometh now  
 To circumvent our deep-laid plot 'gainst man !'  
 Hosannahs to Thy name, Immanuel !

Thou by Thyself didst tread the wine-press then,  
 And with no arm to help fought every foe,  
 And every foe subdued, while all their rage  
 Developed only their hostility  
 To holiness and God!

And thus 'tis now!

Whene'er Jehovah in His sovereignty,  
 To carry on His plans, doth largely fill  
 Some glory vessel from the treasured grace  
 Which dwells in Jesus measureless, instantly  
 All hell uprises at the same command;  
 God's image, though enstamped on worthless clay,  
 Awakening all its rage and enmity!  
 Remembering this, my soul, when earnestly  
 Asking God's gifts to shew God's glory, ask  
 As earnestly protecting grace to shield  
 From every stratagem or fierce attack  
 Of this arch-enemy!

### August 2.

"I said, How shall I put thee among the children?"

JER. iii. 19.

· THINK, my soul,

If thy weak powers can grasp so large a thought,  
 Of the Almighty; He whose powerful word  
 Called up this universe from nought, ere yet  
 He spake it to existence, when His eye  
 Omniscient saw the blight it should sustain;  
 Think of Him in a thoughtful attitude!  
 Heaven's rich pavilion with its curtains drawn,  
 And meditation's lamp alight, while God,  
 In mood contemplative, prepares a scheme  
 To circumvent the spoiler! Mighty One!  
 Nothing was left for feeble man to do;  
 Well known to Thee his frailty, and Thy grace  
 Must not depend on his contingencies!  
*Wills and Shalls*, the utterance of that voice  
 Which said: "Let there be light!" must be

Like towers of brass for the security  
 Of all the chosen! "I *will* be their God!"  
 And, "They *shall* be My people!" Blissful words  
 Which all hell's sophistry can ne'er deface,  
 Nor all hell's power prevent! Immutable,  
 Thou changest not, nor hath defeat been known  
 In all Thy history! Every one  
 Embraced in that Thy mercy covenant,  
 Must reach his throne, his palm branch, and his crown,  
 Or Calvary's hill will shout a loud reproach,  
 And heaven's wide arch, in hollow vacancy,  
 Blush for a God who did not count the cost!

### August 3.

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as  
 the manner of some is." HEB. x. 25.

TO-DAY the King of Zion holds His court,  
 To-day especially free audience yields  
 Both to petitioners who seek His grace,  
 And to recipients who have tasted it!  
 To-day they are invited, nay enjoined,  
 To manifest their loyalty and love  
 By congregating round His mercy throne,  
 Glad courtiers of the heavenly majesty!  
 Shall earthly sovereigns on their levée days  
 See their doors thronged with eager suppliants,  
 In bright habiliments and borrowed gems,  
 For boons which at the best are circumscribed  
 By life's brief day, and shall the King of kings,  
 Whose bounty is eternal, and whose smile,  
 Unvarying, changes not, see vacant courts!  
 Have we no praise to yield, no gift to crave,  
 No treason to acknowledge, no soul sin  
 Burdening the conscience, asking a renewed,  
 A cleansing application of the blood which frees  
 From sin's defilement and from sin's distress?  
 Have we no fond desire to see the King,  
 The glorious King as He displays Himself



In beauty, love, and loveliness at court?  
 Wouldst thou commune with Jesus? most of all  
 He draws aside the veil and shows Himself  
 On Zion's hill, and whispers cheering words,  
 Forget-me-nots of rare and rich perfume,  
 Encouraging, enduring, fragrant, fresh!  
 Wouldst thou of Zion's Teacher learn thy path,  
 Or learn the meaning of some mystery there?  
 Wouldst thou afresh peruse thy title-deeds?  
 Oh, haste to court! though others may neglect,  
 Thou hast much business there!

#### August 4.

"They feared the Lord, and served their own gods."  
 2 KINGS xvii. 33.

SAMARIA'S hybrid sons,  
 In their deformed theology, portray  
 The creed and practice of the motley throng  
 Who falsely call themselves disciples now,  
 Assuming to be Christians. These fear God;  
 They fear Him with a servile dread as slaves,  
 They fear as they would fear a despot king,  
 They fear without a single spark of love,  
 Without a wish to see, or know, or praise,  
 Without a wish His home should be their home  
 Without a wish to be a son, an heir,  
 A child at home!

Thus moved by slavish fear,  
 Trembling, not loving, they acknowledge God  
 Outwardly; but with their hearts they serve  
 Nisroch, Adrammelech, and Ashima,  
 Dagon and Rimmon, Baal and Ashtaroth:  
 Old representatives of modern sins!  
 Thus one uprears an altar to his pride,  
 Yielding assiduous worship to this god,  
 Calling it self-respect! Another serves,  
 Gross idol! his own selfishness!  
 His thoughts and his endeavours are all given

To self-aggrandizement, self-ease ! Another rears,  
 Loftier divinity ! on a higher throne  
 The image of ambition, and in dust  
 Grovelling, he crouches, striving to obtain  
 A firmer clutch to rise and still to rise !  
 Some worship their own lusts, their sensual lusts,  
 Erecting in God's temple idols foul,  
 Corrupt, unclean ; and yet all fear the Lord !  
 Well they may fear, for when the Lord shall bare  
 His arm for vengeance, where shall these be found  
 Who fear but never love !

### August 5.

" There was no more sea." Rev. xxi. 1.

A HEAVEN without a sea ?  
 Without its beautiful expanse of waves,  
 So useful and so necessary here !  
 Chief ornament, chief contrast to our earth ;  
 Its purifier, renovator, health !  
 True, it may separate, but it yields the means  
 Of speediest union, speediest intercourse !  
 How could we live without its benefits ?  
 What though its symbol be perpetual change,  
 Destruction its amusement, and its brow  
 Sparkle with fresh enticements to deceive,  
 It always doth and always will allure,  
 And man bereaved or ruined still admires !

Mysterious sea ! so deep, so wide, so vast,  
 That one of its great oceans could engulf  
 The full extent of all humanity ;  
 Swallowing, still effortless, all cities built,  
 All towers and temples, ports and pyramids,  
 All the huge buildings man has ever reared,  
 And still flow on in undisturbed repose !

Mysterious sea ! who shall make catalogue  
 Of all the buried wealth beneath thy waves !  
 And when our world's materialism yields  
 To a new earth, shall there be no more sea

May we not rather understand the words  
Symbolical ; that there no boisterous storms,  
Tempestuous waves, or angry hurricanes,  
Shall frighten, or destroy, or overwhelm !  
We know that in the future glory home  
There is a sea like to a sea of glass,  
There is a river flowing from beneath  
The throne of God and of the Lamb ; a stream  
On either side of which, in fragrant wealth,  
The tree of life grows amid pastures green,  
Where happy saints by the still waters walk !  
Jesus, who calmed the storm in Galilee,  
Will shut from our eternal home the sea  
In all its rude and furious ravages,  
But of its beauty and its loveliness  
Heaven will not be deprived !

### August 6.

“ And he died.” GEN. v. 5.

OF man's large family,  
Some die in infancy, in childhood some,  
Some in full vigour, in approaching age,  
In gaunt decrepitude, but all at last  
Yield to the fell destroyer : all must die !  
The babe who sips the cup of life, and turns  
Disgusted at its taste ; the child who takes  
More copious, putting then the cup aside ;  
And he who drinks the lengthened chalice dry,  
Find death is in the draught ! Pale king of sighs !  
Lurking in every avenue of life,  
Enlisting all the catalogue of ills,  
And scattering fevers, aches, and accidents,  
Dark messengers to gather in mankind !  
Ponder, my soul, the general epitaph,  
The climax of the history of all !  
The sable cloud enveloping the close  
Of every life, the lengthened or the brief,  
But which to Christians proves a sable cloud,

Bright with a silver lining! "And he died!"  
 Carved on the worldling's sepulchre, describes,  
 Truly describes his death to future good,  
 To every future hope, or help, or aim,  
 His entrance to a death that will not die;  
 How different to the death the saint obtains!  
 'Tis a dark door, but o'er the portico  
 Faith hangs a lamp which soothes, and cheers, and guides;  
 And when the door is passed, he enters in  
 To life's long blissful immortality!  
 He dies to sin, to peril, and to pain,  
 He dies to grief, privation, and the world;  
 But lives to heaven, and home, and happiness,  
 To love, to glory, and to God!

### August 7.

"Wherefore have ye beguiled us?" JOSH. ix. 22.

THE Gibeonites with their old clouted shoes,  
 Old clothes, and mouldy bread, all counterfeit,  
 Portray in apt resemblance Rome's deceits!  
 Rome claims, but falsely claims, antiquity  
 For all her superstitions and her creeds;  
 Asking in vaunting tones the Protestant:  
 Where was his Church before his Luther lived?  
 As well might Rome inquire: Where was his face,  
 His face, which being stained, he therefore washed,  
 Before he washed it? Rome was once a Church,  
 A Church of Christ, by Christ's disciples formed,  
 And blest by Christ as other Churches were,  
 But never raised above them! That true Church,  
 Seduced by pomp and power, became in time  
 Encrusted with deformities and stains,  
 Many and foul, so foul and numerous  
 That Jesus Christ withdrew, and Rome became  
 An Antichrist, an opposition Church,  
 Upheld by craft, and crime, and cruelty!  
 Oh 'twas full time for washing, for the Church  
 Returning to antiquity again,

To wear her first simplicity, and shew  
That Rome's absurdities are novelties,  
Like the false Gibeonites' old clouted shoes,  
Old clothes, and mouldy bread, deceptively  
Made to seem old when they were really new !  
Truth is the true antiquity ; it flows  
In the pure stream of inspiration's page ;  
Take there the innovations introduced  
By Rome or Oxford, and if there refused,  
Spurn them, as Scripture spurns them, confident  
They are Gibeonite deceptions !

### August 8.

"Patient in tribulation." Rom. xii. 12.

DOTH Zion mourn because in Zion's path  
Are many tribulations ? Doth the sigh,  
Oft overcharged, almost in accents burst  
Of loud rebellion ? Zion should recollect  
Her Lord, her Saviour Husband, was Himself  
A Man of sorrows ! 'Tis His special name,  
His mediator title ; and, 'twould ill beseem  
A Man of sorrows for His own betrothed  
To choose a child of pleasure, or to have  
A wanton woman for His bride beloved !  
Even in the world, when trouble shades the man,  
Lightness and mirth, and love of revelry,  
Would, in a wife, be sadly out of place !  
But trouble has its day, and Zion soon,  
Emerging from the crucible, shall soar,  
Like a freed dove, with wings of yellow gold,  
And feathers gleaming in the cloudless sun,  
Like silver twice refined ! Then her Lord,  
Who chose her here in tribulation's fire,  
Refining in its furnace, will exclaim :  
Zion ! put on thy beautiful array,  
Jerusalem ! thy shining garments wear,  
Exchange the sackcloth and the ashes, change,  
For the white robe, the joyous countenance,  
The ornaments and happiness of love !

## Husband and Lord of Zion !

Thy Zion mourns, and mourns because she mourns !  
 Fain would she tread on trouble, and would smile  
 In sorrow's gloomiest moments, glorying  
 In tribulation as the path to Thee !  
 Fain would she love the cross, and prize the pain,  
 And only look upon the sable cloud  
 As a dark chariot, carrying her towards home !  
 But what she would, she cannot ! Gracious Lord !  
 Vouchsafe Thine aid, and let not sorrow's power  
 Be greater than the Saviour's !

## August 9.

" Believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of  
 glory." 1 PET. i. 8.

## THIS of itself

Is all-sufficient to confirm to me  
 That Rome, with her unending penances,—  
 Her torturing the body as a proof  
 Of growing sanctity ; the long, dismal face  
 Enjoined upon her worshippers ; the gloom,  
 Monastic or conventual, made to shroud  
 Abominations light would blush to see ;  
 All these so opposite to that true joy  
 Which Holy Scripture says accompanies  
 Bible religion realized by faith :  
 These tell me Rome's religion is not God's,  
 That Popery is man's invention, helped  
 By rare devices planned by Satan's self.

Rome, keep your mummeries, your tortures keep,  
 Excel in your contortions, dwell in pain,  
 In filth, and in privation, terming those  
 Who most endure your holiest holy ones ;  
 Give me a faith which, as I realize,  
 Demands from me no hateful practices,  
 No frightful tortures, nought unclean or foul,  
 But which redundantly the bosom fills  
 With hope, and love, and joy unspeakable,

Which gilds the face with brightness, to the eye  
 Supplies a beam of heavenly happiness,  
 And in the heart sheds ever new delight !

Earth, thou mayest bring thy troubles and thy toils,  
 Thy wants and thy bereavements, and the soul,  
 Oppressed, may suffer ; yea, the Lord by these  
 May wean, may discipline, make meet for heaven ;  
 But when our faith, above obscuring mists,  
 Lifting her glance to heaven, beholds her God,  
 Joy springs afresh in bliss unspeakable,  
 Joy, though eclipsed, enduring evermore !

### August 10.

“ The Lord . . . will deliver me out of the hand of  
 this Philistine.” 1 SAM. xvii. 37.

REASON and faith  
 Measure by standards differing totally !  
 Saul, with the rule of reason, counting up  
 The inches of the ruddy shepherd boy,  
 And, in marked contrast, the huge altitude  
 Of Gath's unrivalled son, would not believe  
 The child could fight the giant ! Jesse's son  
 Measured not self by tall Goliath's side,  
 But, measuring him with Israel's God, scarce saw  
 The dwindled monster in comparison ;  
 And fearless fighting, confident in faith,  
 The vaunted champion slew !

So is it now ;  
 In the arena of the Christian war,  
 In the soul conflict every saint endures,  
 When the temptation or the trouble comes  
 Advancing, like Goliath, unbelief,  
 Employing reason's optics, instantly  
 Trembling exclaims : I shall be overthrown !  
 He weighs the trial with his own weak strength,  
 And thinks it overwhelming ! Oh, 'tis well,  
 If faith, before rebellious thoughts arise,  
 Come with her balance and her telescope ;

Then shall the saint in confidence exclaim :  
 Who art thou, O great mountain ? thou shalt fall  
 Before the great Zerubbabel : the Lord,  
 The Lord who fights for me ! Giver of faith !  
 In the dark hour, when reason introduced  
 Urges to unbelief, oh, grant the grace,  
 In lively exercise ! Open the eye to see,  
 To see the Lord Omnipotent a Friend,  
 And then, all confident, the heart shall praise !

### August II.

“ Say now Shibboleth : and he said Sibboleth : for he  
 could not frame to pronounce it right.” JUD. xii. 6.

THINK not the Lord  
 Gave without reason the word Shibboleth  
 To test His Israel ! Why not another word ?  
 And wherefore test them by the aspirate ?  
 One cause may be assigned : pronounce the word,  
 The Sibboleth, without the aspirate,  
 'Tis merely in the head, upon the tongue,  
 A lip confession, shallow, effortless ;  
 But when 'tis spoken with the aspirate,  
 'Tis underneath the tongue, 'tis in the throat,  
 'Tis from the heart's recesses, and it costs  
 Some energy, some care, some thoughtfulness ;  
 Is not the word, then, one most suitable  
 Light triflers to distinguish from the saints ?  
 Amongst the giddy crowds, who, in this day  
 Of holiday profession, throng around  
 Religion's altar ; what a multitude  
 Can prattle eloquently, fluently,  
 When the theme lingers only in the head !  
 But test them with the Shibboleth, insist  
 That, leaving superficiales, they reveal  
 How, when, and why the Lord hath touched their  
 hearts !  
 Ask them the waymarks to the mercy-seat !  
 Ask them their plea there ! Ask them when it was



They realized felt intercourse with Heaven !  
 The language is all foreign, all far off ;  
 They cannot understand, much less pronounce ;  
 And when they answer 'tis in Ashdod phrase,  
 The Sibboleth without the aspirate !

Great Searcher of the heart !  
 My native tongue was Ashdod ! I could not  
 Pronounce, nor cared to learn, the language used  
 By Thy true Israel ; but, a pupil now,  
 Have I not realized Thy teaching, Lord,  
 And, learning, can pronounce !

### August 12.

" Made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the  
 saints in light." Col. i. 12.

SAINTS are stones,  
 Dug from old nature's quarry, shapeless, hard,  
 Uncomely, unattractive ! Saints are stones,  
 With hearts of stone, until the Spirit comes  
 And with the spade of Scripture separates,  
 Lifts from primordial gloom, and manifests  
 Their holier, higher, lasting destiny !  
 Saints are stones, by workmanship Divine,  
 Coincident with will Divine, prepared  
 To sparkle in that sacred edifice,  
 Of which the top, the chief, the corner-stone,  
 As well as the foundation, is the Lord !  
 Saints are stones ; and all the diligence  
 Of sculptor, lapidary, architect,  
 Faintly portrays the pains the Spirit takes  
 To fit them for their purpose ! Various tools  
 Earth's artisans employ to bring their work  
 As near perfection as earth's means afford ;  
 And God, uncircumscribed in means, employs  
 Towards each the dispensation suitable !  
 Some little stones, just from the mine emerge,—  
 In buildings large are many little stones,—  
 These taste of life and death, of sin and grace,

And pass on to the building; larger some  
 Know something of the hammer of the law,  
 And something of subduing, ere they pass  
 To fill their place; some are such rocky stones,  
 That constant tribulation's hardest blows,  
 The hammer, and the chisel, and the saw,  
 Ceaseless combined, scarce mould them into form!  
 Saints are stones, but saints are living stones,  
 And love, whose influence softens adamant,  
 Melts and transforms, and, in the Spirit's hand,  
 Changes these stones to flesh!

### August 13.

"Righteous Abel." MATT. xxiii. 35.

FIRST of the glorified!  
 First traveller through the shadowy vale of death!  
 First to pass through death's river! Alas,  
 That fratricide should introduce to heaven  
 The first to wear redemption's crown, and tune  
 Redemption's harp! The first to occupy  
 The first bright mansion in the home prepared!  
 Imagination pictures Abel's faith,  
 Abel's accepted offering; Cain's revenge,  
 Remorse, and flight; Adam and Eve's distress;  
 And Abel's soul, so cruelly expelled  
 From its clay tenement, and, all surprised,  
 Treading the upward path then unexplored!

Did seraphim await the unfolding door  
 Through which he entered immortality?  
 Did cherubim stand ready with the robe,  
 The white robe of Christ's righteousness, to clothe,  
 And circling round to lead him to the throne?

Scarce had angelic hosts this duty learned,  
 Learnt well since then; for daily, hourly now,  
 The spirits of the justified, released  
 From earthly cares and earthly sufferings,  
 Pass through the gate and enter their repose,  
 The glory purchased by their glorious Head!

Last of the glorified !  
 The fulness of redemption's harvest time !  
 Ye enter, ye shall enter not alone,  
 Not one by one, two by two ; ye shall come  
 As flock the doves unto the windows, ye,  
 Accompanying, surrounding joyously  
 Redemption's Author, ye shall come with Him  
 Ascending, a triumphant company,  
 Fresh from the Armageddon battle-field,  
 A number none can calculate !

### August 14.

"Only in the Lord." 1 Cor. vii. 39.

HAPPY the man who, having realized  
 The sovereign grace of God to his own soul,  
 Hath in his wife a fellow-heir of heaven !  
 Partakers equally, oh, who can tell  
 How much they are helpers of each other's joy ?  
 Happy that man, the happiest of his kind,  
 Though cares, privations, difficulties spring,  
 A constant crop, for ever in his path !  
 The smile, the whisper, when one hope, one faith,  
 One Saviour, twine two loving hearts in one,  
 Are softer, sweeter, more delightful far,  
 Than those elicited from other love !  
 And just as these two hearts like-minded taste  
 Supreme joy, oh, who shall count the woe,  
 The misery of him who hath a wife  
 A foe, a stranger, to the Lord he loves !  
 Satan soon learns the advantage this supplies,  
 And using as a bow the crooked rib,  
 Therefrom shoots frequent arrows at the breast,  
 Wounding the husband from a citadel  
 Built, as he hoped, to make his bliss secure !  
 Alluring most, and doubly difficult  
 To shun, temptation offered by the hand,  
 The word, the look of love ; and most acute  
 The mock, the sneer, the slander, tauntingly

Issuing from bosom friendship conjugal!

Dreadful companionship, by law and love,  
For life united to an enemy;  
Foe to one's soul, who blindly tempts to sin,  
Tempts with the fascinating word and look,  
And turns indignant when imparted strength  
Enables faith to conquer! Man of Uz!  
Say, was not this amid thy many griefs  
The crowning woe?

### August 15.

"They made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own  
vineyard have I not kept." SOL. SONG, i. 6.

WHAT more distressful, more distressing scene,  
Than at life's evening hour, when sable shades,  
Robing time's hemisphere, disclose alone  
The coming future, to behold a man  
Who, in the broad bright noon of active life,  
In the front ranks, filled a conspicuous place  
'Mongst those who preached of death, and heaven, and  
hell;

Earnest, exhorting sinners to repent,  
To make all certain for eternity;  
And now, himself, when death is folding up  
The page of his life's history, hesitant  
Where the wide yawning grave will bear him to!

'Tis sad to see a sinner in his sins  
Die hopeless, helpless, lost! More sad to see  
A soul, who seemed to walk in wisdom's ways,  
Tasting the perfume of her pleasant flowers,  
And curbed thereby from following gross pursuits,  
Die, manifesting that of Wisdom's self  
He had no saving knowledge! But more thrilling still  
To mark the death of one who, all his life,  
Boasted himself not only wisdom-taught,  
But Wisdom's own ambassador; who, all his life,  
Vaunted himself commissioned to enlist  
Soldiers beneath the banner of the cross;

Who, scattering drops upon the rosy brow  
 Of infancy, pronounced the babe new-born;  
 Laying his hand on youthful foreheads, spake  
 Their full adhesion to the Church confirmed;  
 And at the bed of parting life absolved  
 The half-plumed soul, and bade it wing its way,  
 Stainless and confident of future bliss!  
 Blind leader of the blind! How terrible,  
 When the blind watchman, at the brink of death,  
 Just sees his peril, and in anguish screams:  
 'They made *me* keeper of the vineyards! *Me!*  
 Who did not keep my own!'

### August 16.

"He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye."  
 ZECH. ii. 8.

ELISHA'S servant saw,  
 With much astonishment, the angelic hosts,  
 Gilding the mountains with their fiery cars,  
 And fiery coursers, eager to protect  
 The encompassed prophet, and with equal awe  
 Marked, at his bidding, blindness shroud the eye,  
 With sudden film, of those who came to slay!  
 Well might Elisha fearless meet the foe,  
 At every threat unflinching, confident  
 Cohorts of seraphs thus surrounded him,  
 And God Himself, with ready miracle,  
 Waited his prayer! Well might he say, Fear not!  
 Half blushing at the youth's timidity,  
 Ashamed *his* servant thus should doubt *his* Lord!

Almighty! unto whom Thy feeblest child  
 Is dear as are the prophets; different gifts,  
 And faith in different measure being given,  
 According to Thy will and for Thy work;  
 Not more protection had Elisha then  
 Than have Thy children now! Hast Thou not said  
 That Thou wilt always guard them as Thine eye,  
 And yet how much we doubt! Almighty Lord!

Prophet and servant both together dwell  
 In every Christian's heart! At times, by faith,  
 We seem to dare the world, and sin, and self,  
 And, confident in God, brave every foe!  
 The prophet shines triumphant, and in God  
 We do and will rejoice! Alas! too soon,  
 The servant whispers some desponding thought;  
 Old nature struggles to regain the throne,  
 And faith, which cannot consort with mistrust,  
 Recedes, till God more largely manifests,  
 Enabling faith to conquer!

### August 17.

"And Abraham rose up early in the morning . . . and  
 went unto the place of which God had told him."

GEN. xxii. 3.

'Tis early sunrise, and on Canaan's hills,  
 Bright in the cloudless morn, two travellers  
 Advance conversing; one an ancient man,  
 Of reverend, noble bearing, one a youth!  
 What is their errand? By Divine command  
 That old man goes to offer sacrifice,  
 The victim his own son, his only son,  
 The son of his old age, the promised son,  
 Seal of a covenant which insures to him  
 Eternal life, and yet he wavers not!  
 And when the youth during their walk inquired:  
 "Here is the fire and wood, but where's the lamb?"  
 His meant evasion proved a prophecy!  
 Unrivalled act! Stop, friend, it adumbrates,  
 And faintly adumbrates, a sacrifice,  
 A full surrender far surpassing this!  
 The great Jehovah gave His only Son,  
 The Son consented, and the Spirit sealed,  
 And Golgotha the consummation saw!  
 No voice was heard from heaven to intervene,  
 No substituted victim in the brake  
 Entangled, yielded then its meaner life!  
 Immanuel died! and all that prophecy,

And type, and temple, sacrifice, and priest,  
 The long array of dispensations gone,  
 Prefigured, then received accomplishment!  
 Immanuel died! gift of the Father's love!  
 Immanuel died! a willing Sacrifice!  
 Immanuel died! and now the Comforter  
 Immanuel's purchase draws with cords of love  
 To form Immanuel's crown!

### August 18.

"In My Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to  
 prepare a place for you." JOHN xiv. 2.

THINK not of heaven as of a long, long street,  
 Lined on each side with gorgeous palaces,  
 Mansions for saints to dwell in! Think not, my soul,  
 Of marble porticos, and every form  
 Of Memphian, Grecian, Gothic architecture,  
 Etherealized, enduring, and unstained!  
 Heaven is a place prepared for saints prepared;  
 And all that earth and earthly minds desire,  
 Yea, all that earth's imaginings conceive,  
 Is opposite to heaven, whose happiness  
 Is higher, holier, purer, lovelier,  
 Than carnal thought can reach! Our Saviour's words  
 Perhaps we may invert, in thinking He has gone  
 To get our palace ready; may it not be,  
 The mansions He alluded to are saints,  
 The saints themselves, Jehovah's dwelling-place,  
 Fit temples for the Spirit? Can one house  
 Contain uncounted mansions? Jesus speaks  
 Encouraging to those who sorrowing weep  
 At His departure: Many such as ye,  
 Mansions or temples where My Father dwells,  
 Already have My Father's presence reached,  
 And ye shall reach there too! Weep not! I go  
 Through the dark strife and darker loneliness,  
 Certain to rise triumphant, entering heaven,  
 Head of the Church and Representative!

Preparing thus the place for saints prepared,  
 Your entrance there is certain just as much  
 As those already entered ! Were it not so  
 I would have told you ! Teach us, glorious Lord !  
 To rest upon Thy word, and confident  
 Esteem yon heaven our home !

### August 19.

“ Why is his chariot so long in coming ? why tarry the  
 wheels of his chariots ? ” JUD. v. 28.

My soul, like Sisera's mother, often looks  
 Impatient through the lattice of the word,  
 And lattices of ordinances, like her  
 Asking : Why tarry thus the chariot wheels ?  
 Why doth my Lord so long His coming stay ?  
 Saviour ! 'tis long since Thou didst melt my heart,  
 Implanting there a strong desire for Thee,  
 A longing, more than for the world's best joys,  
 For a faith's vision of Thy countenance !  
 Earnest I asked that by the Spirit taught,  
 I might the saving knowledge realize  
 Of saving truth, and growing thus in grace,  
 In hope, in love, in confidence, might say  
 In the strong language which assurance knows :  
 I know in whom I have believed, that He  
 Is able to keep that committed to His care  
 Safe till the important day ! Saviour ! I wait,  
 All this long time have waited at Thy gates,  
 And yet Thy chariot stays ! Often I look,  
 Often inquire : Why doth my Lord delay ?  
 Am I for ever at the window dim  
 Of pale suspense to dwell, and shall my faith  
 Always endeavour unsuccessfully  
 To penetrate the haze that shrouds the view  
 Which Peter saw on Tabor, and which saints  
 Enjoy since in their measure ? Lord ! should I  
 Contentedly abide and dwell with hope,  
 Feeding my soul with warm imaginings,



And fancying appetite the same as food ?  
 Saviour ! regard Thy earnest supplicant !  
 Let not Thy gospel be a broken reed !  
 Let not Thy promise pleaded be in vain !  
 I come love-drawn, attracted by Thyself,  
 I come to Thee, and Thou hast said that none  
 Shall seek Thee and not find !

### August 20.

“ And He spake many things unto them in parables.”  
 MATT. xiii. 3.

SAINT ! be not vexed,  
 Except in grief they thus add sin to sin,  
 Because fools toss upon a thoughtless tongue  
 Truths which are very precious to thy soul !  
 Truth is not harmed thereby ; nay, truth itself  
 These scoffers do not reach ; they mock the words,  
 Jeering with most surprising irony, they think,  
 The truth contained therein : just as the swine  
 May much defile the casket which secures  
 Some gem of price ; but still the gem is clean,  
 As clean as truth remains, and will remain,  
 While scoffers spit their venom on its shell !  
 In the old dispensation God allowed  
 The outer court even of His holy house  
 To be by Gentiles trodden and defiled,  
 But outer worshippers might not profane  
 The sanctuary's self ! When Jesus spake,  
 He spake in parables which all might hear,  
 But thanked the Father that the things themselves,  
 Thus veiled in parable, were hid from those  
 Who had no interest in them, and who would but hear  
 To mock and to deride. Truth was concealed  
 From the world's wise and prudent, carefully  
 Folded and wrapped in husk, and shell, and rind,  
 So that truth's self, the kernel, might be kept  
 Pure from the touch and gaze of ignorance !  
 Solemn inquiry ! when I read and hear  
 The letter and the language, do I grasp

The kernel or the shell ? None receive  
 The truth in spirit till the Spirit break  
 The husk, the rind, and then the truth revealed  
 Will be too dear, too precious, and too prized  
 For mockery or for lightness !

### August 21.

" Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of  
 God in Christ Jesus." PHIL. iii. 14.

AND did the Grecian youth,  
 Competitors in the Olympic games,  
 Put forth their highest energies to win  
 A fading coronet of olive leaves,  
 The transient symbol of a dignity  
 Fleeting as was the garland it obtained !  
 How much more arduous should the Christian strive  
 To run worthy of his certain peerless prize,  
 The crown unperishing, the golden throne,  
 The mansion built eternal to endure,  
 The harp of never-dying melody,  
 The palm-branch, always fragrant, always fresh,  
 And the exhaustless happiness of heaven !

The runner or the wrestler might receive  
 Congratulations, making him forget,  
 As the green circlet wreathed his heated brow,  
 The toil gone by, the struggle and the pain !  
 'Twas evanescent fame ! The coming race,  
 The coming competition pushed aside  
 The earlier victor, and the gazing throng,  
 Seeking amusement, thought no more of him !  
 How different when the Christian terminates  
 His race, which ends in certain victory !  
 His conflict, which can never know defeat !  
 When he receives his crown, the smile of God,  
 More than commensurate, obliterates  
 All recollection of terrestrial toil !  
 Surrounding seraphs, singing rapturously,  
 Hail their young brother with redundant joy,

So overflowing that it fills him too!  
 And saints in glory, occupied in praise,  
 Spare one loud note congratulatory,  
 Sounding yet higher song to Him who gave  
 Strength to insure the victory!

### August 22.

"I will betroth thee unto Me for ever." Hos. ii. 19.

CHAPTER replete with mysteries,  
 With sad disclosures of unfaithfulness,  
 And revelations of unchanging love!  
 The bride of heaven, the bride of Christ, the Church,  
 For whose full perfectness the earth was built,—  
 The school to educate Christ's Hephzibah,—  
 Is pictured here: her purity, her sin,  
 Her restoration, and eternal bliss!

Espoused, betrothed before the world was formed,  
 She sank in degradation so complete  
 Recovery seemed hopeless, love destroyed!  
 But Jesus hates to put away! His love  
 Is everlasting love, changeless and pure!  
 He watched her in her wanderings, saw her rove  
 After her lovers, still unsatisfied,  
 And hedging up her way with thorns, He drew  
 From her rent heart the sorrowful lament:  
 'To my first husband I will now return;  
 'Twas better with me then than now.'

Allured and led thus to the wilderness,  
 What are the words of Jesus to His bride,  
 His sinful, sinning, but repenting bride:  
 I will speak comfort to her there, He says;  
 I will unbosom My eternal love,  
 I will espouse afresh in faithfulness,  
 In loving-kindness, and in righteousness,  
 And she shall know, and call me Ishi then!  
 Then shall she sing as in the days of youth,  
 All sins and sorrows shall be blotted out,  
 Her love shall all be centred in her Lord,

Receiving then all blessings as from Him,  
Constant and happy then !

Thus Zion in the aggregate : Christ's bride !  
First pure, then fallen, then restored and blest,  
Loved always with a love unchangeable !

Thus Zion individually : all sin,  
Are born in sin, and wander from the Lord ;  
All realize repentance, pardon, love ;  
And all unitedly shall constitute  
The bride, the Hephzibah of Jesus Christ,  
Resplendent in His glory !

### August 23.

" Leviticus."

#### LEVITICUS,

Heaven's book of emblems, hieroglyphics, types,  
By which, as in a picture-book, God shewed  
His Christ to juvenile humanity !

How poor, how vapid, how unmeaning seem  
The long array of countless services,—  
How needless, wasteful, and extravagant  
The constant slaughter of sheep, goats, and bulls,—  
How insignificant and valueless  
The ceremonies all so strictly ruled,  
The threatenings so replete with penalties,  
The punishments so rigidly enforced,—  
How unimportant and unnatural,  
Seen in themselves, do all these things appear !  
We pity the poor Jew, surrounded thus  
With services and claims so burdensome ;  
But when we read this book, all wonderful,  
In gospel light,—when we receive the key,  
Unlocking all its mysteries,—when we break  
The outside shell, the husk, and see by faith  
Its grand developments, its hidden wealth,  
We thank the Lord for what is thus revealed,  
And prize the gospel in Leviticus !

Herein we see man's utter sinfulness

Pictured in the mysterious leprosy !  
 See how abhorrent to a holy God  
 Must be man's thoughts, and words, and acts impure,  
 Portrayed in the ablutions, purifyings,  
 Cautions, and penalties for special sins !  
 Here see atonement, substitution, preached  
 In all the countless offerings, all too few  
 To adumbrate the one great Sacrifice  
 Enough for all ! In Aaron and his sons  
 We see the great High Priest within the veil,  
 Successful Intercessor ! and in Christ  
 The altar sanctifying every gift !

Leviticus !

Revealer of man's sin, revealing too  
 Man's only Saviour, when we read thy page  
 In gospel light, 'tis gospel everywhere !

### August 24.

"By faith Abraham." HEB. xi. 17.

#### MYSTERIOUS principle !

Attracting, melting, influencing men !  
 Mysterious power which from his Chaldee home  
 Led Abram forth to go he knew not where ;  
 Taught his unwilling hand submissively  
 To raise the knife against his cherished son,  
 And die at last assured his seed would spread  
 Far as the sunshine glistens, while with God  
 He should abide in bliss untellable !

Did Abraham never in faith's exercise  
 Harbour a doubt, ne'er feel the shivering pang  
 Caused by the whisperings of pale unbelief ?  
 Oh, say not, no, for then not Abraham's faith,  
 In kind or in degree, is mine, my Lord !  
 Thou, Searcher of men's hearts, dost know I yearn,  
 Desirous to believe, and oft when gloom  
 Darkens my pathway, do a prayerful tongue,  
 An upraised eye, and hand outstretched towards Thee,  
 Picture faith's attitude ; oh, why, my God !

In that confiding hour, do questionings  
 Rash and unholy in my bosom rise,  
 Which cause the eye to stray, relax the hand,  
 Give to the tongue a different theme, and strive,  
 Though vainly strive, to make my heart believe  
 That the foundation of my trust is vain,  
 My faith not genuine, and my hope untrue !

This might not Abraham, but Thy word reveals  
 That Abraham sought devices and planned schemes  
 Not from the Lord. Abraham doubted then !  
 Though more atrocious be my doubts than his,  
 Satan shall not persuade me doubts condemn ;  
 I'll yet believe, or strive to, prayerfully,  
 That God will hear me, and increase my faith !

### August 25.

"Look unto Me !" Isa. xlv. 22.

EDEN first heard the enabling mandate given !  
 Its echoes taught young Abel to discern  
 His Saviour through the slaughtered lamb, and gave  
 To Enoch's meditative eye a glance  
 Of Zion's coming King ! "Look unto Me !"  
 Inspired old Noah with sufficient strength  
 To brave the general sneer, and build an ark,  
 In which his faith beheld a sanctuary  
 From a more dangerous deluge, and induced,  
 Instant outstepping, his first act to be  
 Oblation and thanksgiving !

"Look unto Me !"

Roused from the general slumber, Terah's son,  
 And Abram left his country and his kin,  
 Following, by faith, the Lord ! In every state,  
 In all vicissitudes, the patriarchs heard  
 The still encouragement, and all their foes,  
 Mizraim, and Amalek, and Midian, felt  
 The direful issue !

"Look unto Me !"

Forth from His ancient throne the Speaker comes,

And faith beholds in Bethlehem's humble cot,  
 His glory shrouded and His might withheld,  
 The woman's seed, the promised King, the Priest,  
 To whom onlooking from the garden gloom,  
 Israel approached; and now faith trembling sees  
 Suspended on the cross, the Man, the God,  
 The mighty Mediator born to save!

"Look unto Me!"

Prospective now no more, nor present now;  
 But faith, with retrospective eye, beholds,  
 Clearly as patriarchs and apostles did,  
 The King, the Priest, the Saviour! "Look unto Me!"  
 Six thousand years unchanged, unchangeable,  
 The proclamation stands: "Look unto Me!"  
 And be ye savèd, all ye ends of earth!

### August 26.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath." Prov. xv. 1.

IF we scan

The wide or narrow circle of our friends,  
 And weigh their worth, we find, alas! that all,  
 Even in the glance of charity, possess  
 Some spot; and if we mark ourselves,  
 We are not perfect! Humanity,  
 Like the spoilt picture of some master-mind,  
 Hath much to admire, but prominent  
 The fault obtrudes! When Lucifer  
 Poured the dark drop at Eden's fountain-head,  
 He poisoned every stream! When Eve  
 The cup of disobedience tasted there,  
 She gave to all her children naughtiness,  
 Which only death can end! The grave  
 Is nature's crucible! Our bodies thence,  
 Pulverized, new made, new modelled there,  
 Shall rise in pristine beauty, like the Lord,  
 If in the Lord, on earth regenerate!  
 Oh, let this truth teach tenderness to all!  
 And when we mark unlovely tempers rise,

When in our brother, in God's likeness made,  
 And more especially in one new-born,  
 We see the shadow of the tempter flash  
 O'er features God made good, oh, let us ask,—  
 Not of the tempter, more of his own pride,  
 Indignant to reply,—but at the throne,  
 The mercy throne, where sits the Prince of Peace,  
 Let us, all conscious we are liable  
 To the same tempter, the same tempest too,  
 Ask larger measure of that heavenly grace  
 Which calms, and loves, and wins!

### August 27.

"One star differeth from another star in glory."

1 Cor. xv. 41.

HATH heaven an aristocracy?  
 When in his loneliness the apostle saw  
 Bright visions of its glory, nearest the throne,  
 The emerald throne, arrayed pre-eminent,  
 He marked a throng which 'mongst the shining hosts  
 Seemed most exalted! Surely, he thought, these  
 Are heaven's superior seraphim: highest these  
 Of all the high archangels! Favourites,  
 Sharing God's special smile! Nay, said the Elder, these,  
 These, the resplendent ones, these are the saints,  
 The spirits of the justified, who came  
 Through tribulation, great and fierce, to heaven!  
 These washed their robes, and made them clean and white,  
 In Calvary's opened fountain, in the blood  
 Of the slain Lamb! and now they sing the song,  
 The song which Moses sang, which he still sings:  
 Praise to the Lamb, for He was slain for us!  
 These are the men who in humility,  
 Strengthened by faith, walked in this lower world,  
 Defamed, afflicted, persecuted, scorned;  
 But they were sharers in redeeming love,  
 In free, and sovereign, and efficient grace!  
 They bowed their willing hearts, divinely taught,  
 Grateful receiving all which grace bestowed;



**August 28.**

OBSERVE the men  
 Taught of the world's Gamaliels, as they add  
 Increase of knowledge to their treasured stores ;  
 As intellect expands, and mind grows-large,  
 How high they tower above their fellow-men !  
 How self-conceit, and boastfulness, and pride  
 Accompany and dictate arrogance !  
 And this not only in earth's sciences,  
 But in the things of God, when learnt of man !  
 Contrast these worldly taught and worldly wise  
 With those whose teacher is the Holy Ghost !  
 His mode of teaching differs totally  
 From that pursued in earthly colleges !  
 Tutors in this world prize what's previous known ;  
 They much appreciate talent, genius, wit,  
 And cultivate such soil complacently !  
 God strips and empties, humbles and subdues,  
 And teaches nothing till the pupil learn,  
 Hard lesson ! that he nothing knows aright !  
 Receiving then upon the knee of prayer,  
 He proves his progress in discipleship,  
 And makes the gifts vouchsafed more manifest,  
 By large advances in humility !  
 Go, ask the fluent prattler, hath he learnt  
 The first line of the heavenly Teacher's task ?  
 Ask if he ever felt his ignorance  
 Of God, of self, of sin, and righteousness ?

The mantling forehead and the haughty eye,  
 Ere the proud lip uncurl, will soon disclose  
 God hath not been his teacher ! hath not yet !

### August 29.

" Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated."  
 Rom. ix. 13.

WOULD ye in one word  
 The leading feature of God's book portray,  
 Its grand characteristic ? 'Tis soon known :  
 Discrimination marks the Scripture page  
 From its beginning to its close ! It shews  
 Two families, two seeds, two characters !  
 Their origin, their progress, and their end !  
 Jacob and Esau ; sheep and goats ; the bond,  
 The free ; the dead, the living ; seeds distinct,  
 Which, much as men may strive to amalgamate,  
 Will never mingle ! Hagar's seed will still,  
 Enamoured of their chains, term obstinate,  
 Their vassalage true freedom ; poor blind slaves !  
 Equally slaves the children of the free,  
 Till mercy shining shews their manacles,  
 When, rising in imparted strength, they wage  
 A ceaseless war with Satan, sin, and self !  
 The world may strive to unite these separate seeds !  
 May banns of matrimony publish wide  
 In tones of tenderness, but it may not be ;  
 'Tis inexpedient, monstrous, base, and foul,  
 And God will circumvent, and keep His gold,  
 His fine gold, purified of nature's dross,  
 From mingling with the Canaanite again !  
 All fell in Adam, and all fell alike,  
 'Tis covenant love the grand distinction makes,  
 And covenant love, which makes salvation sure,  
 Lifting the elect above vicissitude,  
 Will bear the Church, in everlasting arms,  
 Right up to heaven, while they who in their fall,  
 Fall unsustained and unrestored by love,  
 Will falling fall, pressed down by their own sins,  
 To never-ending woe !

## August 30.

"I will remove the iniquity of that land in one day."  
Zech. iii. 9.

SING loudly, rapturously,  
The mighty power of Zion's mighty One,  
Her great Redeemer, Surety, Substitute;  
Who with His own right arm quelled all her foes,  
Purchased with His own righteousness a robe,  
Commensurate in purity and size,  
For all His Church, and with His precious blood,  
Infinite price! bought pardon for them all!  
Oh, 'twas done nobly, as a God should do!  
And all that earth terms splendid chivalry,  
Likened therewith, shrinks insignificant!  
He gave His pledge in glory's council-halls,  
When sin, foreseen before the world was made,  
Needed atonement, and upon His word  
Heaven's thrones received the earlier ransomed ones!  
Then at the appointed time He folded up  
The broad bright rays of His divinity,  
Shrouding in manhood, glory which sometimes  
In miracle, in parable, in love,  
Outbreaking, vividly to those He loved,  
Would manifest the God, and thus  
Fitted to obey, to suffer, and to die,  
Jesus triumphantly fulfilled His pledge,  
And in one day the mighty payment made,  
Amplly, sufficiently, and punctually!  
Zion rejoice, Thy great Redeemer asked  
Neither deductions, nor concessions, nor for time  
To pay it by instalments; all was done  
Fully, completely, and His dying breath  
Said, "*It is finished!*" as a proof thereof!

My soul!

Seek not to add to what a God hath done!  
Soil not His righteousness with rags of thine!  
Make Him thy only plea in every prayer,  
And prayer shall end in praise!

## August 31.

"Lord both of the dead and living." Rom. xiv. 9.

THERE are two congregations at our church,  
Our village church, and most have also two.

The first come but on Sundays ; some come twice,  
Some come but seldom, and go wearied home.  
The other congregation one by one,  
Attended by a following, sable clad,  
Come and have stayed ; they go away no more !  
Now of this second gathering most belonged  
Aforetime to the first ; they have changed places now !  
When they were of the first, they came or went,  
Listened or listened not, just as they pleased ;  
They came by varying motives influenced :  
Some because it was respectable, some  
Because it was a listless day, and well  
The visit to the church employed its hour ;  
Some came to meet their friends, some came  
To shew in ostentation a new dress,  
Some came to worship, worshipping in love !

I sat upon a grave-stone ; silently  
Communing with the assembly that remained,  
The second and the larger gathering ;  
They were unseen, but unmistakably  
Voices came from their sepulchres. Hark ! one speaks :  
Oh, had I known in my life's day the things  
That make for peace, but now for ever hid !  
I cannot in the grave repentance find,  
Or hope, or faith, or love, all offered once !  
Read on another grave-stone : Absent now  
From friends and loved ones, present with the Lord !  
Read on another : Christ is All in All !  
And on another : Saved by precious blood !

Solemn the language that the grave-stones speak,  
More solemn still their silence ! Oh, that all  
Who gather on the Sunday, worshipping  
Within the walls, would now and then commune  
With the large silent gathering who outside,

Earnestly, urgently, preach from their tombs :—  
 Oh, do not ye, whose day of grace is now,  
 Neglect the great salvation !

### September 1.

“ Workers together with Him.” 2 Cor. vi. 1.

WHAT is the Christian's greatest privilege,  
 His highest duty, and his noblest aim ?  
 'Tis much to feel assured that Christ is ours,  
 Our Saviour, Intercessor, Priest, and King !  
 'Tis much to feel that in the opened fount  
 We have been washed and cleansed and sanctified ;  
 To realize the Fatherhood of God,  
 And our adoption in the family,  
 Through Christ our elder Brother ! Knowing this,  
 Oh, who would be an idler in the Church,  
 A drone within the hive where all should work ;  
 Working not now for life and recompense,  
 Working not now the drudgery of a slave,  
 But working as a child, a child at school ;  
 Working to please the Master, full of love  
 And full of gratitude for mercies given ;  
 Working to make the privileges known,  
 The present happiness and future joy ;  
 Working to introduce poor prodigals,  
 Poor wanderers out at present in the cold,  
 Thoughtless and prayerless, ignorant of Christ,  
 Into the discipline and into love ;  
 Working to publish loud and wide and free  
 The blessings of salvation and of heaven ;  
 Working to invite, persuade, encourage, warn ;  
 Working to win some souls to Jesus Christ ;  
 Working in hope that when we reach yon heaven,  
 Our crown be not all starless 'mongst the bright ;  
 Working to learn the symphonies above,  
 The hallelujahs at the sea of glass,  
 The glorious anthem ever fresh and new !  
 But some may say, that he who thus exhorts

Should perhaps exhort himself! Most true, my friend;  
 The writer bows in full acknowledgment.  
 What hath he done for Jesus? less than nought!  
 Yet he would work for Christ, would serve the Lord,  
 For Jesus Christ is precious to his soul!  
 This volume is his offering, worthless else!  
 Oh, that the Lord, accepting what is nought,  
 Would bless the effort, by such feeble means  
 Calling some souls to seek and find and love!

### September 2.

"And Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man  
 with him until the breaking of the day." GEN. xxxii. 24.

#### MOONLIGHT

Her silvery rays wide scattering, shews  
 An eastern landscape in its loveliness:  
 The extensive valley with its rising grounds  
 Covered with towering palm-trees, olive, fig,  
 And spreading sycamore, is hushed in peace;  
 No living thing disturbs the quietude,  
 Save where the pebbly Jabbok winds its course,  
 Slowly meandering! There, in attitude  
 Of urgent supplication, Jacob kneels;  
 His wives and children, flocks and herds, have crossed  
 The brook; he stays to plead for safety!  
 Long time the angelic visitant restrains,  
 But prayer, all-prevalent, o'ercomes at last,  
 And more than asked the conquering wrestler gains:  
 Esau appeased, his hostile purpose leaves,  
 And to his kindred and his native land  
 The patriarch comes with name of royalty!  
 Thus when the sable robe of trouble shrouds  
 My hemisphere; all prudent plans pursued,  
 At eventide's lone hour may I withdraw—  
 In sorrow every hour is eventide—  
 Apart from human gaze, and of the Lord  
 Seek urgently, as then the patriarch sought,  
 That blessing which alone can dissipate

The threatening thunder-cloud, and circle it  
 With the bright promise bow which smiling tells  
 God still remembers mercy !

### September 3.

“They came to Jesus.” LUKE vii. 4.

AND how came you to Jesus ?

Oh, I was always taught to love His name ;  
 In early infancy was taught to pray,  
 Was told the story of His wondrous love,  
 Was told how God first made the world so good ;  
 And how to our first parents came the foe,  
 Teaching them how to sin, and how they sinned ;  
 How God had pre-determined man to save,  
 And gave His Son to suffer and to die,  
 To pay the penalty that justice claimed !

This was my childhood's grand and glorious theme !

I thought of Eve and Adam in their home,  
 Dwelling 'mongst flowers, and knowing nought but love ;  
 I thought how pleasant, when their work was done,  
 Their evening walk when they conversed with God,  
 Happy and lovely in their innocence !  
 Then, angry at the tempter, oft I wished  
 I had been there to beg them not to sin ;  
 And when I learnt that our first parents' sin  
 Had tainted me, had tainted every one,  
 Corrupt in birth, corrupt in naughtiness,  
 Which even children soon discern is sin ;  
 When I was told that this Lord Jesus Christ  
 Had died to put away our sin, that He  
 Especially invited children to His love,  
 And that He gladly welcomes all who come,  
 Indeed I loved—loved Him for loving me !

'Twas thus I came, but when 'twas first I came  
 I cannot tell ; always I seem to come.  
 I come to Him for everything I want,  
 I come to Him and thank for all He gives,  
 I come to Him when any trouble grieves,

I come to Him when any joy delights,  
I come acknowledging all comes from Him ;  
And then I pray that He will sanctify  
All that He gives and all that He withholds ;  
And I have asked that, loving Him so much,  
He will enable me to tell His love,  
And win some more to love Him !

### September 4.

" They came to Jesus." LUKE vii. 4.

AND how came you to Jesus ?  
'Twas late in life ! I had long lived in sin,  
Steeped in depravity for many a year ;  
Parental love, parental discipline,  
Had striven to check my early wanderings ;  
But I was wild and wayward, angrily  
Scorning rebuke, and disregarding love.  
I thought this world my home, and seventy years,  
When life was young, seemed a wide vista given,  
Enough for wealth and fame and happiness !  
Thus long I lived a worldling, grasping gold,  
Spending in sin, ambitious, selfish, proud ;  
How could the gospel-call reach such as me !  
It did not till my head was hoar and grey ;  
When, having drank of vice at all its founts,  
I felt a craving I could not supply.  
Then, in my loneliness,—for I was alone,—  
The inquiry seemed to ring within my breast :  
Is the world all man lives for ? When he dies,  
Is all his history accomplished then ?  
What is this restlessness, this new desire,  
This panting for some good unrealized ?  
I read the world's philosophies ; sought out  
Her various creeds, and all her ethics weighed :—  
Alas ! the world by wisdom knows not God !  
At last I read the Bible, read it through ;  
But while admiring it, I little learnt ;  
It seemed to me all parable ; I longed



To prove that heaven and hell, and God Himself,  
 Were sacerdotal fictions to deceive !  
 Then I became a soldier, bold and brave ;  
 I laughed at piety and pious folk.  
 I fought in many battles, and escaped  
 Unwounded, to become more infidel.  
 At last the message came : one in the ranks  
 Had often been the butt for ridicule,  
 Because he read his Bible, prayed, and went  
 To little gatherings where, like-minded, some  
 Met for united prayer. Passing the place,  
 I heard their singing, and with angry jeers  
 Mocked at their worship. On the next day  
 Was the great battle, where, struck down at last  
 I writhed in agony. He sought me out,  
 Tended with all a woman's tenderness,  
 And pointed me to Jesus. I was won  
 By his unselfish kindness. Read by him  
 The Bible seemed no longer hard and dry ;  
 I learnt the Saviour's love, and realized  
 The precious truth that Jesus died to save—  
 To save even me ! and I am saved in Him !  
 How I resolved, by me  
 Religion never should be made a task,  
 The Bible never be a punishment !

### September 7.

"They came to Jesus." LUKE vii. 4.

AND how came you to Jesus ?  
 I cannot say I ever came to Him.  
 I was indifferent to the gospel call ;  
 I heard, but heeded not its melody ;  
 I did not feel that I was poor or weak,  
 Or sick or heavy-laden ; and I thought  
 The call was meant for low and abject ones !  
 Clad in my own self-righteousness, unstained  
 By outward immoralities, I deemed  
 Salvation was for sinners, not for me !

And so in pride and negligence I walked,  
 Heedless of God and heedless of His word !  
 'Twas well for me that God remembered me,  
 And in paternal discipline, in love,  
 Drew me to love, convincing me of need !  
 'Twas a long work, but 'twas effectual.  
 A rough, rude messenger first came to me,  
 Stern tribulation ! with his angry eye,  
 And his unwished companionship ; I strove  
 Indomitably, arduously, long time  
 To conquer and expel, but strove in vain ;  
 He only frowned with a more cruel frown,  
 He only piled upon me heavier load ;  
 Then in my helplessness, One came to help,  
 Unasked, unsought ; so manifestly helped,  
 That even in the troubles I rejoiced,  
 And longed to know this great Deliverer more !  
 Then 'twas I also learnt my sinfulness,  
 That though kept under by restraining grace,  
 Within my heart are seeds of every sin,  
 Waiting the opportunity to act !  
 Condemned and helpless, yet in love sincere,  
 I bent in supplication at the throne,  
 Seeking deliverance from the greater woe,  
 The peril of eternal punishment !  
 You see I did not come ; God came to me !  
 Drew me with cords of love, and filled my heart  
 With earnest longings, inexpressible,  
 That He would manifest Himself to me,  
 My Father, Saviour, Guide !

### September 8.

“ They came to Jesus.” LUKE vii. 4.

AND how came you to Jesus ?  
 I was a waif of womanhood ! a Magdalene !  
 Convinced by sad experience of my sin,  
 Kind hands had led me to the Refuge, where  
 Kind hearts had succoured and admonished me.

Amongst our frequent visitors was one,  
A matron in her queenly purity ;  
She took me by the hand before she spoke,  
Kissed my wan forehead, and thus reached my heart.  
“ My sister,”—yes, she said to me, “ my sister,”  
While tears rolled down my cheeks,—“ Jesus Christ  
Calls you to come to Him, calls you by me!  
He can give rest and peace ; will you not come ?  
He pardons and receives ; accept His grace,  
And pray for strength to rise and sin no more ! ”

Often she came, and from the Testament  
Read me sweet narratives of Jesus’ love ;  
The words came fresh, though often heard before  
In the old church, in my own village home,  
Whence I was lured in girlhood, lured to sin ;  
They sounded like sweet memories of the past ;  
I seemed to hear again, over the fields,  
The music from the belfry ; and once more  
To gather wild flowers in the sweet green lanes,  
When I was young and glad and innocent !

She left the book with me, saying again,  
“ My sister, read it, read it prayerfully ;  
And may the Lord, who there reveals His love,  
Reveal that love to you, and make you blest.”

And I was blest ! I left that Refuge-home  
A humble follower of the Lord ; and then,  
A servant, still a sister, to her house  
I went. I loved to attend and wait on her,  
To shew my gratitude and prove my truth.

She has since gone to heaven ; but oft I feel  
Her kiss upon my forehead, and I hear  
Her gentle words, “ My sister ! ” and they bring,  
The recollection brings the tear again,  
The tear of thankfulness and love and hope !



## September 9.

"They came to Jesus." LUKE vii. 4.

AND how came you to Jesus?  
I scarcely know. I was a poor, poor boy,  
Poor from my childhood, so exceeding poor  
I often wanted bread, and then I stole.  
I knew 'twas wrong, but I was nearly starved!  
But soon I took to stealing other things,  
Was punished and imprisoned; but I thought  
My worst misfortune was to be found out.  
Thus youth dragged up from childhood, and I grew  
Matured in wickedness of every kind.  
I never thought of God. I thought the church  
Was for the rich and the respectable,  
Not for the outcast, ragged, and profane.  
Sometimes in the low, wretched neighbourhood  
Where was my home, I heard, with wondering ears,  
A city missionary preach. I thought it strange  
That he should take the trouble. It seemed kind;  
And once the words, "Let whosoever will  
Come to the Saviour," fastened on my mind.  
And, singular enough, when rambling once  
On a bright summer Sunday in the fields,  
I went in a church porch to rest awhile,  
And heard again the "Whosoever will!"  
At last I got a Bible, searching there  
To find the words, and find out what they meant.  
I saw the missionary, and through him  
Got into honest work; and when he preached  
Often stood by, helping to sing the hymns.  
He was my chiefest friend, assisting me  
With kindly counsel and encouragement,  
Teaching me the truth. I was very slow,  
Grievously slow, in learning; but I learnt,  
For I was earnest in the work, and soon,  
By little and by little, I engaged  
In the same humble, noble enterprise;  
And having realized that Christ is mine,

I long to tell home-heathens, such as I,  
That Jesus is as willing to receive  
Even them as He was me !

### September 10.

"They came to Jesus." LUKE vii. 4.

AND how came you to Jesus ?  
I thought I came to Him in early youth.  
I was enchanted with His character,  
So good, so kind, so moral, so divine !  
I set Him as my pattern, and resolved  
That I would imitate, and be as pure.  
I loved to talk of Him in lofty phrase  
As the true model man, as Virtue's self ;  
I said that every man could, if they would,  
Be true and good and innocent as He.  
And so I set about the work myself,  
Was very watchful, very circumspect,  
Weighed every word, and every feature shaped,  
Boasting that on the yet unsullied page  
Of my young life I would write perfectness.

I cannot say I felt quite happy thus,  
For once a plain old man inquiring asked,  
Where did you glean this character of Christ ?  
If from the Bible, you are surely wrong,  
For there Christ claims Divine prerogatives,  
Asserts equality with God, and died,  
He says Himself, a sacrifice for sin.  
Now, if you take His character from thence,  
You must accept the whole,—that He is God !  
Immanuel in our nature, born to save !  
The Mediator between God and man,—  
Or else your Christ is an impostor ! Choose,  
Choose as you will ! Jesus is God and man,  
United in one person, or, I dare not say  
What then is Christ, your Christ, I mean, not mine !

I could not but acknowledge he was right,  
And yet I wished to hold my theory.

But Jesus Christ had mercy on my soul,  
 I heard one preach on the apostle's words,  
 "To whom then shall we go? Thou hast the words  
 Of life eternal." This was upon my heart  
 And on my conscience by the Lord impressed ;  
 And in humility and earnestness  
 I came to Jesus,—no mere mortal man,—  
 But Jesus Christ, my Saviour and my God !

### September II.

"And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with a reed twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." Rev. xxi. 16.

MEASURE from London to St. Petersburg,  
 Thence downwards measure to Byzantium ;  
 Thence right away to Calpe's ancient rock,  
 The pillars of the fabled Hercules ;  
 Thence back to London, and you thus supply  
 In space commensurate, or nearly so,  
 The ground-plot of the new Jerusalem :  
 Twelve thousand furlongs—fifteen hundred miles.  
 Absurd, says one, the wide world has no space,  
 No fitting space in all its continents,  
 Sufficient to afford a site so large ;  
 And if it had, the axis of the earth  
 Would break beneath the weight, and the riven world,  
 Bursting its ancient balancings, would reel  
 A dislocated truant—thing in space.

Stay, man, you only grasp as yet one thread  
 Of the great problem ! This Jerusalem,  
 City of the great King, so wonderful,  
 Equal in length and breadth, is equally  
 Twelve thousand furlongs high, a perfect cube !  
 Now, come with your arithmetic, and count  
 How many several platforms this would give,  
 City on city multitudinous ;  
 Then, tell how many mansions all would hold !

Laugh, scorner, laugh, and ask derisively  
 What lights, what ventilates the lower floors ?  
 How is each floor sustained ? how separate ?  
 And then object that atmospheric weight  
 Would crush therein all life to nothingness !

Well, I will answer when you have defined  
 The limits of illimitable power,  
 Illimitable wisdom, goodness, love !  
 Till then I will not captiously inquire  
 Into the plan of the great Architect,  
 Quite confident the God who made the world  
 Can give it capability to be  
 The theatre for all His grand designs !

When I behold the sea, and contemplate  
 Its vast, inexplicable mysteries,—  
 When I survey the night sky with its stars,  
 Which science tells me are worlds numberless,—  
 When I muse on life's wonders close around,  
 Still unexplained and unexplainable,—  
 I can accept, believe, adore, and love !  
 My fervent prayer : Make me a citizen,  
 O Lord, of this Thy new Jerusalem !

## September 12.

“ And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a  
 cloud, to lead them the way.” Exod. xiv. 21.

WHEN Israel left

One station for another, it was done  
 By mandate from the Lord, made manifest  
 By the removal of their wondrous guide,  
 Pillar of cloud, which, hovering o'er the spot,  
 Appointed thus each future resting-place !  
 What though the wells gave bitter waters there,  
 Though Amalek might come and fight with them,  
 Though plague, rebellion, or the crested forms  
 Of fiery serpents met them there, if  
 Towering high the cloudy pillar still  
 Marked that their habitation, there the Lord,

His promises fulfilling, will appoint  
 A way for their escape, or will supply  
 Strength equal to their day, and make them see  
 His wisdom evident in every rod !

The Christian thus when trouble rises high,  
 Climbing some summit will do well to mark  
 If the cloud led him there, or if perchance  
 His wayward steps went onward ere the breeze,  
 Waving the branches of the mulberry tree,  
 Told him that God preceded him to bless !  
 Important question ! To the watch-tower haste,  
 All ye whose atmosphere is gloominess !  
 And rest assured if conscience witnesses  
 The voice of prayer asked counsel of the Lord,  
 The voice of prayer shall still be harbinger,  
 Nathless the threatenings of a hostile world,  
 To the glad voice of praise !

### September 13.

“ And He shall sit as a refiner.” MAL. iii. 3.

COME, troubled one, and with me watch awhile  
 The refiner at his work ! We may learn there  
 Much that is profitable and cheering too !  
 See him cast in the crucible the wedge  
 Of drossy metal ; what doth he now ?  
 Surely the fire may do its work, while he  
 Minds other business ; nay, nay, he saith,  
 I put it there not to destroy but purify !  
 And patient and attentively, while there,  
 He sits and watches it ; for suddenly  
 'Tis purified, and in a moment more  
 The dross again commingles. Look again,  
 One lesson yet : when in the liquid gold  
 The refiner sees his face, 'tis purified,  
 'Tis standard metal, braving every proof !

Thou art now in the furnace, 'tis thy day  
 Of dark adversity ! Mark the promise then,  
 Considering its encouragement : “ I



Sit as a refiner!" 'When My child is stained  
 With the world's dross, and furnace work begins,  
 Shall the refiner watch his fleeting gold  
 More carefully than I the jewels of My crown?  
 The fire must burn to purify and purge,  
 But not a moment longer, lest despair  
 Breathe a fresh mildew o'er the shining wedge!  
 As a refiner will I sit, and when  
 I see My likeness in Mine Ephraim, then,  
 Then will I say, he is My pleasant child!  
 Though I seemed angry, yet I love him still!  
 My bowels trouble Me about My son,  
 Yea, still I earnestly remember him,  
 And will have mercy on him, saith the Lord!'

### September 14.

"Come, buy wine and milk without money and without  
 price." Isa. lv. 1.

SAVIOUR! this wine and milk, fain would my soul  
 Draw near to purchase! 'Tis free, and therefore, Lord,  
 Most suitable for me with nought to give!  
 Once, 'tis a bygone day, I thought to live;  
 That my life's conduct, and some formal prayers,  
 My abstinence from what the world calls sin,  
 And much attendance at the sanctuary,  
 Would wreath a something, not contemptible,  
 To offer in exchange! I thank Thee, Lord,  
 That now, awakened by the Holy Ghost,  
 I know and glory in the humbling truth,  
 I nothing have, or am, or can obtain  
 In my own strength, and therefore, gracious Lord,  
 Thy gifts exhibited, Thy milk and wine,  
 Expressions figurative, which yet methinks  
 I somewhat understand, I fain would buy!  
 Buy! yes, let scorers laugh; nor gold nor gems,  
 Good deeds, nor promises, I bring to Thee;  
 Yet I would buy! Shall I the market-place,  
 Unheard and disappointed, Saviour, leave!

Oh, no, I feel a God would ne'er invite,  
 And mock the soul that hungering would partake !  
 I feel that I shall gain the strengthening cup,  
 Nor be denied the exhilarating draught  
 Which Thou hast for Thy pilgrims ! This glad hope  
 Cheers when earth's sorrows, like a sable cloud,  
 Shading the sun-ray, darken my life path,  
 And then I feel how privileged is he  
 Who hath a God, and knows the way to Him !

### September 15.

"And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God."  
 Acts vii. 59.

I SEE before me the first martyr, now  
 Fulfilling his high office ; he performs  
 Great wonders in the name of Jesus ; now,  
 With face angelic, in the council hall,  
 Charged by suborned and perjured witnesses,  
 He stands ! Mark the rich tide of eloquence,  
 Vainly, alas, exhorting ! View him now,  
 Without the city, circled by a crowd  
 Of furious madmen ! Heard ye not that shout ?  
 That boisterous laugh ? 'Twas when the first rough stone  
 Smote the meek martyr's temple ! On his knee,  
 With folded arms, and eyes upturned to heaven,  
 He sees the throne, and Jesus standing there ;  
 His harp, his crown, his palm branch, and he hears  
 Kind accents calling him ! One prayer he breathes :  
 Lord, lay not this sin to their charge ! and then,  
 His soul reclining on a Saviour's love,  
 He falls asleep ! He woke far from the tumult,  
 Present with the Lord !

One was there,  
 Who deemed these false and perjured witnesses  
 Were doing thus God service ! Who would think  
 That forward, proud young man, himself too proud  
 To cast a stone, yet eager for a share  
 In the day's enterprise, ere long shall preach

The riches of the grace of Stephen's Lord,  
And dauntless, in the face of dignities,  
Acknowledge, glorying in the Nazarene !  
O God, Thy ways are wonderful !

### September 16.

" God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in  
trouble." Ps. xlii. 1.

PALE, wayworn pilgrim, bending 'neath the load  
Of sorrows multiplied ! as much, it may be more,  
Than thee o'erwhelms, once blanched my brow !  
I sighed, but yet despaired not, for the scroll  
That recorded my friendships, held a throng,  
Who vowed so glibly that their largest aid  
Just waited my request, and whose services  
Were all at my disposal ! Little aid  
And little service would have banished far  
The cares which troubled me, and, poor foolish man,  
I thought—you smile, aye, I have since smiled on't—  
They'd scarce deny me ! They were gone, all gone,  
When the first breeze blew coldly, and a mock,  
A sneer, a slander, were their only boon !  
'Twas then I bent me at the throne of heaven,  
Then breathed a prayer to God, to David's God,  
Beseeching He would be my present help,  
My refuge, strength, in tribulation's hour,  
E'en as He was to David. And He heard,  
Pilgrim ! He heard, and He delivered me !  
I cannot tell you now the tale at length,  
But hark ! God heard and did deliver me !  
Art thou in care ? Go, likewise, to the throne !  
Ask, not for the sake of thine own worthiness,  
Ask in the name of Jesus, ask in faith,  
And thou shalt be disburdened of thy care !



## September 17.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." *JOB* i. 21.

PICTURE, my soul, the patient patriarch !  
Behold him pondering nigh the dreary grave,  
Where sleep his offspring ; to his mental eye  
They are present as in hours of infancy,  
In the glad dawn of youth and manhood's day ;  
He hears their infant prattle ; the loud laugh  
Of boyish sports, when of a summer's eve  
They gambolled 'mid the palm groves ; and he hears  
The echo of their last sad revelry,  
Which tore them from his breast, and leaves him now,  
A forest tree, which some wild lightning flash  
Hath stripped of all its branches ! One brief thought  
Is given to loss of substance ; but the tear,  
Hastily gushing, the groan, and deep lament,  
Are tributes to his children ! "The Lord gave,  
The Lord hath taken away ; blessed be  
The name of the Lord !"

Saint !

Hast thou lost some comfort, some chief joy,  
Which gave thy life its sunshine ? Dost thou now,  
In sables clad, permit rebellious thoughts  
To fortress up thy bosom ? Bend the knee ;  
Pray for the patriarch's grace ; adopt his words ;  
The cloud shall soon remove ; and fourfold bliss,  
Here or in heaven, as God shall deem most fit,  
Convince thee of Jehovah's changeless love !

## September 18.

"He humbled Himself." *PHIL.* ii. 8.

SCRIPTURE supplies two portraitures : man  
Made in the image of his Maker, God !  
God in the likeness of His creature, man !  
Two wonderful developments ! Moses tells

The origin and history of man,  
 Created in God's image ! The evangelists  
 Exhibit Christ : God manifest in flesh !

Bright was the birth-time, and the prospect bright,  
 When Adam first surveyed his garden home,  
 Walked with his bride in Eden's happy bowers,  
 And talked with God. Evanescent joy !  
 The tempter came, spread his seductive snare,  
 Infused his venom into man, and man,  
 Great even in his fall, became a wreck ;  
 A ruin none but God could renovate.  
 Thus the first man, and all mankind in him,  
 Made in God's image, lost similitude,  
 And losing thus his early innocence,  
 Humbled himself to be sin's vassal slave !

God saw the degradation, saw the sin,  
 And saw the tempter ; unsurprised God saw.  
 For God in His omniscience the career  
 Of the new world's long history beheld,  
 And ere He spoke the mandate to create,  
 Seeing the fall, determined how to save.

No garden home received Immanuel ;  
 Born in a stable, cradled with the beasts,  
 A child of poverty, He toiled for bread ;  
 And when, His mission manifest, His power,  
 Healing, restoring, feeding, comforting,  
 Disclosed Messiah, those He came to save  
 Spurned, buffeted, reviled, and mocked and **scourged**  
 The sorrowing Saviour, till in fury wild  
 They crucified the Man, the incarnate God !

Think of the Son upon His ancient throne,  
 His majesty, His purity, His power,  
 His glory indescribable ! Oh, what love,  
 To stoop from such unmatched magnificence,  
 And come to earth to suffer and to die,  
 Humbling Himself, that thus He might restore !  
 Becoming man, to impress again on man  
 Man's lost similitude to God !

## September 19.

"The tree of life." REV. xxii. 2.

ALL the mystery centred within this tree,  
Plant of renown, which towers above the rest,  
Will not be learned on this side the river ;  
But the various fruits, constantly ripening  
On its laden branches, profitably,  
May even here be mused on : different kinds,  
All rich and soothing, each revolving month !  
In the spring month of first awakening,  
Weighed down with apples of desire, which then  
The soul eats, still desiring ! In the month,  
When, fitfully, the Sun of righteousness  
Reveals Himself, hopes redolent with life  
Are gathered often ! In thy month, access,  
When the glad soul can "Abba Father !" say,  
Clusters of promises invite the taste !  
And afterwards, what time the full-orbed sun  
Attains the zenith, in the blissful month  
Of confidence, when the turtle's voice is heard,  
The luscious grapes of Engedi are there !  
Nor less, when seasons change, in the rude  
Boisterous months of trouble and temptation,  
Bereavement and pale want, fruits suitable  
Ripen profusely ! So in winter time,  
In the drear months of spiritual pride,  
Backsliding, and dark doubt, clusters are there  
Of stirring fruits to invigorate ; and at last,  
In the important month of death, when soul  
And body lie unnerved in pain, the tree,  
The tree itself stoops kindly down to feed,  
And in the month of the departing saint  
Drops the ripe berry of eternal life,  
Which the freed soul, escaped its prison house,  
Soars up to heaven with !



## September 20.

“ By which also he went and preached unto the spirits  
in prison.” 1 PET. iii. 19.

WHEN the loud cry  
Proved Jesus died a conqueror; when God  
Left the Suspended, who then gave His soul  
Death's first unwelcome victim, tell me where  
Did the free spirit soar to? Three days had passed,  
And He Himself told Mary, to His Father  
Not yet had He ascended! In the tomb  
Of him of Arimath His body lay,  
But graves can never cage the soul, and He  
Promised the dying thief in Paradise  
“ We'll this day be together!” Paradise!  
The second heaven! beneath that upper sphere,  
Which Paul in spirit visited, where God  
Dwells in His dazzling brightness! Paradise!  
Where, as in safe keeping, all the patriarchs,  
Prophets and babes, peasants and kings, whom God  
Saved upon trust, rejoice, waiting the day  
When all Christ's ransomed, gathered into one,  
Shall meet their Lord in air, dwell with their Lord  
The grand millennial year upon the earth,  
The renovated earth, deck His tribunal,  
And then soar with Him to even higher glory!  
Was it not here our conquering Lord first went?  
And think ye, sirs, as Jesus passed the gate,  
Bringing the thief as trophy of His power,  
And saying: ‘I by Myself have trod the wine-press, I  
Have measured swords with Satan, death, and sin,  
And conquered them in their own territory;  
I have fulfilled My plighted word, in Me  
Ye are complete!’ Think ye, sirs, when Christ  
Thus preached to those in His own custody,  
How higher, louder, their hosannas swelled;  
And what an epoch marked pre-eminent  
That day must make in their eternity!

September 21.

"And Moses went up . . . to the top of Pisgah, . . . and the Lord showed him all the land." DEUT. xxxiv. 1.

THE joy of Moses, when from Pisgah's brow  
He gazed on Canaan, lovely land, where grapes,  
Figs, olives grew spontaneous; where the hills,  
Crowned with the spreading cedar, and the vales,  
Blushing with roses, perfumed tributes paid,  
To the bright streams meandering; Moses' joy,  
Steeped in remembrance of the murmuring  
Which closed to him its gates, was dim to that  
Which glads a Christian when, by faith inspired,  
He climbs the Pisgah of his hope, and sees  
Fairer than Canaan, and to him secured  
Above contingencies, the promised land  
Of his inheritance! His raptured eye  
Roves the domain, the golden city sees,  
And now the sparkling mansion, which for him,  
Long ere he knew life's sorrows, was prepared!  
Pondering now, his soul hath gone to Golgotha,  
Counting the purchase price, reflecting now  
His vast unworthiness of such a boon,  
Now wreathing hallelujahs for the grace!

Hast thou, my soul, the view uncircumscribed,  
From Pisgah's summit seen? Hast thou beheld  
The home of many mansions? Hast thou, by faith,  
Surveyed the inheritance, and read thy name,  
Joint heir with Jesus, to the vast estate?  
Oh! faint not at earth's troubles! What are they?  
Dust of the balance to the weight of joy,  
The glory yet untold!

September 22.

"And the angel did wondrously, and Manoaah and his wife looked on." JUD. xiii. 19.

SOFTLY! the angel hath but just gone up,  
And so intense the stillness, broken but  
By the last echo of his waving wing, a breath



May scatter their deep musings! To their minds  
 Visions of pleasant scenery are sketched  
 So vivid, that the joy afforded thence  
 Is absolute reality! They behold  
 Their own loved Canaan rescued from the grasp  
 Of heathen Philistines, and 'neath the vines,  
 Laden with luscious grapes, or prayerfully  
 Recumbent 'neath the spreading fig-tree's shade,  
 The sons of Israel, worshipping the Lord!  
 A panorama of achievements high  
 Now moves before them, all performed by him,  
 Whose name the damsels wreathe into their songs,  
 The name of their own boy, the promised son,  
 He which the angel, who worked wondrously,  
 Told them was destined a deliverer!

Thus,

If finite may be likened to infinity,  
 Wisdom rejoiced, when from the sparkling towers,  
 The chamber where light dwells, pavilion bright  
 In which the God held council, He surveyed  
 Prospective His achievements in the days  
 When manifest in flesh; beheld His Church  
 Uprising, saved and justified by Him, and heard  
 Myriad hosannas swelling with His praise!  
 Joying then in His mind's survey of the pattern man,  
 The first-born, 'mongst ten thousand sons pre-eminent,  
 He spoke, heaven's arches echoed the decree:  
 'Let us make man, in the same image make,  
 That we shall save him in!'

### September 23.

"Our earthly house." 2 Cor. v. 1.

SHORTLY I shall remove;

I've occupied the house I live in now  
 More years than I need say. For a long time  
 It seemed to suit me well. I thought not then  
 Of making any change. I did my best  
 To furnish, decorate, and keep repaired

What then I deemed my home. 'Twas built for me,  
Fitted for my convenience, and designed,  
I thought, to be my permanent abode.  
I loved my house, and when I looked around  
Noting the homes of others, I was still  
Well pleased with mine; until, surprised, I learnt  
It had a radical defect, a latent fault :  
An insecure foundation; and one day,  
It may be quickly, or some time deferred,  
One day assuredly it will fall down.

It pained me much when this intelligence  
Became confirmed. At first I doubted it;  
Boasted the skill of its great Architect,  
Read His certificate, and tried to feel  
My house was safe. It would not do;  
Indubitable proofs, accumulating,  
Shewed that an enemy had introduced  
A subtle canker, spreading constantly,  
And so incurable that nothing less  
Than a rebuilding would eradicate.

I learnt at the same time, the Architect,  
Grieved that His workmanship was injured thus,  
Had planned a reconstruction. He had built,  
Out of the reach of this arch-enemy,  
A far superior mansion, and to all  
Who learn their present danger, free He gives  
The title-deeds to this eternal home,  
This house not made with hands, this house in heaven.

Some would not listen; scorning every proof,  
They said their house was safe; but some believed!  
I could not but believe, I felt it true!  
And now this tabernacle is to me  
Only a lodging! Daily I prepare  
Waiting the summons to remove from hence  
To my new mansion, my eternal home!



## September 24.

"These are the journeys of the children of Israel."  
NUM. xxxiii. 1.

WHEN Israel sang  
A glad farewell to the Egyptian yoke,  
Which had so long enthralled them, not at once  
Were they admitted to the pleasant land !  
At Marah now, and now at Rephidim,  
Yea, e'en at forty different spots they pitched  
Their oft-removing tents, and built at each  
The temple of the Lord, wherein as much  
Jehovah listened to the voice of prayer,  
And gave the blessing needed, yea, as much  
As when Moriah's hill, in conscious pride,  
Upheld the edifice of Solomon !  
Think ye, when Israel left some station where  
The streams gave bitter water, think ye then  
They longed not that the coming resting-place  
Should be as Canaan ; and when this was found,  
Possessing some inherent blight which told  
Their home was still the wilderness, think ye not,  
As oft removal opened frequent doors  
For fresh anticipations, still they longed ?  
And thus the Christian in his pilgrimage :  
Sin's bondage hath been broken, he hath left  
The servitude of Satan, and is now  
Travelling to Canaan ! He was assured the cost :  
" Ye shall have trouble in the world ; in Me,  
In Me alone, find peace ! " But still as each  
Revolving year unfolds its character,  
Still he is hoping 'twill bring happiness,  
Until, at last, experience teaches him  
That, though at different stations he may fix,  
All, all, are in the wilderness, and joy  
Is only found at home !



## September 25.

"Absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."  
2 Cor. v. 8.

BALAAM said,

Oh, let me die the death the righteous die!  
But Balaam had no wish to live their life.

The righteous, those engrafted into Christ,  
Made righteous by the spotless righteousness  
Of Jesus Christ imputed unto them,  
Live in its influence; to them the world,  
And their life in the world, subordinate  
To higher, holier, and eternal things;  
The mammon of unrighteousness to them,  
Affords but opportunities for good;  
And if possessed of wealth, they liberal give  
To those that need: more happy in the gift  
Than the receivers. Thus by this world's wealth,  
The mammon of unrighteousness, they make  
Friends for eternity, to welcome them  
When they attain their everlasting home.

May we portray the exit of the saint,  
Emerging from his prison house of clay,  
Leaving the weeping circle round his couch,  
And bursting with surprise into new life?  
Oh, what a contrast from the curtained room,  
To the bright convoy now surrounding him:  
Cherubim, seraphim, and white-robed throngs,  
'Mongst whom he recognises former friends,  
The friends he had assisted; all combine  
In glad congratulations, joyous songs,  
To celebrate his coming to his home!  
And when ere long they reach the great white throne,  
Prostrate in adoration and in love,  
They introduce their new associate,  
Presenting him to Jesus; then to hear  
Immanuel in His royal splendour say,  
"Inasmuch as ye did it unto Mine,  
Ye did it unto Me."

Could we but know  
 How Christ appreciates loving sympathy,  
 How He regards the liberal gift bestowed  
 Upon His needy ones, all who can give  
 Would straightway of the unrighteous mammon make  
 Investments that repay an hundred-fold !

### September 26.

“ Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at  
 thy coming.” ISA. xiv. 9.

MAY we portray  
 The exit of the reprobate, the lost ?  
 Only as Scripture represents, we may.  
 The prophet pictures one of high renown,  
 A mighty one of earth, a powerful king,  
 Who lived magnificently in his pride,  
 Who smote the nations with continual stroke,  
 Ruling in fury and severity.  
 A monarch amongst monarchs, so puffed up,  
 So filled with pride, and pomp, and arrogance,  
 He said : I will exalt my throne as God ;  
 I will be like to the Most High ! I will sit  
 Upon the mountains, and above the heights,  
 Above the stars ! There shall be none like me !  
 God saw and heard, and in derision laughed ;  
 God cut him down, and he became a mock,  
 A taunt, a proverb, a perpetual jeer.  
 Earth, wondering at her quiet, burst in song ;  
 The cedars upon Lebanon rejoiced ;  
 The fir-trees said : Now we may grow in peace !  
 Kings asked surprised : Is he now weak as we ?  
 His power and grandeur, have they passed away ?  
 Is the worm now his covering and his couch ?  
 Rumour, with hurrying wings precipitate,  
 Rushed with the tidings to the depths below,  
 And hell beneath prepares to welcome him ;  
 It calleth up its chiefs, its mighty ones,  
 All the dead kings who reigned in ancient years,

And in their bitter irony they bow,  
Receiving thus their new associate :  
Art thou the man that made the kingdoms quake,  
That made the world a wilderness ? Art thou  
Become like one of us ? Other kings repose,  
Each buried in his sepulchre, but thou,  
Like an abominable branch cast out,  
Thrust through, a carcase trodden underfoot,  
The grave refuses ; thou art brought down to hell !  
Terrible contrast !

To walk his palace roof, and proudly boast,  
This is great Babylon that I have built!  
And then to shudder in the quenchless flame  
Of God's undying wrath!

## September 27.

**"Thrust out a little from the land." LUKE v. 3.**

WHAT is the message to the Christian brought,  
When from the vast menageries of cares,  
Some trouble comes with billet 'neath its wing,  
Some grief commissioned by the court of heaven,  
In love commissioned by the God of love?

My soul ! with thee 'tis tribulation's hour !  
On my pale forehead, as on Noah's ark,  
Care, like the dove, hath found a resting-place !  
Let me not loudly murmur and rebel,  
Causing the trouble, like a bird disturbed,  
To agitate yet more, but patiently,  
Raise up its wing, and read the message there !  
'Tis the same words Christ spake in Galilee :  
" Thrust out a little from the land ! "

My soul ! have earth  
And earth's associations gained too much  
The mastery of thy affections ? Hast thou turned,  
Loathing, from manna, though 'tis angels' food,  
And hankered after Egypt's luxuries,  
The gross delights of fleshly appetite ?  
Hast thou to cold ambition, or to fame,

Lent a too listening ear, and longed to tread  
 Their flowery pathway to the burning lake ?  
 Hast thou in some embowered and quiet nook  
 Built a soft nest for conjugal repose,  
 There carnally proposing to unite  
 Domestic ease and true devotedness  
 To God, and to the extension of His sacred cause ?  
 Ah, earth is not thy heaven ! All in vain  
 Saints seek heaven's sunshine in the wilderness !  
 God, who proclaims Himself a jealous God,  
 Will not permit a rival in the heart  
 Where He has fixed His throne ! Trouble comes  
 With kind remonstrance, and its pricking thorn,  
 Asks but attention to the message brought :  
 "Set your affections upon things above !"  
 "Thrust out a little from the land !"

### September 28.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" Rom. viii. 35.

PAUL's catalogue,—

A sable list of earth's worst wretchedness,—  
 Has each been tried, and all been tried in vain,  
 To break the union of the Church with Christ!  
 Zion still dwells in jewelled characters  
 Carved on the breast-plate of her great High Priest,  
 And there shall ever dwell! Satan well knows,  
 For he once tried it, that temptation's power  
 Assails the Head in vain! Temptation's power,  
 In all its various ingenuities,  
 Is busied now, in efforts impotent,  
 To snatch the members, as they journey home,  
 From the safe guardianship of Christ their Head,  
 And hurl them into ruin! How the foe  
 Exultant would on Christ's espousal day  
 Boast if one jewel of the Saviour's crown,  
 One member of His Church, were absent then!  
 And hell's dark conclave, in derisive glee,

Would shout blaspheming triumph over God !  
 For this the tempter stirs up wicked men,  
 With every form of cruelty, to fright  
 Saints from the Saviour ; but the sword, the flame,  
 The peril, the privation, all are vain !  
 As vain as the enticement and the bribe,  
 Which, persevering still, he then employs ;  
 For Jesus, in the tribulation, whispers peace,  
 And from the allurements tears the shrouding veil,  
 Developing its bane ! Oh, how secure  
 The saints with such a Friend ! Hell and the world,  
 With all their power and policy combined,  
 Nor time, with all its long vicissitudes,  
 Nor death, nor life, nor any creature else,  
 Shall sever saints from Jesus !

### September 29.

“The bride, the Lamb’s wife.” Rev. xxi. 9.

It rolled along, a splendid equipage !  
 Horses and servants, all in sumptuous dress !  
 While, cushioned there, in silks and jewels bright,  
 Their lady sat, wakening astonishment  
 In each spectator there ! ‘I knew her well,’  
 Said one, ‘not long ago, a poor, poor girl ;  
 A rich man saw her, loved her, married her,  
 And now she shines, rich in her husband’s wealth !’  
 Exact similitude !

Pondering, I thought, communing with myself,  
 Of Zion, whole and individually !  
 Poor was the Church, and every member poor,  
 In debt, in guilt, forsaken, and contemned,  
 Yet Jesus loved, betrothed her to Himself,  
 Discharged her debts, removed her guilt with blood,  
 His own most precious blood ! instructed her  
 By His own Spirit, fitted her for heaven,  
 And will ere long, in bridal splendour drest,  
 Acknowledge her, His Hephzibah, His bride,  
 Before assembled worlds !



Angels, surprised,  
 Will mark the Mediator's joy that day,  
 The gladness of His heart, and while they muse :—  
 He passed by seraphim, redeeming not  
 Angelic nature, which, self-tempted, fell !—  
 They'll wondering see the pomp magnificent,  
 The unrivalled grandeur and the royalty,  
 In which the once poor bride of heaven's great King,  
 Is introduced to her eternal home,  
 Enthroned with Jesus, ever there to reign,  
 One Christ in marriage union !

### September 30.

“Wonderful Counsellor.” Isa. ix. 6.

JESUS ! a criminal,  
 Condemned by all, and by Himself condemned,  
 Solicits Thee to be His advocate !  
 I come, appreciating Thy power ! I come  
 Acknowledging Thy wisdom ! Lord ! I come  
 Rejoicing that to offer Thee a price  
 Would only be to insult Thee ! Blissful truth,  
 For I have nought to offer. Wilt Thou, Lord,  
 Receive and condescend to plead my cause ?  
 When in my filthy garments, tremblingly,  
 I stand before the judgment court of heaven,  
 Satan, the accuser, lengthening darker still  
 My long black record iniquities,  
 Plead Thou for me ! Rebuke the accuser then ;  
 Let the white robe, and let the mitre fair  
 Replace the sullied garments, and from me  
 Say Thou hast caused iniquity to pass !  
 While in the world, when worldlings bring a charge,  
 When proud oppressors would oppress and wound,  
 When tribulation pales my throbbing brow,  
 In sickness, in bereavement, and in gloom,  
 Plead Thou for me before the scornful world !  
 Plead Thou for me before the mercy-seat !  
 Protecting, blessing, and sustaining me !

When in the court of conscience Satan comes  
 With vile insinuations, and my soul,  
 O'ercome by his suggestions, sinks yet prays,  
 Or sometimes scarcely prays, plead Thou for me!  
 When on the bed of death, plead Thou for me!  
 And when I rise from Jordan's further shore,  
 Successful Pleader! I will at Thy feet  
 Ascribe to Thee the glory justly due  
 For my entire acquittal!

### October 1.

"Have washed their robes and made them white in the  
 blood of the Lamb." Rev. vii. 14.

SAY not that heaven,  
 With its redundancy of blissfulness,  
 Like Lethe's river, will obliterate  
 All memory of earth and earth's concerns!  
 Salvation's anthem, whose far echoings  
 Reached the disciple's ear in Patmos, proves  
 That saints remember former wretchedness:  
 The sin forgiven, the purged iniquity,  
 The stain removed by Calvary's purple fount!  
 Saints cannot look towards the emerald throne,  
 And see Immanuel as a Lamb new slain,  
 But recollections rush upon their souls,  
 Asking more rapturous praise! They cannot mark  
 The wounds unfestering in the Saviour's side,  
 And hands, and feet, and brow, scars honourable!  
 Which Jesus still as Mediator wears,  
 Each sparkling scarlet like a sardine stone,  
 But they remember, and can ne'er forget,  
 The guilt, the conflict, the temptation past,  
 The glad deliverance, and Deliverer too!  
 Earth has some sunshine moments!  
 Rays of heaven escape to tell heaven's joy,  
 Ere yet the saints attain it! Think ye, saints  
 Never remember, in their Paradise,  
 These little greenswards in life's wilderness:

The groves of palm-trees, and the crystal wells;  
 The quiet sanctuary, the place of prayer,  
 The sacred spot where Christ revealed Himself;  
 The glad unbosoming, when heart with heart  
 Communed in love, and faith, and joyousness!  
 Friendships in Jesus are the pleasant rays  
 Which make the world approximate to heaven!  
 Pleasant, but fleeting, and too oft disturbed!  
 But these, commenced on earth, and cheering earth,  
 Will not collapse in heaven!

### October 2.

"Jesus wept." JOHN xi. 35.

'Tis the least gem the Scripture casket yields,  
 But brightest of its treasures: "Jesus wept!"  
 Those tears indeed were pearls of richest price,  
 Tears from the human nature, which the God,  
 Indwelling and approving, crystallized!  
 Imperishable drops of sympathy,  
 For Zion's recollection and relief!  
 And why did Jesus weep? Immanuel knew  
 His power and purpose to reclaim from death  
 His buried friend! He knew the event  
 Was pre-determined to display His might,  
 To manifest His mission and His love!  
 Our Saviour wept, commiserating much  
 The sisters, thus bereaved of one they loved,  
 Of one He loved! He wept o'er Lazarus  
 The tear of friendship, and He wept to prove  
 Tears are not sinful, or the fruit of sin!  
 Tears have a holier source, an origin  
 Early as Eden; tears are sweet relief!  
 The tear of sympathy and innocence,  
 The tear of soft compassion and of love,  
 Were known, ere Satan scattered at their fount  
 The seeds of sins, producing tears of rage,  
 Pride, bitterness, remorse, and enmity!  
 Immanuel wept, that saints in after-years

Might know they have within the veil a Priest  
 Touched with the feeling of the infirmities  
 His saints sustain ! He weeps with those who weep !  
 Nor that alone, for Zion's great High Priest,  
 A Priest upon His throne, has kingly power :  
 His sympathy elicits instant help !  
 His tear is followed by immediate aid !

### October 3.

"Noah . . . moved with fear." HEB. xi. 7.

Was it pale apprehension's warning voice,  
 And gaunt despair's quick whisper prompted him ?  
 Was the first world's last patriarch influenced  
 By servile dread to build his floating house ?  
 Did Noah hew the wood, prepare the pitch,  
 And measure all the cubits specified,  
 Fearing a drowning death ? Was that the fear  
 Which, ending in such prudent management,  
 Ended successfully ? The patriarch knew  
 That God, who promised to preserve his life  
 And children, as the germ of a new world,  
 Could save them in the hollow of His hand,  
 In flood or on the flood, walking the wave,  
 As safe as sheltered in the gopher ark !  
 'Twas filial fear, twin-child with filial love,  
 Induced obedience to the mandate given !  
 And the long progress of the architect,  
 Each plank prepared, each nail the hammer struck,  
 Each floor completed, and the window built,  
 Were arguments, in language palpable,  
 Whereby this preacher to a thoughtless world  
 Proclaimed salvation, and pronounced its doom !  
                     Contriver of the ark !  
 Originator of that nobler ark  
 Which Noah's but prefigured ! draw my soul  
 By influence stronger than the patriarch knew,  
 To enter and abide in Jesus Christ :  
 Ark which shall override the world's rough waves,

Bearing the Church in safety o'er the gulf,  
 The deluge of vindictive justice, now  
 In Him appeased, and land the ransomed soul  
 Glad on the Ararat of endless life,  
 The home of love, and joy, and peace, of which,  
 In language emblematical, 'tis said :  
 "There shall be no more sea ! "

### October 4.

"Thou God seest me." GEN. xvi. 13.

AND can it be  
 That God, before whose unconfined survey  
 Oceans, and continents, and worlds, and spheres,  
 And all the unimagined range of space  
 Which finite minds expand in vain to grasp,  
 That God, by whom all these, with all the events  
 Happening in all, is most distinctly seen,  
 Can circumscribe its might to turn His eye  
 On me, an atom in the magnitude  
 Of His immense creation ? Can it be  
 That, individually, Jehovah sees  
 Me, specially, distinctly, me as plain  
 As if no other object God observed ?  
 Doth God, while managing yon heavenly orbs,  
 Controlling elements, and guiding worlds,  
 Attentively regard my small affairs,  
 Perceive each circumstance, and overrule  
 The world's vicissitudes to do me good ?  
 Doth God behold me when the door is shut,  
 And when the silent tear in sorrow's hour  
 Speaks the full prayer which words in vain attempt ?  
 Doth He observe me when in thoughtless mood,  
 Forgetful of His love, I lend an ear  
 To the too flattering world, and half-way yield ?  
 Doth He regard me with a Father's eye,  
 Determined, notwithstanding foes and fears,  
 To lead me safely through this desert path,  
 And bring me to Himself ? And is He now

Nurturing and educating me for heaven,  
 The heaven prepared for me, a ransomed one,  
 Ransomed by Jesus and enriched with grace,  
 The harbinger of glory? Go, my soul!  
 That God doth see thee is a solemn truth!  
 Go, pondering 'neath thy fig-tree, answering  
 The solemn question: Am I seen in Christ?

### October 5.

"And Jesus standing." Acts vii. 55.

ONCE only in the visions of the Lord  
 Is Jesus seen in standing attitude!  
 The ascended Saviour, when His work was done,  
 Sat with the Father on the Father's throne,  
 The Father's equal; with complaisant eye  
 Seeing the travail of His soul, the Church,  
 Ingathered by the given Comforter!  
 But when by wicked men, His servant, struck  
 By the rough stone, upraised his languid eye,  
 And breathed his dying prayer, the melting heart  
 Of Zion's sympathetic Priest was touched;  
 And to the martyr's glance, the opening heaven  
 Disclosed the Mediator standing now!  
 And why did Jesus stand? Did Jesus feel  
 Compassion for His child so strongly move  
 He could not now repose? Or did He rise,  
 Asking as Advocate the larger grant,  
 The richer grace, the promised confidence,  
 Asking as Intercessor, what as God,  
 Willing He gave for Stephen's hour of need?  
 Or did He rise impatient to receive  
 The soul, thus rudely driven by cruel blows  
 From its clay tenement, and be the first  
 To acknowledge the first martyr to His cause!  
 Lifting him from the tumult with a smile,  
 And introducing to His Father's face,  
 And to the throne prepared, and to the throng  
 Of joyous seraphim and cherubim,

And to the elder spirits glorified,  
 This earliest traveller by the purple path,  
 The scarlet road which Antichrist hath made,  
 Since then, a much frequented avenue  
 By which saints reach their home !

### October 6.

“Dwell together in unity.” Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

CHRISTIANS should recollect that unity  
 Involves not always uniformity !  
 We should not judge our brethren, or condemn  
 Because while in the wilderness they wear  
 A different dress, a different weapon wield,  
 Or differently pronounce, as we may think,  
 The mystic language of Jerusalem !  
 The soldiers in the field of Waterloo,  
 Hussars, and guards, and infantry, were dressed  
 In various garb, and fought in various ways,  
 But all united in one fixed resolve  
 To fight the foe and conquer ! It were well  
 If saints would learn a lesson from the world ;  
 And as they have one universal foe,  
 Implacable, untiring, unsubdued,—  
 Save with the consciousness of the death-wound  
 He took at Calvary, and which festering yet,  
 Shall culminate in hell,—so should they strive  
 Unitedly and vigorously to war  
 Not 'mongst themselves, but 'gainst this enemy !  
 Happy that day, and 'tis a day will dawn,  
 When saints shall scorn sectarianism, and ask  
 Only one question : “What think ye of Christ ?”  
 Is He to thee the Pearl of priceless worth ?  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way, the King, the Priest,  
 The Prophet, yea, the All in All ? Let them then,  
 Scorning each party badge, receive in love,  
 And love all such as brethren, well assured  
 Of such shall be the family in heaven !  
 Jesus will not inquire of those He loves,

What party names distinguished them on earth?  
Nor will He sound the clearness of their creed  
On non-essentials for which some now fight;  
Heaven only knows one test: Love to the Lord,  
And love to His disciples!

### October 7.

“And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a  
flame of fire out of the midst of the bush.” Exod. iii. 2.

IN reverential attitude I muse,  
Unsandalled and in silence, on the sight  
Which Moses witnessed at the mount of God:  
The burning bush still burning unconsumed!  
Did it not adumbrate Immanuel,  
The complex Mediator, God and Man?  
Christ was a root from out a barren ground;  
No beauty and no comeliness arrayed  
The Man of sorrows, slighted and condemned!  
Men saw Him, scorned Him, evil-treated Him,  
And Satan poured on His devoted head  
All the full cup of hell's malignities!  
Temptation, want, and suffering, all were there,  
All burnt in fiercest vengeance; and the flame  
Once burnt so high, that from His bosom came,  
In anguish and distress, the urgent prayer,  
Instant recalled: “Father! remove this cup!”  
The faithless world saw but a tender plant,  
A bush of little worth, and, much amazed,  
The world and Satan saw it unconsumed,  
Strangely sustained in every circumstance!  
They saw the man, but not the shrouded God;  
They saw the bush and persecution's fire,  
But men saw not that holier, heavenly flame,  
Absorbing and supporting; men saw not  
The angel of the Lord, nor heard the voice,  
The manifesting voice of covenant love;  
Men saw Him in humiliation's vale,  
Suspended, agonizing, groaning, dead,



But never guessed His mission, nor surmised  
 The God of heaven had visited the earth,  
 The angel of the covenant the bush !  
 Faith only pierced the mystery ; while man,  
 Man unrenewed, in pale astonishment,  
 Exclaimed in wondering accents, ignorant  
 Of what he thus acknowledged : " Truly this,  
 This was the Son of God ! "

### October 8.

" And behold the bush burned with fire, and the bush  
 was not consumed." Exod. iii. 2.

A SECOND contemplation at the bush,  
 And faith in Scripture light the Church beholds,  
 Plainly prefigured in the mystery !  
 Messiah risen, Satan now employs  
 His utmost skill to mar the inheritance  
 Messiah bought ; and the long history  
 Of Zion, since the mount of Olives felt  
 The Lord's last footprint, is a burning bush,  
 Burning but unconsumed ! Fierce was the fire  
 When pagan Cæsars steeped their brutal blades  
 In Christian blood, but still more fierce the flame  
 When Rome assumed the Christian appellate,  
 And priests attained its rule ! Then was the time  
 For torture to invent ingenious modes  
 Of pain most exquisite, but still the bush  
 Stood undestroyed, because the Lord was there !  
 Sometimes outgushing flame malicious burnt  
 Particular branches, as when in France  
 Red havoc slew her myriads in one night,  
 Men shuddering, while the pope approved the deed !  
 When Henry's bigot daughter fed the fire !  
 When slaughter raged in England's sister isle !  
 When superstition under Stuart's name  
 Wore Albion's crown, and Caledonia's hills  
 Echoed the sufferings of her bleeding sons !  
 Nor hath the flame expired : Tuscany

And Madagascar fanned its embers since !  
 But persecution, seeing she is loathed,  
 Changing her garb, her countenance, her voice,  
 Now vaunts uncommon kindness ! Hollow boast,  
 Satan and wicked men can never love  
 The Zion of the Holy One ! The Church  
 While in the wilderness must still expect  
 To be a bush on fire ; but always there  
 The Angel of the covenant will stay,  
 Sustaining, strengthening, cheering !

### October 9.

“ Why the bush is not burnt.” Exod. iii. 3.

ONE visit more to Midian’s wilderness,  
 One meditation more before the bush  
 Burning and yet unburnt, and we shall now  
 View Zion’s individual portraiture !  
 Each saint in his experience learns this truth,  
 That Satan, who hates Jesus and the Church,  
 Hates every member, and will spare no pains  
 To harass each through each one’s pilgrimage !  
 Some may be tortured in material fire,  
 Some pine in dungeons, some by sword, by stripes,  
 Have fellowship with Christ in suffering !  
 Some may feel anguish by much racking pain,  
 Some by bereavement, some by slanders foul,  
 Some by a life-long warfare against want,  
 Some by deep soul-distress, but all shall feel  
 The flames of suffering fed assiduously  
 By that arch-tempter, who would fain destroy !  
 But not one saint shall perish ! Let this truth,  
 Emblazoned on the banner of the Church,  
 Encourage each, as each one drinks the cup  
 Of this world’s tribulations ! When the fire  
 Of persecution, or bereavement, or of want,  
 Burns fiercely, and the cruel foe looks on,  
 And the cold world looks on, and heartless friends  
 Look on, and all look on, expecting soon to see

The feeble bush consumed ; and we ourselves,  
 Conscious of helplessness, and in our grief,  
 Forgetful of our ever-present Help,  
 Almost lose hope, then, Dweller in the bush !  
 Great Angel of the covenant ! who led  
 Thine Israel through the desert and the sea,  
 Protecting, guiding, feeding, and at last  
 Brought them to Canaan, manifest Thyself  
 Our Saviour, and while the astonished world  
 Gazes with wonder, let us look and love !

### October 10.

“ A great multitude which no man could number.”

Rev. vii. 9.

#### ARITHMETIC

Extended far as man may strain its power,  
 In vain endeavours to enumerate  
 The countless congregation, when the Lord  
 Rejoicing shall survey before His throne  
 The bought possession, the inheritance,  
 The Church redeemed by His own precious blood !

Despised while in the world, the world esteems  
 The saints as few, and poor, and ignorant,  
 But Satan and the world shall find that day  
 Christ shall in all things be pre-eminent !  
 How this may be we cannot well explain ;  
 But if Elijah, when he thought none else  
 Save he rejected Baal, learnt the truth,  
 That even then seven thousand loved the Lord,  
 It ill becomes us now to count the saints  
 And own their number small ! Jesus died  
 For all who do not wilfully reject,  
 Scorning His great salvation ! Who shall tell  
 The extent of this embrace ! It safe enfolds  
 Infants and imbecile, and all who cry  
 Even at life's latest moment for His aid !  
 If Lucifer, when he upraised in heaven  
 The standard of rebellion against God,  
 With all his sophistry and all his skill

Gained but a third of the celestial ranks,  
 Why should we think him more successful now ?  
 It may or may not be that this portrays,  
 In figure, Eden's fall and its results,—  
 The fall of angels antedating ours,—  
 But it yields argument that Satan now  
 Shall still, as then, have smaller following  
 Than his great Conqueror !

### October II.

" Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."  
 Ps. cxix. 105.

THE venturous mariner,  
 Confiding in an unassuming stone,  
 Roves the wide world of waves, and fearlessly  
 In foreign oceans finds a trackless path  
 To shores unknown, unvisited ! Enticed  
 By mammon, or by duty, or the charm  
 Of novel enterprise, he leaves his home,  
 And home's allurements, braving want and war,  
 Fatigue and danger ; his sufficient guide  
 The magnet, ever faithful, ever true,  
 Constant adhering to its polar love ;  
 And thus unvarying, to the mariner  
 Proving of priceless worth !

So like the mariner,  
 Over life's ocean let me steer my path,  
 Guided in tempest and in calm by thee,  
 The christian magnet, God's own holy word !  
 In every circumstance, in every state,  
 In want, in woe, in warfare ; in the hour  
 When boisterous storms toss high the threatening waves,  
 In the dread death-like calm, or in the day  
 When sunshine glistens o'er the hemisphere,  
 Diffusing evanescent joy, this guide  
 Yields never-failing counsel, pointing us,  
 As constant as the magnet to the pole,  
 To Christ the morning star ; and if we steer

In every enterprise our course by this,  
 We shall assuredly avoid the shoals,  
 The rocks, the perils which innumerable crowd  
 The dangerous sea we navigate, and reach  
 Safely and surely our intended port,  
 The harbour where life's mariners repose,  
 The haven which no storm, no foe can reach !

### October 12.

" Companions in . . . the patience of Jesus Christ."  
 REV. i. 9.

ALL are not heroes in the Christian war,  
 If to attain the prize all must perform  
 Splendid achievements, such as brilliant shine  
 In St. Paul's book of martyrs ! Faith hath work  
 Of various enterprise and various need,  
 And God, who gives the grace, bestows the gift  
 As He intends the exercise ! We may wish  
 Some sharp and speedy pathway to renown ;  
 Some short though difficult ascent to heaven ;  
 Some act of suffering very quickly borne,  
 Investing faith with laurel, and our names  
 With much remembrance ! Carnal wishes these,  
 Which, carnally desired, God will not grant !  
 The Lord is sovereign, and the Lord is kind,  
 And choosing for our real good, may choose  
 Protracted, wearying, long endured suspense ;  
 That patience shall fulfil her perfect work ;  
 That ours shall be the martyrdom of hope ;  
 That mental gloom shall be our prison house ;  
 That felt desertion of an absent God  
 Shall be the wilderness for us to tread ;  
 That sickness, toil, privation, lavishly  
 Shall shower their pale anxieties on us ;  
 A path which e'en when trod obtains no wreath,  
 No praise from men, no place amongst their great !  
 Saviour ! who tasted in Thy bitter cup  
 Of complicated woes this bitterest draught ;

Who knew privation, toil, reproach, and scorn,  
 Desertion, and suspense, so that in these  
 Thou canst with Zion sympathise, grant with these  
 Strength to sustain, and strength to persevere,  
 And while thus strengthened we shall gain the crown,  
 Thine shall be all the glory !

### October 13.

“From this day will I bless you.” HAG. ii. 19.

#### AUSPICIOUS day !

The day when with a heart subdued by love  
 I bent a willing suppliant before God !  
 Till then, rebellious oft, indifferent oft,  
 I turned from God, and looked for happiness  
 In the world's proud ambitions. One by one  
 I found a canker in them ! One by one  
 They shunned my grasp, or, grasped, proved emptiness !  
 Auspicious day, when, turning from the world,  
 Her fascinations and deceitfulness,  
 I came, love-drawn, to Jesus ! Day when, new-born,  
 I rose to life and love unknown before,  
 And centering all my hopes and thoughts in Him,  
 Longed to behold, and know, and serve Him more !  
 Auspicious day, when with approving faith  
 I learnt God's way to save ; when with faith's eye  
 I saw the Saviour dying on the cross,  
 And realized by faith He died for me !  
 Auspicious day, when at the mercy throne  
 Gaining access, I found petitions rise  
 Strengthened with prayer I never felt before,  
 And, perfumed with rich incense, answers bring  
 Of promise, and encouragement, and peace !  
 Auspicious day, when the Remembrancer,  
 My Sanctifier, Teacher, Comforter,  
 Stooped to prepare, to meeten, discipline,  
 And educate for God, for heaven, for home,  
 One so unworthy His regard, His care !  
 Auspicious day, though trouble, pain, and need

Have oft since then been mine, always since then  
 Have been such trust and confidence in God,  
 Such resting on His wisdom and His love,  
 Such full assurance that His perfect will  
 Must order all things right, that though a wave  
 Of unbelief and murmuring may too oft,  
 Like an unwelcome visitant, intrude,  
 I feel that from that day, auspicious day !  
 The Lord indeed hath blest !

### October 14.

"Go through the land, and describe it." JOSH. xviii. 4.

I DO love maps !

I love to trace the towns, the villages,  
 The hills and rivers I have visited,  
 Or those made memorable in history ;  
 But the bare names, the specks to each assigned,  
 Only refresh the memory, which paints  
 On recollection's wall the loveliness,  
 Still unforgotten : the delightful vale,  
 The ramble by the river, the green lane,  
 The mountain ascent, and the rustic seat.  
 Maps cannot all supply, but they suggest,  
 And active memory the outline fills ;  
 And so in scenes unvisited, scenes  
 Prominent in history, thought, mighty thought,  
 Limner of vast invention, intervenes,  
 Pictures the time, the place, the circumstance,  
 Until the mind the panorama grasps,  
 And owns the map well-nigh omnipotent.

There is a map

Whereon the new Jerusalem outspread  
 Sparkles in glory. All the broad domain,  
 The purchased heritage of saints, its length  
 And breadth in full circumference :  
 The city with its golden streets, its walls  
 Of jasper, its twelve gates of pearl,  
 And its foundations gems of priceless worth,

Are there portrayed in living characters!  
 'Tis sweet, encouraging, and profitable,  
 Musing, to ponder on this wondrous map,  
 And feel Jerusalem the golden ours!  
 There sin can never enter, blight or pain,  
 Darkness or death come never; there life's tree,  
 Fruitful and fragrant, by life's crystal stream,  
 Yields food immortal; there in its midst  
 The throne of the Eternal changeless stands,  
 Changeless for ever! And this wondrous map  
 Picturing all this, pictures the way to it,  
 And how to obtain the title-deeds thereto!  
 Art thou so fond of maps? Oh, give to this  
 Thy full attention! present joy it yields,  
 And joy eternity shall not exhaust!

### October 15.

"Fret not." Ps. xxxvii. 1.

THE minstrel monarch thrice,  
 Communing in his own heart's solitude,  
 Enjoined the admonition on himself,  
 Which much indeed I feel applies to me:  
 "Fret not!" Did Jesse's royal son, the man  
 Declared as after God's own heart, did he  
 Fret at God's dispensations? Did he think  
 That God dealt hardly with him when he saw  
 The evildoer prosperous in his course,  
 The workers of iniquity obtain  
 Success in every enterprise, while he  
 Scarcely maintained his ground? Read, my soul,  
 Patiently, prayerfully, and frequently,  
 The consolations and encouragements  
 Wherewith the monarch comforted himself,  
 And be thou cheered thereby! Oh, 'tis a proof,  
 Glorious, resplendent proof, the Scripture page  
 Is God's own book, that what consoled the Church,  
 Suiting the circumstance of those who lived  
 A thousand years ago, suits just as well,



And still is just as fresh for us who feel  
 The weight of sorrow at the present hour !  
 They fretted when they saw the wicked rise  
 Tall, green, and fragrant, like a spreading tree,  
 And saints despised and poor ; but as they learnt  
 The evanescence of the worldling's joy,  
 And saw by faith their own eternal bliss,  
 The future sunshine they were travelling to,  
 They lightly reckoned this world's fleeting gloom,  
 Reckoning still less its hollow happiness,  
 Pressing towards their prize !

My soul, thus comforted, fret thou no more,  
 Because the ungodly prosper in the world !  
 Seek thou thine interest in God ! and then  
 The worldling's wealth, as well as thine own cares,  
 Will be so swallowed, so absorbed and lost,  
 In the faith's view of thine inheritance,  
 That thou wilt all submissively exclaim :  
 O God, who hast vouchsafed to give me heaven,  
 Choose Thou for me the way to bring me there !

### October 16.

" I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love."  
 Hos. xi. 4.

WHEN the new-wakened sinner trembling hears  
 The threatenings of Mount Sinai ; when the law,  
 Searching the heart's deep feelings, manifests  
 The heart's delinquencies ; when the soul  
 Shivering beholds itself the unclean cage  
 Of every unclean thing, who can tell  
 The attractive influence of the cross of Christ !  
 Appreciating then the Saviour's blood,  
 And taught of God its prevalence and price,  
 Who can describe the attractions of the throne,  
 The mercy throne, to which the cross supplies  
 Way of access and plea, and whence sometimes  
 Transient emissions of the blessings sought,  
 Encourage perseverance ! Who can tell

The attractions of the sanctuary then !  
 The house of God, where God reveals Himself ;  
 The house of prayer for souls importunate ;  
 The house of praise, where the soul full of love,  
 Redundant overflows in love to God,  
 Longing yet more to know Him ! There the tree,  
 The tree of life, unfading, yields its leaves ;  
 And when the wind, the heavenly wind, sometimes  
 Bloweth amid the branches, scattering fruit,  
 Rich, ripe, reviving, almost seems the place  
 The very gate of heaven ! There the veil  
 Withdrawn, yields faith the overcoming view  
 Of Jesus, as a Lamb new slain, and slain  
 A sacrifice and substitute for us !  
 There the Remembrancer unfolds to us,  
 In mystic panorama, wondrous things !  
 And there the Father whispers : Thus I draw,  
 Because I've loved thee with a dateless love !

### October 17.

“ They have sought out many inventions.” ECCLES. vii. 29.

ALPHONSO, Castile's king,  
 When taught the system of the spheres, exclaimed,  
 Presumptuously and ignorant : ‘ Had I  
 Been at God's elbow when He made the world,  
 I would have taught Him a much better way ! ’  
 We feel indignant at this silly king ;  
 But all who proudly, arrogantly scorn  
 God's method of salvation, who reject  
 The only sure foundation God hath given ;  
 Who vainly, wickedly prefer some scheme  
 Of their own hearts' device, whereon to build  
 Their hope of heaven ; just as foolishly  
 Charge Israel's God with ignorance, and say :  
 Theirs is the better plan ! Since the dark day  
 When Satan to our nature introduced  
 The blight and bane of sin, how numerous  
 Have been the antidotes devised by men .

To stay the venom and regain the bliss !  
 And just as we deride Spain's foolish king,  
 So Satan laughs at our obliquities !  
 He knows, what God Himself has plainly said,  
 And what the Scripture, with a thousand tongues,  
 Loud publishes with inspiration's voice :  
 There is no other name, no other way,  
 Whereby man can be saved, but Jesus Christ !  
 And architects, in plentitude of pride,  
 Who strive to raise on aught beside this Rock  
 A refuge from the storm, and who despise  
 This precious Corner-stone, will trembling find,  
 When God's full hurricane of wrath shall sweep  
 All refuges of lies away, their hopes,  
 Built on the fleeting sand, will surely fail,  
 Leaving them shelterless, unpitied, lost !

### October 18.

"Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp,  
 and the voice of a psalm. With trumpets and sound of  
 cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King."  
 Ps. xcvi. 5, 6.

You grieve you don't know music ?  
 You feel sometimes that in spontaneous gush  
 You could pour forth a flood of minstrelsy,  
 A glad outburst of joyous, rapturous song,  
 Like sky-birds in the greenwood ; your one theme  
 Praise to your Father, Saviour, Sanctifier !  
 Well, sorrow not as those who have no hope ;  
 You are now at school, you are taking lessons now,  
 You are practising the elemental notes,  
 You are learning how to love and how to praise.  
 Learning is always difficult, and some  
 Are long time learning, learning perfectly ;  
 But school will one day finish ; what comes then ?  
 Home and the holidays !

Life is your school,  
 And your first schoolmaster the Law, to teach  
 Shortcomings, negligences, ignorance ;

You thought, all think, you knew your lesson well,  
 Knew without teaching how to sing and love ;  
 'Twas humbling to be told, roughly and stern,  
 In all things you come short ; but it was true ;  
 And till you learnt this lesson thoroughly  
 You stayed on the first form. What is taught next ?  
 Oh, then another teacher intervenes ;  
 The Law hath done its work when it condemns ;  
 The Gospel speaks in milder, softer tones :  
 Come unto Me, ye weary ones, and learn  
 Salvation's anthem—Unto Him be praise  
 Who purifies from sin by His own blood,  
 His own vicarious blood ! And then the Comforter,  
 Applying to the conscience and the heart  
 Sprinklings from this rich fountain, witnessing  
 Christ died for you, bestows increasingly  
 Appropriating faith ; then you shall sing,  
 Sing with both voice and understanding then,  
 In every state, in every circumstance,  
 All through life's pathway, raising constantly  
 Joyous hosannas ! From the bed of death  
 Your victory hallelujahs shall ascend ;  
 And, past the shadowy vale, the border stream,  
 On the far shore, and mid the golden streets,  
 Proficients then in praise, oh, you shall sing ;  
 And skilled in organ, psaltery, and harp,  
 With voice and instrument be meet to join  
 The orchestra of heaven !

### October 19.

"Thou wast slain." REV. v. 9.

WHEN in the foreview of earth's history  
 Was seen the mildew Satan breathed thereon ;  
 When justice, with anticipating frown,  
 Prepared the sword for vengeance ; when in vain,  
 Throughout the illimitable realms of space,  
 Echoed the inquiry : Who will go for us ?  
 Who for a fallen world will recompense ?

Then "silence reigned in heaven for half an hour!"  
 The cherubim and seraphim all well knew  
 The Daysman, reconciling differences,  
 Must meet both parties on an equal ground!  
 Angels might be transmuted into fiends,  
 But angels never could be men, far less  
 Could angels reach equality with God!  
 Gabriel might stretch his vast intelligence,  
 And, pondering, meditate sagacious schemes,  
 But Gabriel never could devise a way  
 For sin and holiness to coalesce!  
 'Twas Thine to break eternity's suspense!  
 'Twas Thine, Immanuel, from the middle throne  
 To speak the assuring accents: Lo! I come!  
 No other sacrifice could satisfy!  
 No other substitute fill Zion's place!  
 No other mediator Godhead meet,  
 Co-equal in His glory, and by bond  
 Engaging at the appointed time to assume  
 His Zion's nature, could His Zion own,  
 Her Husband, Brother, Lord! Zion, rejoice!  
 Thy Surety hath His covenant fulfilled!  
 Thy Saviour's precious blood hath paid thy debt!  
 And in His righteousness thou art justified!  
 Oh, learn on earth the animating strain,  
 The anthem all eternity shall hear;  
 Thy plea in life, thy claim to Paradise,  
 Jesus, who once was slain!

### October 20.

"My son! give me thine heart!" Prov. xxiii. 26.

AND is it possible Jehovah asks  
 This gift from me! That He whose powerful glance  
 Trieth the reins, and searcheth every heart,  
 And who indubitably therefore knows  
 The coldness, hardness, stubbornness of mine;  
 How it abounds with every unclean thing,  
 With every unclean thought, can condescend

To ask, or to accept, so poor a boon ?  
 Emboldened by the Lord's demand, I come,  
 Blushing but venturing, to present my heart ;  
 Alas ! while in the act, while words of prayer,  
 Soliciting, are on my tongue, my heart,  
 Like a fool's eye, hath gone I know not where !  
 Again I come ; I bring it tied and bound,  
 Chained by strong resolutions : Lord ! accept !  
 Again it hath escaped, and God is mocked !  
 Hearts will not be imprisoned or impelled ;  
 Hearts change to adamant at violence !  
 Thus learning, I suspend before my heart  
 Most touching pictures of the Saviour's pains ;  
 I listen to the voice of eloquence,  
 Persuasively portraying Calvary,  
 The garden, and the hill of Olivet !  
 My heart is touched, relents, and sighs, and weeps !  
 It yields to come, but, coming, flees again,  
 Unstable, dilatory, proud, self-willed !  
Creator of the heart !  
 Thy power, which made, can melt, and only Thine !  
 Accept a heart its owner cannot bring ;  
 Bring it Thyself, and seal it with that seal  
 Which binds it Thine for ever !

## October 21.

“For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate . . . whom He did predestinate, them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified: and whom He justified, them He also glorified.” Rom. viii. 29, 30.

PAUL's golden chain,  
Each link a gem of priceless estimate,  
Spans the career of Zion's history,  
Insuring Zion's safety, and her crown !  
I cannot climb unto the topmost link,  
I cannot reach the book of God's decrees,  
Or read the register of God's elect,  
Discovering there my name; but I may tell,  
That God foreknew and did predestinate,

If my effectual calling I can prove,  
 And my conformity to Christ, my Lord!  
 Upwards and downwards, then each several link  
 Affords encouragement and finds its proof!  
 Called of the Lord, I'm one of God's elect,  
 Loved from eternity, betrothed to Christ!  
 Called of the Lord, I'm justified in Him,  
 And yonder radiant throne waiting for me,  
 Involves my perseverance to the end,  
 My wilderness provision, guidance there,  
 My guardianship, and every full supply!  
 Inquire, my soul, what is conformity,  
 Conformity to Christ? Important test,  
 Proving discipleship and calling too!  
 Hear Christ's distinguishing, descriptive words,  
 Picturing His history as the Son of Man:  
 "I came not to do My own will, but the will  
 Of Him that sent Me!" Ask thyself, my soul,  
 Is thy own will absorbed and lost in God's?  
 Nature may twist and strive, endeavouring long,  
 But nature unrenewed can never give  
 This question its affirmative; ask, my soul,  
 On bended knee, and may the answer given  
 Prove thou art one with Christ!

### October 22.

"Peter . . . was kept in prison." Acts xii. 5.

WHAT is thy prison, troubled one?  
 Peter was kept in ward, with chains and bars,  
 With locks and jailers, strictly sentinelled;  
 But there are other prisons! Thou mayest be  
 Imprisoned on the bed of languishing,  
 Tied not with iron chains, but equally  
 Held fast by weakness, so thou canst not move;  
 And when far off thou canst discern the sun  
 Shining in springtide beauty, see the fields  
 Glittering with flowers, and hear the birds  
 Joyous in song, thou sighest in vain to roam;

Mingling in free creation's happiness !  
 Or thou mayest be an exile, banished far  
 To the lone wilderness, drear, barren, dark ;  
 A bondaged soul enticed away from God,  
 Shut out from all communion with the Lord,  
 Breathing a prayer, yet feeling you don't pray ;  
 Lifting an eye, and feeling you don't see ;  
 Tearful, but conscious 'tis rebellion weeps  
 In hot, impatient murmuring ! Terrible  
 The prison one's own sin erects ; more sad  
 Than Peter's prison ; he could sing and pray !  
 There is another prison, decked in flowers,  
 Pleasure the jailer, worldliness the guard,  
 And earth's ambitions, earth's delights, the chains  
 To tie thee down to sense ! Dangerous prison this !  
 For even freedom ceases to be sought,  
 And prisoners think their prison paradise,  
 Until, the mask removed, the end attained,  
 They reach the penalty—eternal death !  
 O God, who sent Thy angel to set free  
 Imprisoned Peter from captivity,  
 Oh, come Thyself, and make Thy children free !  
 Speak to the sick the healing word, Arise !  
 Say to the soul in bondage, I will heal  
 All thy backslidings and forgive thy sins !  
 Say to the engrossed, besotted worldling, say  
 How much he loses in the fruitless search  
 For what, if gained, is hollow, transitory ;  
 Yea, Thou hast said it ; speak it now with power :—  
 Thou fool, what shall it profit if thou gain  
 The world's best wealth, and lose, never regained,  
 Thy soul, then lost for ever !

### October 23.

“The bright and morning star.” REV. xxii. 16.

WHILE others sing  
 The sparkling splendours of that unknown star  
 Which led the sages from their Eastern homes,



And brought them to Ephratah; the star which night  
 On her gemmed forehead all astonished saw,  
 Suspended for a time, and sees not now;  
 My harp shall praise that brighter, nobler Star,  
 Veiled in the stable, whose reflected ray  
 Hung on night's jewelled brow that stranger gem.  
 Hail, Morning Star! which, ere the birth of time,  
 Yielded glad radiance to the chronicle  
 Of man's dark history, and to the mind of God  
 Gave satisfaction mid impending gloom.  
 Star, whose primordial beam, unsought, was given,  
 When Eden's flowers first felt a withering,  
 And shrunk in their amazement; when the lamb  
 Saw strange expression in the lion's eye,  
 And closer crept to man, poor fallen man,  
 Who strove to hide himself within the grove  
 From God's all-piercing glance. Star of man's hope,  
 Pointing his eye, while leaving Paradise,  
 To a superior Eden, and still affords,  
 In every time, and clime, and circumstance,  
 Encouragement and peace. Star of my hope,  
 Which, when the billows of time's troubled sea  
 Were dark and boisterous, with no haven near,  
 Diffused calm lustre o'er the tumult rude,  
 And pointed to repose. Star which still cheers,  
 Attracting my affections and my prayers,  
 My footsteps and my faith. Bright Morning Star!  
 Faint figure of the fairest of the fair,  
 The great and gracious Saviour, who, in love,  
 Assumes the sweetest, mildest portraiture  
 Nature supplies, to adumbrate how rich,  
 How full, how free, redundant dwells in Him  
 All needed grace for man.

### October 24.

"Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God."  
 1 THESS. i. 4.

THESE Thessalonians in our modern days  
 Would lavishly indeed have been reproached

By those who blindly, wilfully reject  
 The doctrine of election. They would be  
 Presumptuous bigots, and I know not what.  
 'Tis strange that men will yield acknowledgment,  
 And say they own the Bible as God's word,  
 With the same breath denying a grand truth  
 There most distinctly stated. How could these  
 Know their election, if election be  
 A vain and baseless doctrine? and observe  
 These *knew their own* election. What will they  
 Who rail against assurance say to this?  
 Paul wrote, inspired by God the Holy Ghost;  
 He plainly states election, and as plain  
 Owns it is possible to realize  
 A personal assurance for ourselves.

Author of Thine own word! enable me,  
 Regardless of reproaches, to cleave close  
 To Thine own truth, and seal the truth to me  
 By Thine own witness in my heart, whereby  
 Not only may I know election true,  
 And full assurance true, because Thy word  
 Declares them so, but knowing by the last  
 Clearly my personal interest in the first,  
 Silence gainsayers, and rejoice in God.

### October 25.

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain."  
 ISA. xi. 9.

FROM the first moment that the fratricide,  
 Killing his brother, introduced to earth  
 The sanguinary demons, hate and crime,  
 And cruelty and war, who shall portray  
 The hideous scenes of carnage which have stained  
 What its beneficent Creator once,  
 At its bright birth-time, designated good!  
 Who shall recount the deeds of wickedness  
 Done secretly in private life, the outrages  
 Of brutes in human form, the savage deeds

Of tyrants revelling in iniquity,  
 Seen only by the omnipresent God !  
 Arithmetic cannot enumerate  
 The midnight mysteries, the crimes concealed,  
 The slaughters on ensanguined battle-fields !  
 The world is full of horrors, worst of all  
 The horrors practised in religion's name !  
 'Tis marvellous that men could ever yield  
 Their dearest and their fairest to the cells,  
 Where wretches skilled in tortures exquisite  
 Should order and should witness sufferings  
 On beauty, childhood, age, to alter faith,  
 Or, much more likely, to compel to sin.  
 The whole creation groaneth ; well it may ;  
 Groaneth beneath its childreïn's wickedness.  
 And oft in wondering surprse the thought  
 Upsprings spontaneous : Doth the Lord observe ?  
 Is He indifferent to these dreadful scenes ?  
 Hath He surrendered to His traitor foe  
 Entire possession of the world He made ?  
 Hath He pronounced of earth what once He said  
 Of Ephraim joined to idols : Let alone !  
 No, no ; a thousand times we answer, No !  
 We may not solve the mysteries of God ;  
 But God is not unmindful of His world !  
 The question, Lord, how long ? shall have reply ;  
 And when the fulness of the time shall come,  
 Then shall unfold the grand accomplishment ;  
 Then the Redeemer, Renovator, King,  
 The Prince of Peace, shall purify and cleanse  
 And earth, bright in her birth-day loveliness,  
 Shall spring as from the chrysalis to life,  
 Unsinning, undefiled, untempted then !  
 For the great tempter, author of all ill,  
 Shall with a ponderous chain be manacled ;  
 And mid the splendour and the glory there,  
 Encircling the new world of righteousness,  
 None shall destroy and none shall hurt, saith God,  
 Upon this mountain of My holiness.

## October 26.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness,"

Ps. xvii. 15.

HEAVEN is dear,  
 As the bright home of some I fondly love ;  
 As the pavilion shielding from the sword  
 Of God's unyielding justice ; as the bower  
 Of pleasure, and repose, and happiness,  
 When life's long toil is done ; but most dear  
 The presence chamber of Immanuel !  
 Language fails to represent the joy  
 Redundantly that fills this breast sometimes,  
 As I anticipate that rapturous hour  
 When wakening, all surprised, from death's brief sleep,  
 I find myself not only with the Lord,  
 But sparkling in His likeness !

Who would think,  
 When at the death-bed of some ransomed one,  
 Some poor, poor man, by the world's rich contemned,  
 His feeble body all decayed and pale,  
 His tongue scarce uttering the exalted hope  
 Which gilds the features agonized by pain,  
 That in a few brief moments the caged soul,  
 Escaped its prison house of cumbrous clay,  
 Bounding from earth, accompanied with throngs  
 Of seraphs singing all along the road,  
 Will enter like a king the pearly gates  
 Of that bright city, where the streets are gold,  
 And where for ever and for ever blest,  
 The soul, resplendent in similitude  
 With Jesus Christ the Saviour, shall surround  
 The great white throne, learning eternally  
 New depths of wonder still unfathomable  
 In God beheld in Christ !

World ! in vain  
 Thou offerest all thy plentitude of joys !  
 One taste of that pure stream of love, whose source  
 Is 'neath the throne of God, destroys at once

All relish for your evanescent good !  
 Earth cannot fill the Christian ! He exclaims :  
 ' I shall be satisfied, and not till then,  
 When I awake in yonder nobler world,  
 Like Christ and present with Him ! '

### October 27.

" Which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all  
 in all." EPH. i. 23.

I CAN conceive  
 Christ as an ocean of abundant good,  
 Filling to overflowing every cup,  
 The larger and the smaller, of the Church,  
 In grace, in glory, but thought strives in vain  
 To apprehend the Church in any sense  
 The fulness of the Lord !

An aged saint  
 Enlightened me by this similitude :  
 Christ is the Head of Zion mystical !  
 Did you e'er see a head exist alone ?  
 A head without a body, monstrous sight !  
 Anomaly which nature never knew !  
 As strange and as anomalous would be  
 The Church's Head without the Church's self !  
 Christ without Zion would be incomplete !  
 A Christ imperfect and unsatisfied !  
 Restless, still waiting for His own betrothed,  
 His bride, His dearly-bought inheritance !

Delightful thought !  
 Christ is a needed Saviour ; without Christ  
 Poor fallen man had sunk to helpless woe !  
 But having bought His Church, and paid the price,  
 In toil, and pain, and blood ; and having wove  
 A stainless righteousness to clothe her in ;  
 And having entered heaven, a Conqueror ;  
 Our Head and Husband, for His great name's sake,  
 His honour and His glory, needs the Church ;  
 Or Christ would be the Head in yonder heaven,

Without the body, lost while travelling home!  
 A Husband with His wife enticed away!  
 A God defeated, which shall never be!

### October 28.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" Job xiv. 14.

'Tis springtide in God's acre!  
 Early flowers, the snowdrop, primrose, violet,  
 Nestle beneath the hedgerow lately bare,  
 Now bursting with green life; daisies gem  
 The grassy pathway, and the ivy climbs  
 The hoary buttress and the square-built tower,  
 Ambitious to surround the battlements.  
 The graveyard teems with life—life everywhere;  
 And shall the graveyard's richest treasures lie  
 In death perpetual? Shall God's acre, sown  
 With seeds of immortality, give not  
 The harvest other acres constant yield?  
 We sow the corn, and in full confidence  
 Prepare the sickle for the reaping time;  
 Shall we feel less assured that what we lent,  
 In due trusteeship to the open grave,  
 Shall be restored, transfigured and refined,  
 According to the pattern Jesus shewed  
 To Peter, James, and John upon the Mount?  
 We die and we are buried; 'tis life's debt,  
 Life's penalty for sin; but He who paid  
 The debt, and bought redemption from the curse,  
 Is the grave's Conqueror, death's sovereign Lord!  
 And all who trust in Him and die in Him,  
 In Him who brought back immortality,  
 Perilled by Eden's curse, shall die, must die,  
 But only die to pass into new life,  
 New, sinless, painless, and eternal life!  
 Let atheists, blasphemers, infidels,  
 Doubt and deny and fear! On the grave's brink  
 We stand undaunted, and our most loved ones  
 Committing to this needful crucible,  
 Respond we to the question: If man die

Shall he again arise ? Yes, verily !  
 The God of truth hath said it ! he shall live  
 Immortal as the God who gave him life !

### October 29.

“That they . . . may be one in us.” JOHN xvii. 21.

COULD there again  
 Be war in heaven, and a new Lucifer  
 Raise fresh rebellion—which shall never be—  
 And should he tempt, and tempt successfully,  
 Recreant from God, a third of heaven's bright hosts,  
 Cherubim, seraphim, and thrones, and powers,  
 And mighty principalities, in vain  
 Would be his best endeavours to seduce  
 One saint, possessor of the raiment white,  
 The mystic palm branch, and the glory crown !  
 Angels in immortality have shewn  
 They are not above vicissitude ; that pride  
 Entering transforms a seraph to a fiend,  
 And changes cherubim to foes ; but saints,  
 Fenced in the panoply of perfect love,  
 The righteousness of God, are all too high  
 For pale contingency to reach ! In Christ  
 Complete they have their heaven secure !  
 United to the Lord they know no change !  
 Immutable in His immutability !  
 Temptation in the desert, arduous tried,  
 And found Immanuel in His shrouded state  
 Impervious to its wiles ; and on His throne,  
 The tempter, even could he pass the gate,  
 Would blush to tempt Him now ! and he must tempt,  
 And tempt successfully, the Church's Head,  
 Ere he can lure the Church into his snares !  
 Therefore in bliss the justified may sing,  
 More confident than burning seraphim,  
 Triumphantly their glory song, assured  
 Its plentitude and permanence are fixed  
 On the same basis as Jehovah's throne,  
 And shall as long endure !

## October 30.

"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure!"  
2 PET. i. 10.

THE land is all alive !  
 Counties and towns in loud activity  
 Are choosing representatives. Men,  
 The aristocracy of wealth or worth,  
 Of lofty name or noisy influence,  
 Are working arduously to gain a seat  
 In the new parliament; while smaller men  
 In hero-worship strain their tongues and limbs,  
 Shouting and racing to insure success  
 Each to his candidate. Scarcely it seems  
 Worth the expenditure of time and cost  
 To reach position which at most will last  
 But a few years; which, even if attained,  
 Plants in the pillow many a thorn, and brings  
 To close and intimate companionship  
 Toil, weariness, reproach, ingratitude !  
 Oh, if men would but labour to insure,  
 With half the exertion they apply to this,  
 The higher, nobler, more enduring seat,  
 Which all should seek, which each may realize !  
 Oh, if they would but give like energy  
 To gain a seat in heaven's grand parliament !  
 A throne amongst the principalities,  
 The powers and dignities where God presides,  
 The general assembly of the just,  
 The innumerable company of saints !  
 Where in the heavenly Jerusalem  
 The Mediator King holds sovereign court !  
 Surrounded by His chosen, His elect !  
 Oh, if men would but rightly estimate  
 The privilege to be elected thus !  
 The dignity of these, God's chosen ones !  
 No dissolution in that parliament,  
 No dread of losing seats ! Elected once,  
 Elected ever ! Once on that roll inscribed,



Bright cherubim and burning seraphim  
 Are not more safe above vicissitude ;  
 And Gabriel in immortal panoply  
 May fear collapse more than the feeblest saint,  
 Who, realizing now his calling sure  
 And his election sure, is thus for ever  
 And for ever safe—safe as the throne of God !

### October 31.

"And Hezekiah . . . spread it before the Lord."  
 Isa. xxxvii. 14.

LIKE Israel's king I likewise have received  
 From some who fear not God, neither regard  
 Man or man's laws, a letter, false, unkind,  
 Threatening to injure. They are too hard for me !  
 What can I but as Hezekiah did :  
 Take it to God, and on the knee of prayer  
 Supplicate, earnestly supplicate, in faith  
 My heavenly Father's all-sufficient aid :  
 Oh, Thou who dwell'st between the cherubim,  
 Bow down Thine ear and hear my sad complaint,  
 Bow down Thine eye and see my deep distress ;  
 Save, Father, that Thy children and the world  
 May know that Thou and only Thou art God.  
 In every gone-by trouble Thou hast heard ;  
 Thou hast upheld till now. Across the waste,  
 The dreary wilderness of trodden years,  
 Faith can full many an Ebenezer see,  
 Pillars erected to commemorate  
 The answered prayer, the great deliverance known.  
 I plead no merit, Lord, no worthiness ;  
 I plead Thy name, Thy promise ; yea, I look  
 To Thee in Thy true temple, confident  
 That while the prayer of faith is lisped without,  
 Our great Melchizedek will incense give  
 From His gold censer in the sanctuary,  
 Perfumed by which my prayer acceptably  
 Will reach the presence of the Lord of hosts.

Spirit of prayer ! teach me the prayer of faith ;  
 I need the blessing, the protection need ;  
 Let not the chariot and the war horse, Lord,  
 Crush one who trusts in Thee, on Thee the Rock,  
 The Rock to which I cling, all destitute,  
 Shelterless else ! Lord, hear me ! hear and save !

### November I.

"I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven,  
 and as the sand which is upon the sea shore."

Gen. xxii. 17.

How large the promise of a numerous seed  
 The Lord vouchsafed to Abraham ! but observe,  
 It may be worth observing, for God's word  
 Has no vain repetitions, that they branch,  
 Extending in a twofold simile.  
 First, they are likened to the glittering stars,  
 Heavenly their character and their destiny ;  
 And then they are likened to the sea-side sand,  
 Earthly and earthly minded. May not these,  
 Countless as sand, be Ishmael's progeny ;  
 The numerous race descending from Keturah ;  
 Esau and all his dukes, as well as those  
 Of Israel's children who obtain alone  
 Of Israel's God this world's immunities ?  
 Countless indeed are these, and much they gain  
 Of nether blessing, left-hand privilege,  
 By being Abraham's children ; but the sons,  
 Heirs to his faith, as well as to his name,  
 The multitude in every age and clime  
 Who share in Abraham's blessing ; they who see  
 Far off, or near approaching, or at hand,  
 Or looking retrospectively, the day  
 Of Jesus Christ, rejoicing, confident,  
 Ransomed by Him, in Him they are complete :  
 These in the Church's firmament are stars,  
 Resplendent, glittering, and innumerable !  
 Lights in the world's dark hemisphere ! and these,

When death removes them from this passing state,  
For ever and for ever still shall shine  
Stars in the court of heaven !

### November 2.

“ Look, ye blind, that ye may see.” ISA. xlii. 18.

#### ENDEAVOUR !

Is the key-stone of heaven's philosophy.  
Often the ministers of Jesus Christ  
Are charged with irony or paradox,  
When in their energy of earnest zeal,  
Zeal to convert souls unconverted yet,  
They urge them to believe—believe and live !  
When well they know, as Scripture fully proves,  
And every saint's experience testifies,  
None can believe till God incline the will  
And give the faith to credit and accept.

Yet ministers are right, and thus fulfil  
Their great commission, following faithfully  
The example of their Master. Preach ! He said,  
To every creature and in every land  
The Gospel of Salvation. All that believe  
Shall verily be saved ! and Scripture teems  
Abundantly with promises of help  
To all who seek, to all who feel their need !  
Sinners have still the will, the power, the choice,  
But all, alas ! perverted by the fall.  
“ Ye will not come to Me,” the Saviour said  
To hardened sceptics in the olden time ;  
The light hath come, but ye the darkness choose,  
Bringing your condemnation on yourselves.  
Capacities perverted cancel not  
God's call to obey ; still less God's general call  
To come to Him for help and strength and faith !  
The eye, diseased, may yet attempt to look,  
The leprous soul may the Physician crave,  
The palsied arm endeavour to obey,  
The sinner, sick of sin, seek saving grace,

The prodigal may say, "I will arise;"  
 And these faith's feeblest feelings after God,  
 This scarcely smoking flax, this bruised reed  
 The Saviour will not break, despise, or quench,  
 But nourish, strengthen, fructify, increase,  
 Till the unripe endeavour shall become  
 The opener of the door to God, who knocks,  
 Knocking at every human heart,  
 Waiting to save!

### November 3.

"Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment." 1 TIM. v. 24.

THE felon, hurrying from his recent guilt,  
 Seeks, by the fastest train, safe hiding-place!  
 Miles upon miles divide him from the deed,  
 And now in false security he counts  
 His ill-got gains, considering how to spend!  
 Needless consideration! While the train,  
 In noise and vapour, bore him rapidly,  
 A quiet, still more speedy messenger  
 Precedes and publishes his wickedness,  
 Pictures his person, and the warrant reads,  
 Arresting him ere yet his forehead cools  
 From crime's hot perspiration!

Thus,  
 If this world's wonderful contrivances  
 May be compared with heavenly mysteries;  
 Thus when the sinner, from the bed of death,  
 Carried impetuous o'er life's precipice,  
 Is borne across the wide and sullen waste  
 Of an unthought-of future, to the bar,  
 The judgment seat of God, ere yet he meet  
 The indignant eye of Him he hath blasphemed,  
 His coming and his conduct, both are known!  
 And when, like Joshua, with the accuser near,  
 Reading his record of iniquities,  
 He stands in filthy garments at the throne;

No intercessor will be there to plead,  
 No change of raiment, and no mitre fair,  
 And no reproof to Satan, who will then,  
 Claiming the sinner, claim what long hath been  
 His own possession, and his vassalage;  
 By homage and by fealty long acquired,  
 And in submission held!

#### November 4.

"The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ."  
 GAL. iii. 24.

THE Law is like a looking-glass!  
 It shews the spot, the stain, the excrescence, but  
 The Law supplies no antidote, no cure!  
 No good physician dwells at Sinai!  
 No healing balsam grows upon the hill,  
 The burning mountain, where, in awful pomp,  
 Jehovah published His tremendous name,  
 Revealing His tremendous attributes,  
 Revealing nothing more! Oh, 'twas a sight  
 Made holy Moses tremble and afraid,  
 But 'tis a sight we all must realize,  
 Naked to stand before this scorching flame,  
 This glass exhibiting soul-nakedness!  
 For this the Law was given! By this the world,  
 Elect and non-elect, are all condemned!  
 At Sinai hope expires! Oh, to be brought  
 To Sinai, while yet a better hope  
 Is not shut out; the hope that mercy wreathes,  
 Like phoenix, from the ashes of their hope,  
 Who see the terrors of the burning hill,  
 Love-drawn, in time to escape the burning pit!  
 To these in whispering accents mercy shews  
 Another mountain, even Zion's hill,  
 Where Jesus Christ, the Mediator, stands,  
 The law-fulfiller, whose most precious blood  
 Sprinkled, subdues the fury and the frown  
 Of God's unyielding justice, and whose life

Hath wrought a robe of righteousness, so white  
 That the Law's piercing eye discerns no spot  
 On those arrayed therein! Poor trembling soul!  
 Oh, stay not shuddering at the burning hill!  
 Haste to mount Zion! there the Saviour waits,  
 Waits to receive, receiving all who come!

### November 5.

"In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me."  
 Ps. cxx. 1.

My baby cried;  
 I knew it was the voice of petulance,  
 The dull, monotonous, accustomed tone  
 Of little meaning, claiming slight regard:  
 My baby cried again; I knew the sound,  
 It was the short, shrill cry of agony,  
 It told of pain, of trouble, of distress;  
 My bowels yearned towards my suffering child,  
 And leaving all unfinished my employ,  
 I ran to soothe, to succour, to relieve.  
 Is it not thus with God? He says it is!  
 Cold formal prayers, unfelt, petitionless,  
 Fall unregarded! Appointed prayers,  
 At seasons periodical, alas!  
 So base our nature, though commendable,  
 And much to be observed, are often void  
 Of life and earnestness and energy!  
 The Holy Spirit never breathes the cry  
 Which languidly ascends, indifferent,  
 Scarce waiting a reply! The prayers He breathes  
 Are never stereotyped and conned by rote!  
 What He indites is for that moment's need!  
 What He inspires just suits the emergency,  
 And suits no case besides! And when in want,  
 In woe, or warfare, saints, inspired by Him,  
 Besiege, with supplications and with tears,  
 Heaven's mercy throne, their cries importunate  
 Arrest Jehovah, and He turns to hear,  
 And, hearing, to bestow what thus they ask!

## November 6.

"Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown."  
 JONAH iii. 4.

POOR Jonah saw

Nothing but threatening in these words of God ;  
 And picturing to himself the multitude  
 Of Nineveh's proud buildings overthrown,  
 He never thought that Nineveh's proud self  
 Might possibly be meant ! Old nature's pride  
 Even in God's prophet stirred rebellion high,  
 When seemingly reversed, his message turned  
 Its silver side to contrite Nineveh !  
 It mattered not that God might seem to change,  
 The great Jehovah to be mutable,  
 This was of little moment, but for him,  
 The delegated messenger of God,  
 Speaking God's message, to appear untrue  
 Was not to be permitted ! "I do well  
 To be indignant," angrily he said,  
 And yet his prophecy was realized !  
 Ere forty days the actual Nineveh,  
 Its proud inhabitants, on bended knees,  
 Were all repentant supplicants ; their pride,  
 Their infidelity, all overthrown,  
 And they receiving blessings temporal !  
 Tell me no more that vain a nation's faith,  
 Shewn by profession national ; that God  
 Nothing regards a nation's penitence,  
 And scorns a nation's worship ! This fact remains  
 A standing proof that nature unrenewed,  
 Acknowledging God's moral government,  
 Shall share in this world's sunshine ! England thus  
 Commemorating God in all her acts,  
 Shares national His smile, His smile which gilds  
 No nation like our own !



## November 7.

"Wherefore doth a living man complain?"  
LAM. iii. 39.

HE whose heart,  
Whose hopes, and whose affections are engrossed,  
Centred within the narrow boundary  
Of this frail sublunary world; whose thoughts  
Reach never to the future; he may grieve,  
Fretting at every passing cloud, and filled  
With indignation, when the looked-for joy  
Bursts empty and unreal! Earth to him  
Is the chief good, the only happiness;  
And when it yieldeth thorns, fruit of the curse,  
The harvest of his life indeed hath failed!  
Man born of woman is to trouble born!  
Blessèd is to whom the trouble comes  
A messenger commissioned from above,  
To point him to new life! Blessèd is he  
Who climbs the pinnacle of broken hopes,  
Prospects unrealized, and withered joys,  
Discerning thence a purer, brighter world,  
And reading on the emerald bow that spans  
The sorrow sanctified, his title-deeds  
To all the broad inheritance! Should he grieve,  
Should he complain, because to him the world  
Looks with a frowning aspect? He hath left  
Her garlic and her onions, sensual feast,  
For manna, angels' food, the bread of heaven!  
The world to him is but a border land;  
The wilderness through which with scrip and staff  
He makes quick pilgrimage; the battle-field  
In which the adversary seeks his hurt;  
The arena where unnumbered foes unite  
To wound or to seduce; and should he fall,  
Should sin or Satan some advantage gain,  
The punishment will come! The Father's rod,  
Which meddles not with aliens dead in sin,  
Chastens the child who, melted, humbled now,



Kisses the chastisement, and bending down,  
Shares a fresh smile, a Father's pardon shares,  
And loves the hand that strikes !

### November 8.

" And there shall be no more curse." Rev. xxii. 3.

THE world hath yet much loveliness !  
Her summer sceneries and her winter homes  
Retain some semblance of earth's early days,  
Ere innocence withdrew, and left her flowers,  
Her fields, and children, to the withering blight  
Of sin's deserved and ever-active curse !

My feet have never trod in tropic climes,  
Where gorgeous birds and gorgeous verdure fill  
The eye with transport, nor have I surveyed  
The transatlantic forests in their pride !  
Alas ! in all the curse is prominent :  
The beast of prey, the brilliant rattlesnake,  
The poisonous herb, the hurricane, proclaim  
Its presence and its power ! And when I walk  
The lanes and meadows of my native land ;  
When, from some rising ground, well pleased, I see  
A beauteous prospect, I perceive the curse :  
Some blighted tree, some withered flower, some field  
Scorched by the lightning, some toil-worn man  
Digging, with heated brow, the rugged glebe ;  
These tell its influence, and these prompt the prayer,  
While we survey the scene, for that glad day  
When there shall be no curse ! Alas ! the blight  
Is equally within earth's dwellings seen !  
Go to her homes, the castle or the cot ;  
Anger and pride, envy and bitterness,  
Are offshoots of that sin which brought the curse !  
Pleasant are evening circles, gathering round,  
In social concourse, the domestic hearth ;  
But even here its presence may be seen,  
When difference brings in discord ! Holy Lord !

Thou renovator of a blighted world !  
 Hasten Thy coming ! when, Thy chariot wheels  
 Destroying sin, there shall be no more curse !

### November 9.

“ And Enoch walked with God.” GEN. v. 24.

SAY not that Enoch was the only one  
 Pre-eminent who walked with God, or those  
 Who walking to the village with the Lord  
 Felt their hearts burn while then communing with Him !

Go to the plain of Dura ! See the throngs  
 Subservient crouching to the golden god,  
 All crouching but three captive Israelites !  
 Passion will scarce permit the raging king  
 To speak the mandate which consigns the three  
 To the hot furnace, hotter now than wont ;  
 So hot, that when his mighty men these three  
 Tossed hurrying in, the belching flames outgushed,  
 And burnt the mighty men, while all unhurt,  
 With clothes unsinged, and countenances calm,  
 The Hebrew children walked amidst the flame,  
 Walking with God ! The patriarch's walk,  
 When the green earth was young, was blissfulness,  
 Turning aside from sin-polluted men  
 To converse with the Lord, and learn the way  
 From a stained world to God and holiness !  
 'Twas happiness the two disciples knew  
 In their lone walk, when the kind Stranger cheered,  
 And when in Him they recognised their Lord !  
 But more ecstatic, indescribable,  
 The rapture realized, when in the flame  
 The Lord fulfilled His promise : ‘ When ye walk  
 In persecution's fire, I will be there,  
 Sustaining, comforting, protecting you,  
 And writing there, in radiant characters,  
 My might, My majesty, My changeless love,  
 Towards all My love embraces ! ’

## November 10.

"Thy grandmother Lois and thy mother Eunice."  
2 TIM I. 5.

LIKE Timothy,  
I have an honoured ancestry in heaven !  
And when rejoicing I anticipate  
Admission there ; when, praise to sovereign grace,  
I read, or hope I read, some evidence  
That love Divine hath melted and subdued  
My once obdurate heart, which, Gallio-like,  
Indifferent to God, cared not for God !  
When humbly, but confidingly, my soul,  
In faith's appropriation, can address  
The High and Lofty One, in filial phrase,  
Assured He is my Father ! When I think  
Of the pearl portal, and the streets of gold,  
The joyous welcome, and the rapturous glance,  
Nature will picture, some say sinfully,  
The happy meeting with the dear ones gone ;  
With her most dear, the faintest thought of whom  
Passing across my bosom, fills my eye,  
Re-wakening love which never will expire !  
Always compassionate, my heavenly Friend,  
Knowing how much I loved, ere yet He called  
My mother to Himself, bestowed on me  
One worthy all my love, receiving all,  
With whom, oft musing, I anticipate  
A second time receiving from the Lord  
Four cherub children, birds of paradise,  
Who once were ours, but now are with the Lord !  
Heaven's special glory is the present God,  
Heaven's special joy His smile, but may we not  
Believe we shall participate the bliss  
With those we love so dear !



## November 11.

"Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our  
Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. xv. 57.

IN many a single fight  
The Romans might be beaten, but in all  
Their numerous wars they conquered finally !  
Porsenna, Brennus, Hannibal, might each,  
Proud of their victories, think one fight more  
Would throne them in the Capitol ; but Rome,  
Recovering still, with renovated strength,  
Shook off the invader, like the Apostle shook  
The viper from his hand !

Thus in the saint's campaign,  
The Christian's warfare in life's wilderness ;  
Sometimes the tempter may advantage gain,  
Sometimes the alluring world may fascinate,  
Sometimes inbred corruptions may outbreak,  
Sometimes oppressors may, with iron tread,  
Crush the fair prospect hope anticipates,  
Ruining, though the ruin cause them loss !  
These are defeats, lost battles, overthrows !  
These shade the brow with care, distress the heart,  
And realize the legacy of woe,  
The tribulations Jesus warned us of !  
But Zion's Saviour left a codicil  
Appended to His testament of gloom :  
" In Me ye shall have peace ! " Peace, the result  
Of final victory over every foe ;  
Victory so certain and secure, that faith  
Oft shouts e'en in discomfiture's dark hour :  
Rejoice not, O mine enemy ! I fall,  
But I shall rise again, a conqueror rise,  
Victorious in the Lord, who, full of love,  
Wisely permits these falls to teach His child  
How strengthless without Him the strongest saint !  
How weak, when He is near, the strongest foe !



## November 12.

"Isaac." GEN. xxi. 3.

'Tis a fond fancy, perhaps a foolish one,  
But oft I think in Isaac is portrayed  
The Bible picture of a gentleman!  
Stained by no outward sins, no rash display  
Of youthful effervescence, no wild burst  
Of passion or of folly, his career  
Was calm, contemplative, and amiable!  
Living at home, he was his mother's boy;  
And when the taunting Ishmael enviously  
Sneered at the child of promise, no foul word  
Soiled the young lips of Isaac! Early called  
By Abraham's God, with Abraham oft he went  
Unitedly to offer sacrifice;  
And when the old man's faith required the assent  
Of the strong youth, submission joined with faith  
Elicited obedience! Evening oft  
Marked his wrapped musings, when in loneliness,  
'Mongst nature's moonlight scenery, he thought  
On nature's God, and learnt the way to Him!  
'Twas at the evening hour he first received  
His loved Rebekah, Isaac's only wife,  
Most blest in centering all his love in one,  
Each yielding, each receiving, and in love  
Walking in all God's ordinances blest!  
When strife amongst his herdmen and the men  
Of his rich neighbours prompted quick revenge,  
Isaac resisted evil, yet once more  
Removing, and so prospering, that these men  
Entreated reconciliation; and at last,  
When life's anxieties and toils were done,  
And all life's pleasures past, he yields his breath,  
Confiding in the mercy of the Lord,  
The Lord who loved him, always honoured him,  
And who now deigns to publish to the Church:  
"I am the God of Isaac!"

## November 13.

"Ye will not believe," LUKE xxii. 67.

WHAT a tremendous, what a fearful thought,  
That at the last great day, when at God's bar  
Earth's congregated children all shall stand,  
The separating test which shall divide  
Earth's countless millions, will be unbelief!  
Swept to the left the multitudes shall hear  
The dreadful challenge, not foreboded now:  
By unbelief ye charged the God of truth  
With falsehood, making Him a liar! Say,  
Atheists, who rather than adore the Lord,  
Form a frail god of atoms, chance or space;  
Deists, who, scorning Revelation's page  
Extract from nature's face a frigid code,  
While blushing nature shouts with all her tongues:  
Ye seek not God aright! and Pharisees,  
Who, mutilating God's own holy book,  
Deny the Saviour, or deny His work,  
Refusing righteousness unwrought by self;  
Say, when at the last tribunal ye shall stand;  
When at the great white throne ye shrinking meet  
The eye of Him whose name ye mock at now;  
Will ye courageously before the Lord  
Acknowledge then your creed, and proudly claim  
Your liberty to think? Will ye then dare  
Boldly to cast the blame upon the Lord,  
Because in infidelity and pride  
Ye threw away salvation? The moth as much  
Might fling reproaches on the candle's blaze  
Which dared to scorch one of inquiring mind,  
Who sought to analyse its flame, and test  
How long, how close, the heat might be endured!  
Oh, smile not, man! less than a moth is he  
Who rushes daring on the massy shield,  
The buckler with thick bosses, of the might  
Of the Almighty, whose avenging glance,

Like a consuming fire, shall burn up all  
 Who at the judgment day, before His bar,  
 Shall stand unsheltered in Immanuel !

### November 14.

“ Lord, increase our faith.” LUKE xvii. 5.

THE young bird, perched upon the summer tree,  
 Observes the early fruit, and half afraid,  
 Now this way, that way, looking wistfully,  
 Starts and advances, trembling, lingering long,  
 Ere he will venture ! Now the playful breeze,  
 Rustling amid the branches, scares outright,  
 And now a passing footstep troubles him ;  
 The dog's brisk bark, the loud and merry laugh  
 Of joyous children, throb his little breast,  
 And e'en the sun's bright beam between the leaves,  
 Gilding the apple with a richer tinge,  
 Seems like a warning !

Thus the new-wakened soul,  
 In the first stages of his pilgrimage,  
 And perhaps in after-years, when need is felt,  
 And in the Scripture page some promise shines,  
 Rich, ripe, and suitable, inviting faith  
 With hand put forth to appropriate the gift,  
 Recedes, withdraws, starts back, and hesitates ;  
 It seems too rich, too good, too full, too free ;  
 'Tis not for him, 'tis meant for other saints,  
 More favoured pilgrims, and he looks and longs,  
 Now venturing, now retiring, like the bird !

Author of all the promises, whose word  
 Hung pendent on the tree of life, so full,  
 These fruits, adapted for our every need,  
 For want, for woe, for weakness, grant to me,  
 To whom thou hast given appreciating faith,  
 Oh, grant me faith to appropriate ! Give to me  
 The witness of the Spirit, teaching me  
 That Thou hast melted, chastened, and subdued,

That Thou mayest shew me where my treasure is !  
 And having centered all my hopes in Christ,  
 Oh, give me faith, yea, full assurance give,  
 To say that Christ is mine !

### November 15.

" The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended."  
 Ps. lxxii. 20.

ARE there not moments in the saint's career,  
 When the glad soul, absorbed in fellowship,  
 In close communion with the God of love ;  
 The smile of heaven, unshadowed by a thought  
 Of earth's associations, lucubrates,  
 That prayer hath done its work, and that, henceforth,  
 Petition all accomplished yields to praise !

Fathers in Christ ! have ye not sometimes said,  
 As said the minstrel monarch : Firm I stand,  
 For God hath set my feet upon the Rock !  
 I shall no more be moved ! Have ye not felt,  
 As David felt, when the broad sunshine came,  
 And every act and every thought was love ;  
 Thy prayers were ended, and in future days,  
 Exulting, grateful praise would thee employ !  
 Thus Peter thought, when on the holy mount ;  
 And in heaven's evanescent glimpse desired  
 To see the world no more ! Oh, it were good  
 To raise a tabernacle there ! But God  
 Will never build His heaven upon a world  
 Which sin hath tarnished ; though, to cheer His saints,  
 He may sometimes permit a transient beam,  
 Escaping, so to elevate the soul,  
 It almost seems to have reached its Paradise !

Fathers in Christ ! ye find, as David found ;  
 That prayer, all through life's pilgrimage, must live ;  
 For prayer hath much to do ! By prayer, the soul,  
 Upcoming from the wilderness, reclines  
 On her Beloved ! By prayer, we ask of Him



Whatever faith receives, or need requires !  
By prayer we live ! It is the vital breath  
Of the new nature ; and he who doth not pray,  
Proving he breathes not, proves himself yet dead !

### November 16.

“King Solomon made himself a chariot.” SOL. SONG iii. 9.

WHEN musing, I survey the chariot built  
By Israel's monarch for his chosen bride ;  
Built by himself of fragrant cedar wood,  
Sustained with silver, framed with solid gold,  
Bedecked with purple, and inlaid with love ;  
I see, portrayed, in apt similitude,  
The everlasting covenant, which of old,  
A greater than king Solomon prepared  
For His espoused ! His bride, like Solomon's,  
Was Egypt's dark-browed daughter, far removed  
From love and loveliness, yet Jesus loved !  
Loved her, when with omniscient glance, His eye,  
Ere the young mountains smiling saw themselves  
In stainless streams reflected, glad surveyed  
Herself and all her history ! Well He knew  
Her vacillations and delinquencies !  
That, though creation's morn should see her fair,  
The sun would look on her, and Kedar's tents  
Would be more fit resemblance ; still He loved ;  
And Jesus' love is changeless, like Himself !  
Thus, moved with love, when in heaven's council hall,  
Jehovah, communing in pondering mood,  
“How shall I put thee 'mongst the children ?” asked ;  
“How give a goodly heritage to thee ?”  
The Son in God stepped forward for His bride,  
And then was built the chariot formed to bring,  
Over all obstacles, and foes, and falls,  
His Hephzibah to heaven and to Himself !  
The wood of Lebanon, in faint portray,  
Shews how enduring shall this chariot prove,  
To bring to glory all the aggregate

Of His elect ! The silver pillars shew  
 Its preciousness ; its purity the gold ;  
 The purple points to Calvary, to tell  
 Its price, and loud its base proclaims,  
 That love, rich, sovereign, free, immutable,  
 Is the foundation, the original,  
 First cause, and end of all !

### November 17.

"Secret things belong unto the Lord our God."  
 DEUT. xxix. 29.

Too venturous he  
 Who launches the unsteady bark of his own thought  
 On the mysterious waters, vast and dark,  
 Of God's untold, untellable decrees !  
 Thrice blest the man who reads what God reveals,  
 And waits contentedly for loftier views,  
 Until his soul, now in the chrysalis,  
 Shall burst and bask in glory ! Man, finite man,  
 Should not attempt to pierce heaven's mysteries,  
 Nor seek to explore infinitude ; much less  
 Find fault and charge injustice upon God,  
 Because he cannot, with his speck of mind,  
 Grasp the long progress of a grand design,  
 Planned in eternity for opening time,  
 Completely to develop ! The butterfly,  
 That in the sunshine of its life's brief day,  
 Views the day's growth of a great edifice,  
 By men erecting, for some monarch man,  
 Might with more reason give elaborate,  
 Wise definitions, and opinions shrewd,  
 Which, to its insect mind, made manifest,  
 The architect was ignorant of his work,  
 Had, doubtless, blundered in his first design,  
 And in its execution added still  
 Defect unto defect !



## November 18.

"I will now turn aside and see this great sight."

Exod. iii. 8.

## A NATION mourns !

The sovereign and the senate, rich and great,  
 And brave and learned, representively  
 In funeral pomp unrivalled, follow sad,  
 With countless throngs surrounded, the great Duke,  
 The unconquered conqueror in a hundred fights !  
 I mingled 'mongst the myriads, and I thought :  
 Thus it is done unto the man whom all  
 Delight to honour ! I did not wish it less ;  
 I felt that all a nation could bestow  
 Were well deserved, for, instrumentally,  
 He had done much for England ! He had kept  
 Our shores inviolate from foreign foe,  
 And by his counsel stemmed intestine strife ;  
 But as I marked the splendid gorgeousness  
 Of this his last procession, far away  
 Imagination pictured to my mind  
 The funeral of a mightier Conqueror !  
 There was one, His name is Jesus, who victoriously  
 Battled with sin and hell, the grave and death,  
 With the corruptions of our fallen state,  
 With the temptations of our common foe,  
 With the allurements and the enmities  
 Of this vain world, and battling, conquered all ;  
 Yielding at last His life a sacrifice,  
 A great propitiation for His Church !  
 And this, all this, in spite of scorn, reproach,  
 Hatred, and slight, even from those He saved ;  
 So that when dead, His body was interred,  
 Unfollowed, unlamented, and unloved,  
 Save by a few poor women !

Wellington

Is prized because his last great victory  
 Secured such long repose ! Jesus gained,

By His unrivalled war, eternal peace,  
 Eternal glory, and eternal life!  
 They will not bear comparison!

### November 19.

“Teach me Thy way!” Ps. lxxxvi. 11.

EARLIEST and latest prayer!

The first petition that the sinner breathes,  
 New-wakened, at the throne; the long request,  
 Continuing through life's lengthened pilgrimage,  
 And the last wish the dying saint prefers,  
 When the cold river meets his shrinking step,  
 Threatening to freeze his faith! Teach me Thy way!  
 Almighty Father! teach Thy suppliant child!  
 Immanuel! who emphatically art  
 Thyself the Way; oh, manifest Thyself,  
 And let me learn the way, by Thee the Way!  
 Taught by the condescending Comforter,  
 Teacher and Guide of Zion militant!  
 Teach me Thy way! enlightening, quickening me!  
 Thy way of pardoning sinners, and the way  
 For sinners to approach the mercy-seat,  
 Sure of access and answer! Teach the way  
 The patriarch put on righteousness, and found  
 'Twas all-sufficient clothing! Teach me the way  
 Of peeling sorrow from a pallid brow,  
 Extracting trouble from a throbbing breast,  
 And casting all the load of care on Thee,  
 To smile like one refreshed with generous wine!  
 Teach me Thy way when, in my pilgrimage,  
 Two roads diverging, equally invite,  
 Foiling my skill to choose; and when sometimes  
 Darkness so shrouds my path, that all in vain  
 My upraised foot inquires where next to tread!  
 Oh, teach me then Thy way! Father and Lord!  
 Urgent and anxious this my prayer is now!  
 Fain would I walk Thy way, but my weak eye  
 Strives vain to pierce the overwhelming cloud,  
 And prayer, unanswered, seems to ask in vain!

## November 20.

"Sin that dwelleth in me." Rom. vii. 20.

I NEVER did like lodgers !  
 I have one resident within my breast  
 Causing much trouble, much uneasiness !  
 Oft he intrudes when I would be alone,  
 And though I shut my door, and bar, and lock,  
 I frequent find him hovering at my side !  
 Sometimes when in the attitude of prayer,  
 In trouble, I would commune with my God,  
 Just as I lift my eyes, I find him there,  
 Perplexing, agitating, vexing me !  
 He is a limner, skilful, apt, and shrewd,  
 And when I think, I'll put the world quite out,  
 And only see and only talk with God,  
 All suddenly displayed before my eye,  
 My mental eye, are panoramic views  
 Of worldly scenes, of worldly vanities !  
 Perhaps of innocent amusements gone ;  
 Perhaps of foolish, thoughtless merriment ;  
 Perhaps of home enjoyments, earthly loves ;  
 Perhaps of injuries, prompting quick revenge ;  
 Perhaps of grandeur I may not attain ;  
 Perhaps of want, inviting sympathy ;  
 No matter what, to constitute a screen,  
 Hindering faith's view of God !

I never did like lodgers !  
 Lodgers especially who will not leave,  
 And cannot be compelled ! Long have I striven,  
 By notice, and by warning, and by threat,  
 To banish the intruder ; but in vain ;  
 He will not leave, nor will he cease to annoy !  
 Thou, who alone hast power  
 To bind, subdue, expel ! Saviour and Lord !  
 Who, not alone from everlasting woe,  
 But from indwelling tyranny dost save !  
 Oh, save me from my lodger ! Save from sin !  
 From sin that dwelleth in me !

## November 21.

"Not so, my father." GEN. xlviii. 18.

WHAT Joseph said,  
 When the grey patriarch crossed his dying hand,  
 Answering by blessings differently dispensed  
 To Joseph's fond desire, I oft object,  
 When, in the dispensations of the Lord,  
 My heavenly Father seems to answer prayer  
 All opposite to what my prayers desired!  
 I do not ask, long time I have not asked,  
 For earth's prosperities, or earthly fame;  
 My loftier prayer craves higher, nobler things,  
 And more enduring; but while here I dwell,  
 While earth's vicissitudes my bosom vex,  
 I supplicate enough of earth's supplies  
 To enable me to keep my raiment white,  
 Repelling all occasion of reproach,  
 Such as earth's children love to cast on those  
 Who turn from earth to seek superior good!  
 When vain this prayer arises, and my toil  
 And best endeavours vain seem exercised,  
 I say, "Not so! my Father!" When I pray  
 That earth's privations be made up to me,  
 By richer, more abundant gifts of grace,  
 By sweet and frequent visits from the Lord,  
 By intimate communion realized,  
 And this prayer seems unanswered, unreceived,  
 I say, "Not so! my Father!" When my prayers  
 For temporal or soul good appear to gain  
 Answers, but answers wholly different  
 To what my prayers besought, again I say,  
 "Not so! my Father!"

All Gracious! and All Great!  
 Canst Thou forgive Thy murmuring suppliant,  
 Who, knowing Thou art wise, and good, and kind,  
 Asks not Thy aid alone, but grumblingly  
 Rebels when aid comes any other way  
 Than his short-sighted mind had dictated!

## November 22.

“The disciple whom Jesus loved.” JOHN xxi. 20.

FAVoured apostle !

Called early by thy Lord to follow Him ;  
Pre-eminently named the one He loved ;  
Permitted on thy Master's breast to lean,  
And asking questions none beside presumed !  
The only one, when all the Saviour left,  
Who to the high priest's house accompanied  
His apprehended, his insulted Lord !  
Though by the high priest known, and known to be  
A follower of Jesus ! Still alone,  
The only one of all the twelve who stood  
Near to the cross, when thy suspended Friend,  
Even in His agony, beheld and knew,  
And recognising, to thy care bequeathed  
His weeping mother ! Crowned with the wreath,  
The martyr's wreath, yet wondrous snatched from death,  
A living martyr, not to preach alone  
The risen Saviour, but in solitude  
Communing with Him, to receive from Him  
A second legacy ; the mystic book,  
The Revelation to His widowed Church,  
Brimful of cautions, consolations, hopes,  
To cheer her in her progress through the world !  
Favoured apostle ! who shall tell thy death ?  
Wert thou, like Moses, kissed to Paradise ?  
And leaning on thy Saviour's breast once more,  
Rocked to repose by Jesus ? Vain we ask,  
In vain investigate ! “ If I will he live,”  
The Saviour said, “ until I come again,  
Who shall gainsay ? ” Mystery veils his death,  
But glory, in its brightest plentitude,  
Is his eternal home !



## November 23.

"He led them forth by the right way, that they might go  
to a city of habitation." Ps. cvii. 7.

METHINKS the ransomed soul,  
Reposing after life's drear pilgrimage,  
When the first flush of ecstasy subsides  
To joy still limitless, will often gaze  
Over the brow of some soft fleecy cloud,  
And mark the devious path which brought her there.  
From her glad altitude, when she beholds  
Whole continents unfavoured with the smile  
Of gospel mercies, and where gospel news  
Have visited the nations, multitudes  
Living and dying, unawakened still  
By the soul-stirring sound, she thankful owns  
Salvation came to her of sovereign grace!  
Pondering then the long black period  
Of her Egyptian slavery, now she sees  
The achievements wonderful, by which the Lord  
Tore her from Pharaoh's grasp, and bringing her  
Safe through the separating sea, for years  
Led her, to prove, to teach, and humble her,  
In a huge wilderness, unrecorded  
In human maps, and then admitted her,  
Still combatting, and by imparted strength  
Still conquering, into the pleasant land,  
Where milk and wine and honey, heavenly food,  
Were found abundant! Blissful place!  
All unalloyed, save by the Canaanite,  
The vexing foe, which all her utmost strength  
Could never wholly quell; whose harassings  
Kept her still ardent for full liberty!  
Now she sees the oft-remembered hour,  
When climbing Nebo's mount, she yielded glad  
To her Redeemer's hand her parting soul!  
And pondering all the history, she exclaims,  
Soaring the while, and from her golden harp



Sweeping still louder strains: By the right way  
 He led me, that I might come unto  
*This* city of habitation!

### November 24.

"The Lord hath done great things for them! The  
 Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad!"  
 Ps. cxxvi. 2, 3.

GREAT things the great Jehovah anciently,  
 Before creation's morning, to His Church  
 In streams of love unseparate vouchsafed!  
 Great things, when each with other communing,  
 The Three-one God unitedly agreed,  
 Planning, accomplishing, and witnessing  
 Salvation's scheme! Great things the Father did,  
 When, in the outflow of unequalled love,  
 He gave His Son, His well-beloved Son,  
 The brightness of His glory, for fallen man,  
 To contumely and death! Great things the Incarnate  
 Son,

In birth, in life, in suffering, and in death,  
 Fulfilled on our behalf! Equally great things  
 Upon and in our hearts, the Spirit acts,  
 Awakening, melting, sealing, comforting!  
 Great things our gracious God in providence  
 Profuse performs all through our pilgrimage;  
 So that the world in wonder oft exclaims:  
 The Lord hath done indeed great things for them!  
*For them!* Ah, there's the separating line!  
 If in the survey of the wondrous things,  
 Even nature's eye beholds and must concede,  
 As God's great work for God's own heritage,  
 The heart cannot appropriate the words,  
 'Tis cold and joyless phrase! Zion exclaims:  
 The Lord hath done indeed great things *for us!*  
 And grateful, rapturous, then the therefore adds,  
 Therefore we will rejoice!



## November 25.

"My wounds stink and are corrupt." Ps. xxxviii. 5.

TIME was

I thought this language hyperbolical ;  
I knew the allusion was to soul disease,  
I knew the Psalmist, thrilling at the sight  
Of sin in its exceeding sinfulness,  
Labour'd for language, but it seemed to me  
Fatigue to little purpose ! Sure, I said,  
Confession may as well choose decent phrase ;  
A sinner is a sinner, and what good  
One's self or others needlessly to abuse !  
A change hath since passed over me ; I've seen  
Something of God, and of God's holy law,  
In their exceeding holiness ! I've seen  
Myself in nakedness of soul, exposed  
Before that glass which manifests the thoughts  
In all their baseness and malignity !  
I've learnt, that though my Lord's preventing grace  
Hath hindered the outbreak of loathsome sins,  
Sins which infest a neighbourhood, these sins  
In their worst features, all are folded up  
Within my bosom's innermost recess,  
Like leaves of forest trees in winter time !  
And should temptation's sun, the breeze and dews  
Of opportunity their growth promote,  
Too soon, like these same forest trees in June,  
These sins would wave in full ripe verdure there !

Thus sensible of soul depravity,  
When I turn inward contemplation's eye,  
And shuddering view my heart's unholy cage  
Of foul and unclean birds ; when I survey  
The sores and cankering rottenness within,  
The thought impure, suggestion dark and base,  
And all the countless progeny of ills ;  
I feel within me something that recoils,  
Painful exclaiming : " Who shall liberate,  
Delivering from the body of this death ? "

## November 26.

-- Where prayer was wont to be made." ACTS xvi. 13.

## WORLDLINGS NOW

Despise and ridicule the attitude,  
 The language, and the Object of our prayers;  
 Scarce thinking that the hour will one day come  
 When they in one large aggregate will form  
 A different prayer meeting, and pray in vain!  
 We pray confidently, we pray assured  
 That, bending at the mercy throne, we come  
 With an availing plea, and that we have  
 Always a great High Priest, on our behalf,  
 Successful interceding! We pray in words,  
 Indited for us by the Holy Ghost;  
 Spirit of prayer! who breathes within our hearts  
 The prayer for blessings God designs to grant!  
 We pray to God, the High and Lofty One,  
 As to a Father, certain He will give  
 All for our present and our future good  
 That He sees best! Alas! how different  
 The dreadful hour, when worldlings first shall learn  
 The accent and the attitude of prayer!  
 In trembling horror they will turn from God,  
 And kneeling unassisted, supplicate  
 The hard unfeeling bosom of the rock,  
 The rugged rock, that deigns them no reply,  
 That cannot answer even if it would!  
 Terrible prayer! "Fall on us, rocks and hills,  
 And hide us from the presence of the Lamb!"  
 Terrible prayer, and vain, for all must meet  
 The Lamb's omniscient glance, and hear from Him  
 The sentence, final, just, irrevocable,  
 Opening or shutting heaven!



## November 27.

"A new heaven and a new earth." Rev. xxi. 1.

ONE grand distinction may be recognised  
Between the world when Eden was its pride,  
And the new world, the renovated earth,  
Of which the city, New Jerusalem,  
'Twelve thousand furlongs square, shall be the boast!  
Twelve thousand furlongs, fifteen hundred miles,  
In length, breadth, height, its wondrous amplitude!

When God first built the world, He viewed His work  
Approving, and pronounced it very good!

Alas! its good was mutable; the foe  
Breathed on its bloom and withered it! When God  
His ancient pledge in Patmos shall fulfil,  
And new create the world, new heaven, new earth,  
Bright on its front defying every foe,  
Immutability, in sparkling lines,  
Shall shut out blight, vicissitude, and sin!

Thought may not range,  
Imagining the new world's history!  
Thought may not ask how Christ shall reign thereon,  
All-glorious with His saints, a thousand years!  
The fact is given, the accomplishment is veiled!  
Where Scripture seals her lip, we should do we  
To close our ear, and put an instant stop  
To carnal prying curiosity!  
Enough for saints, that on the new-built earth,  
Immutable and lovely, they shall reign,  
Reigning with Christ, the Mediator-King,  
Tasting the antepast of that full bliss  
Prepared for them in glory!

## November 28.

"A perfect man." Eph. iv. 13.

ALBERT DUEER sketched  
The faultless features of a model man,  
So beautiful, so bright, the artist world

Adopted it for centuries. At last  
It was discovered that humanity  
Existed not so perfect. 'Twas not man,  
'Twas Albert Durer's own imagining!  
And yet 'twas well that Art should represent  
A grand ideal of what man might be,  
Perhaps what man once was. Who shall say  
When Adam, in primeval dignity,  
In conscious innocence, Eve at his side,  
Walked in their yet unblighted paradise,  
How much more regal, more magnificent;  
Were our first parents than their children since.

And man shall yet regain these royalties!  
The time shall come, yea, is approaching fast,  
When all the infirmities of sin shall cease;  
When in the renovated world, mankind,  
Emerging from the chrysalis, breaking through  
The incrustations of disease and guilt,  
Shall live pure, sinless, and symmetrical,  
In resurrection splendour, in a world  
Equally free from sin, or blight, or curse.

Great Mediator! from Thy Paradise,  
Lovelier than Eden's, bring Thy gathered saints,  
Uniting to them risen bodies, and  
Changing as in a moment those that live  
To Thine own image, building then on earth  
Thy glorious kingdom, Thy millennial reign,  
For which creation groaneth. Who shall paint,  
What tongue shall represent man's dignity,  
When the then purified and blightless world  
Shall be the home of renovated man!  
None then shall be deformed, none imbecile,  
None maimed, or stunted, or diseased, or sick;  
All shall attain the likeness of the Lord,  
The stature perfectness of Jesus Christ!



## November 29.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Ps. cxvi. 15.

CHRISTIANS should not lament when Christians die,  
Nor would they if they rightly thought of death.

Life is the vestibule of heaven or hell;  
It opens to two roads: one broad and bright  
At its beginning, but on, further on,  
Dark, dangerous, ending in eternal woe!  
The other road is narrow, and at first  
Most uninviting, wherein none would walk  
Unless impelled by motives undiscerned  
By the world's multitudes, who, pressing, throng  
To tread the broad, bright pathway. What is it  
Prompts their resolve, so singular, so strange,  
To such as covet only present joy?  
'Tis Wisdom's invitation, Wisdom's call;  
She standeth at the entry of the gates,  
Entreating earnestly: Unto you I call,  
O men! Oh that all men would understand,  
Appreciating and accepting Wisdom's call.  
But most refuse, and only they whose hearts  
Are influenced by the power of love Divine  
Obey her call, and choose the narrow way—  
The narrow way by self-denial marked;  
By abnegation of self-righteousness;  
By trust in an unseen, but present God;  
By near communion with the Invisible;  
By fresh discoveries of the better land;  
By evidences, brightening more and more,  
That God, and heaven, and home, and happiness,  
To which this path, this narrow pathway, leads,  
Are sure to all its travellers—sure to them!

The narrow Way and Wisdom who invites  
Both represent the Saviour. All who seek  
The way to heaven by Jesus Christ, the Way  
Shall surely find. Death is not death to them.  
Death but unlocks the door to endless life.  
They pass from earth, which some time was their home,

Passing to heaven—the home afore prepared ;  
 Exchanging fightings, doubtings, fears, and foes,  
 For the bright home of everlasting bliss !  
 For this should the survivors grieve ? Oh no,  
 But rather long for their own summons, then  
 To die and be at rest !

### November 30.

“ And when she had weaned him, she took him up with  
 her . . . and brought him unto the house of the  
 Lord in Shiloh.” 1 SAM. i. 24.

Who can describe,  
 And yet what parent cannot fully feel,  
 The Hebrew mother's joyousness of heart,  
 When travelling to the temple with her child,  
 The blooming boy, solicited of God,  
 And now to God devoted ! Memory's glance  
 Sees the dark, desolate hour, when urgently  
 She asked the boon at Shiloh, when the priest  
 Spake undeserved reproaches, soon recalled.  
 Contrast is busy sketching parallels ;  
 And when her cherished boy his rosy cheeks  
 And full blue eyes lifts with inquiring glance,  
 Asking some infant question, it scarce seems  
 The happy mother ever could have been  
 The former lonely weeper.

Sorrowing one !  
 Doth thy breast throb, o'erburdened with the weight  
 Of this world's tribulations, pain, or want,  
 Bereavement, or reproach ? As Hannah did,  
 Spread all thy griefs before the mercy-seat,  
 Ask urgently, confidingly, in faith ;  
 And Hannah's God, who never fails to hear,  
 Will in His own good time as surely give  
 To thee, as unto Hannah, copiously,  
 An answer to thy prayer, and fill the breast  
 Which now breathes only sighs, with joy and peace,  
 Causing the eye which now droops languidly  
 Brightly to sparkle with excess of love.

## December I.

The Sabbath, its duties, privileges, and responsibilities.

## HAIL Sabbath Day !

Time's tribute unto time's Beginner, hail !  
Originating less in God's command  
Than in God's own example ! Six days' work  
Fatigued not the Almighty, though the while  
He built the world, with all its lofty hills,  
Spread the wide ocean, and hung bright and high  
The lights of heaven, to illuminate the earth !  
God knows not weariness, but His creature man,  
Though made in His own likeness, and though yet  
Unfallen, working in His Eden, needed rest !  
But not alone for rest the Sabbath Day  
Was sanctified conspicuous 'mongst the seven !  
God blessed it, hallowed it, and while time shall live,  
A seventh of time is God's peculiar claim !

Oh, who shall estimate the priceless worth  
Of an especial day to worship God ?  
God's children come in all emergencies,  
In prayer and praise, for aid and for supply,  
Each hour, each minute, helpless without Him !  
But the Lord's Day, nearer they seem to approach,  
More close communion often realize !  
They dare not treat the Sabbath with neglect ;  
They call the Sabbath a delight, and love  
To congregate within the sanctuary,  
Seeking the Sabbath blessing not withheld !

Man ! do not toil so much to investigate,  
If, as a law, it is perpetual ;  
How much it circumscribes, how much allows ;  
Regard it as thy joy, thy privilege ;  
Earth's one bright day, which antedates thy heaven !  
Work every day for God, as 'neath His eye,  
But, most on the one day He calls His own,  
Let every act and every thought be His,  
Devoted to His glory !



## December 2.

## The Sabbath in Eden.

Who shall tell

How many Sabbaths our first parents passed  
 In their unblighted garden? Who shall tell  
 Their pure employment on that sacred day?  
 Cloudless the morn arose; the sky-birds sang  
 Untroubled; the young lion with the lamb  
 Walked peacefully; anger, and lust, and pride,  
 Envy, and jealousy were yet unborn,  
 And all creation sparkled in fresh life!  
 Forth from his moss couch Adam early rose,  
 Erect in conscious innocence, while Eve,  
 Blushing in bloom, smiled by his side and loved!  
 Gathering their morning meal: the purple grape,  
 The golden plum, the apple, full of juice;  
 Not the green apple of our northern clime,  
 But citron-flavoured, sun-bronzed pomegranate;  
 Were tasted each, and each supplied new theme  
 For thankfulness and praise! Again they walk,  
 Again look up in holy adoration, and again  
 Admire and wonder, wonder and admire:  
 Endeavouring, in untaught harmony, to praise!  
 Often they thread the green meandering marge  
 Of the full stream, which, when it left the bounds  
 Of Eden, severed into four, and often there  
 Watched in its crystal home, the playful fish!  
 We may not say, although it is revealed  
 That at creation the pleased sons of God  
 Sang heavenly chorus, that they sometimes came  
 And talked with our first parents; but perhaps they  
 did,

For God Himself did so! at the cool of day,  
 Walking within the garden, no strange guest,  
 And not unwelcome, till the tempter came!

Oh, these were Sabbaths to be had by them  
 In unforgetful recollection, when with God,  
 Man held sweet converse, and the Almighty One,

Who built creation, walked complacently,  
With yet unsinning man, who fearless saw,  
And joyous basked in God's unshadowed glory !

### December 3.

#### The Antediluvian Sabbath.

ADAM and EVE have left their garden home !  
They listened to the tempter, and burst through  
The fence of innocence, which kept it theirs !  
Not far they wander ; frequent, with sad glance,  
Contemplating the cherub's flaming sword,  
Barring return ! Twisting the obedient branch,  
They wreath a sort of bower, and gathering leaves,  
Attempt to dress a shelter from the cold !  
The morning came ; no fruits like Eden gave  
Invite their hand ; unripe and sour, poor fruit,  
They gather now ; and thus first Adam learned  
The curse on earth was no unmeaning threat !  
Rising to his necessity, he shews  
The dignity of man : the shattered fane  
Is still a temple ! Man, though fallen man,  
Is still the image of his Maker, and contains  
A spark of His divinity ! Tediously  
He learns contrivances to till the ground,  
Graft the wild stem, and gather round his bower  
The herd, the flock, affording nutriment !  
In all the majesty of manhood, still  
He walks amongst God's creatures, challenging  
The homage which his God had not withdrawn !  
Worker of many miracles, time, ere long,  
Though Eden still was unforgotten, soothed  
What seemed all comfortless ; and when, years on,  
The labouring man, with his industrious wife,  
Surrounded by a group of prattlers, sat  
In the sweet Sabbath twilight, they could feel,  
The world, though not like Eden, still was fair !  
Then would the promise of the woman's seed

Awaken hope ; the sacrifice would point  
To the Redeemer, and incipient faith,  
Striving to praise, would commune with the Lord

### December 4.

#### The Sabbath in the Ark.

CREATION'S representatives are housed !  
Noah, his wife and children, safe shut in,  
Rest in their floating home ! No record tells  
Their work, their worship, or their housekeeping ;  
How they recorded time ; how they employed them-  
selves ;  
How the dark chambers of the ark were illumed ;  
Or how they occupied their Sabbath Days !  
Imagination must be humble here ;  
But this we safely may assume, that when  
The hoary patriarch, on the sacred day,  
Called his contracted household to adore  
Their wonderful Preserver, he would lead  
To the one window, gravely pointing them  
To the wide waste of waters, covering now  
Earth's vast varieties of life, all dead but them !  
Then, magnifying the rich grace of God,  
In sparing them—germ of a future world—  
He would ascend above the miracle,—  
Their safe deliverance from a watery grave,—  
And, taught of God, would doubtless solemnly  
Discourse to them of the more fearful death,  
Not of the body, but the immortal soul ;  
And piercing, with faith's eye, the mystery,  
The ark prefigured, doubtless he would point  
To that bright promise of the woman's seed,  
Which his progenitor, the earliest man,  
Had often told ! Surely the patriarch found,  
In the dread deluge, and the sheltering ark,  
Subject for many sermons, though he saw,  
Darkly, as through a glass ; yet, taught of God,

He would behold, prefigured, Jesus Christ,  
The antitypical, the real Ark,  
The Saviour of the world !

Oh, it could not be dull,  
Even though the rain and wind beat loud and high,  
When musing thus on the more direful death,  
And the more full salvation !

### December 5.

The Sabbath at Ararat.

How green and bright the world,  
The purified, the renovated world  
Glistened, when o'er the azure hemisphere  
God's bow of beams first shone ! Earth's new career  
Promised a prosperous future, and in smiles  
It spread its emerald mantle to receive  
Its second race of fathers ! Possibly  
'Twas on the Sabbath Day that Noah left,  
Left not unwillingly, his gopher ark,  
For his first act was worship !

We all admire the little *Mayflower*, when  
She landed on a rough and barren shore,  
Her feeble freight of pale and anxious men  
To colonize a land : but from the ark  
Stepped only eight, and theirs the enterprise,  
To people the wide world ! Noah might well,  
Though glad and thankful feelings filled his breast,  
Feel some forebodings ; and, as Christians now  
Learn all true strength comes from the Source of  
strength,

Noah did well to let his footsteps first  
Touch earth in supplication and in praise !

That was a glorious morn ! The pilgrim fathers  
knelt

In snow, in forest solitudes, in fear ;  
And well it is their children annually  
Should meet upon the memorable spot,  
And celebrate their courage and their faith !

But Noah, when he walked down Ararat,  
Had nought to fear from foes ; his little band  
Were the wide world's sole occupants ! Alas ! alas !  
That after such a warning should descend  
From Noah and his children, sons of pride,  
Who built a Babel, rather than depend  
On God's own plighted word, confirmed so full  
By the oft-coming rainbow !

### December 6.

#### The Sabbath at Mamre.

AND thus the new, the renovated world  
Soon turned again to evil, soon became  
Bad as the first ; but now there interposed  
God's voluntary covenant ; clouds might frown,  
The rainbow told affrighted man, that God  
Will not, by all man's wickedness, be drawn  
To break His pledge ! He will drown earth no more !  
But, seeing man is evil, that his thoughts,  
And acts, and inclinations are corrupt ;  
God beckoned one from out the general mass,  
And made him His own pupil ! From Chaldean Ur  
He comes to Haran ; thence, apart from Lot,  
He passes on to Mamre, chosen home,  
Chosen of God for Abram, friend of God !  
I love to contemplate the patriarch's tents  
In memorable Mamre ; oftener there,  
And more familiar, God came down to talk,  
Holding long conference with His creature man,  
Than even with unfallen man in paradise !  
And when I muse upon the Sabbath there,  
The earth-built altar, and the lamb prepared,  
The patriarch, with the sacrificial knife,  
His Sarah and his son, his household large,  
Prostrate in orient worship, while the prayer,  
The full thanksgiving, and the joyous praise,  
Tempted the seraphim to stay ! I think  
Of what the Lamb of God, in after-days,

Pronounced concerning Abraham, to his sons,  
 Degenerate sons; who saw the Lamb of God,  
 The incarnate Saviour, and blasphemed and killed !  
 "Your father Abraham saw My day," Christ said ;  
 "Rejoicingly he saw it, and was glad !"  
 Thus faith in Mamre was the path to God :  
 Faith in the Sacrifice foreviewed, the Lamb,  
 The one Propitiation for man's sin !

## December 7.

### The Sabbath in the Wilderness.

THE budding promise now begins to bloom !  
 The promise unto Abram, that his seed,  
 Though then a childless man, should soon surpass  
 The stars that powder night's blue firmament,  
 In measure now is realized ! Hear  
 The record given by an unwilling tongue :—  
 How goodly, Jacob, are thy tents !  
 Thy tabernacles, Israel !  
 As trees of aloes by the river-side,  
 As cedars, which the Lord hath planted !  
 Higher than Agag shall be Israel's King,  
 Exalted higher His kingdom ! Blessèd are they  
 Who bless Thee, and cursèd all that curse Thee !  
 Forty years long, with patience wonderful,  
 God led His people in the wilderness,  
 Humbling, proving, educating them !  
 'He fed them with bread from heaven, man did eat  
 Angels' food ! By day, with pillar of cloud,  
 By night, with fiery column guiding them !  
 He gave them Moses His servant, and Aaron  
 His high priest ! He revealed to them His law,  
 And gave the ark of His holy covenant !  
 He spread His fear around them, conquering  
 All their foes ! Peoples were astonished at them  
 Trembling at the mention of their name !  
 Happy is the nation in such a case,  
 Happy are all they whose God is the Lord !'

Survey in thought their desert-sanctuary !  
Their Sabbath-worship in the wilderness !  
No manna then was gathered, the sixth day  
Yielded supply for both. No work was done ;  
No fire was lit throughout the extended camp ;  
None save the altar flame, perpetual kept,  
Fed by sweet incense, and the candlesticks  
With holy oil ! There the mercy-seat,  
The ark, the laver, the anointing oil,  
Exhibited the Saviour and His work !  
And there the Jew, accepted of the Lord,  
Saw Jesus his salvation !

### December 8.

#### The Sabbath at Jerusalem.

OH, who shall tell  
The unrivalled splendour of those Sabbath Days,  
When Mount Moriah sparkled with the glow  
Of that magnificent and sacred house,  
The temple of the Lord ! With earliest dawn  
Began the praise ! The wakening city heard  
The silver trumpet, calling all to prayer ;  
Now teeming multitudes ascend the hill,  
The hill of Zion ! I was glad, they sing,  
I was glad when they said unto me, Come,  
Come to the house of God ; my feet shall stand  
Within thy gates, Jerusalem ! The outer court  
Receives the throng ; the priests already there,  
Prepare the sacrificial lamb, to some  
A slaughter meaningless ; but the enlightened Jew,  
Saw through the type the real Sacrifice !  
Discerned, rejoicing, Israel's coming King,  
The great High Priest, the Prophet long foretold !  
Oh, who shall estimate His dignity,  
Whose mission, majesty, and righteousness,  
These multitudes of priests and services,  
Altars, ablutions, sacrifices, songs,  
All in their aggregate but faintly told !  
Jerusalem the golden ! Oh, how dear,

Her towers, her temple, her surrounding hills,  
 Were to the Jew! May my right hand, he sings,  
 Forget its cunning ere I thee forget,  
 Thou city of the Holy One!

Jerusalem the golden! All our thoughts,  
 Affections, aspirations, and desires,  
 Centre in thee, the New Jerusalem!  
 But Hebron, Zion and those Eastern hills,  
 Are dear to us, dear in their sceneries,  
 Their histories, and as types, acknowledged types,  
 Of that Mount Zion, that Jerusalem,  
 The mother of us all!

### December 9.

#### The Sabbath at Emmaus.

THAT was a Sabbath very notable,  
 The first that followed Calvary's dolorous scene!  
 The temple worship scarce was realized,  
 For the rent veil, disclosing holy things,  
 So filled the priests with fright, they could not yet  
 Arrange the altered ceremonial!  
 Jerusalem was in amaze! The darkened sky,  
 The various horrors, and the risen saints  
 Walking the holy city, made men's hearts  
 Tremble in unrepressed astonishment!  
 The Sanhedrim, in tedious conclave, sat  
 All that long, anxious night, feverishly  
 Pondering, devising, when the tidings came,  
 That be He who He might, the Crucified,  
 Bursting the stone, the seal, the soldier guard,  
 Had left His grave and, living, shewn Himself!

That also was a Sabbath notable,  
 The resurrection morning, which exchanged  
 The seventh day Sabbath for the Lord's own day,  
 The day peculiarly His own, whereon,  
 Altering no law, the Lord's disciples met,  
 And still shall meet, acknowledging in Him,  
 The Sabbath Lawgiver, the Sabbath's Lord!



I love to think upon the rural walk,  
 When the two sad ones went to Emmaus !  
 I love to contemplate the Stranger there,  
 Meeting, reproving, cheering, manifesting !  
 I love to picture that sweet evening meal !  
 The bread, the breaking and the blessing of it ;  
 The giving unto each, the opened eye,  
 The strengthened faith, the vision of the Lord !  
 O glorious Comer to that cottage home,  
 Come to my home, my heart ! Disclose to me  
 Thyself and Thy salvation ! Break to me  
 The bread commemorative, and when I taste  
 The bread, the wine, at the communion feast,  
 Open my eyes, increase my faith, my love,  
 And let me see my Lord !

### December 10.

The Sabbath in the Catacombs.

CITY of many memories !  
 Of many splendid epochs, many falls !  
 Home of the world's great conquerors !  
 Home of the Cæsars ! Home of Antichrist !  
 To thee undaunted Paul fearless proclaimed  
 The greater King, the greater Conqueror !  
 His boundless love, his universal grace !  
 Nor preached in vain ! Imperial Rome,  
 Even in Cæsar's household, converts gave,  
 A goodly army to the Crucified !  
 Then to his work grim persecution rose,  
 Beheading, burning, torturing, until  
 The harassed Christians left the upper air,  
 And sought and found, within the catacombs,  
 A refuge Rome refused ! Strange residence !  
 Strange house of prayer, but not always safe !  
 For sometimes while the anthem rose to heaven,  
 The soldiers of the Cæsar found their way  
 And slaughtered many ! But they could not crush !  
 The martyrs' blood was still prolific seed,

Nurturing new multitudes, until ere long,  
 When Constantine the imperial purple wore,  
 Christendom rose o'er Pagandom, and Rome  
 Proudly assumed the cross!

Oh! when was faith most pure?  
 When was the Sabbath most devoutly kept?  
 When Christians worshipped in cathedral aisles,  
 'Neath gorgeous architecture, with gay clad priests,  
 And burning incense; or when in their caves,  
 In peril and in gloom, descending stealthily  
 Some entrance in the Appian Road, they crawled  
 Down broken steps, led by the voice of praise,  
 To the now thronged cubiculum, and there,  
 Mingling in heartfelt worship, realized  
 Sweet fellowship with Jesus?

## December II.

### The Sabbath in Piedmont.

THUS, cherished by the Roman governors,  
 Her priests, in purple and fine linen clothed,  
 Her worship sumptuous, and her temples rich,  
 Religion, pure and undefiled, woke up,  
 Woke from delirious slumber, and amazed,  
 Scarce knowing if she was herself, resolved  
 To lend no longer her fair name to forms,  
 To countenance no longer Antichrist!  
 So hurrying o'er the hills, she found a home  
 In Piedmont's pleasant valleys! Peaceful there,  
 Escaped from sacerdotal pomp, from vice  
 Arrayed in sacerdotal robes, she dwelt,  
 Diffusing quiet joy! Rome's bishop then,  
 Uncurbed by pure religion, absent now,  
 Might haughtily and wickedly assume  
 To be vicegerent of the King of kings;  
 The universal hierarch of the Church;  
 The guide infallible, to whom all must bow;  
 And, arrogating then the civil sword,  
 And building inquisitions, dens of sin

As well as cruelty, pursue his course,  
 Distinguishing indeed the Antichrist !  
 History, with scarlet blushes, writes the page  
 Of papal Rome's enormities : drunk with blood,  
 Bloated with vice, a stink in Christendom !  
 But God will soon avenge His slaughtered saints,  
 And Antichrist be crushed beneath His car !

Oh, what a blot  
 On the escutcheons of those haughty knights !  
 What stain on the Sabaudian chivalry !  
 Which all the waters of earth's central sea  
 Can never cleanse ! Hark to the rush  
 Of soldiery in Piedmont's Christian vales !  
 Soldiery, urged unwilling to their work,  
 Urged by the Pope, to slaughter aged men,  
 Children, and maidens, mothers and their babes,  
 To slaughter with unheard barbarity,  
 Because their worship on the Sabbath Day  
 Was truthful, simple, pure ! Savoy ! shake off,  
 Now thy proud name is Italy, shake off  
 The incubus which prompted deeds of blood,  
 And, spurning papacy, acknowledge Christ !

## December 12.

The Sabbath in Scotland.

LAND of the moor, the mountain, and the mist !  
 Thy history is exciting, for thy sons  
 Resisted bravely and successfully,  
 Repelling all invaders ! On thy brow  
 The names of Wallace and the Bruce still shine  
 Fresh and refulgent ; and subjection's chain  
 Was never thine ! Uncompelled thou join'dst  
 Hands with thy great neighbour ; giving first  
 Thy king to reign o'er both. Nor did thy sons,  
 Who fought to keep old Scotia free, fight less  
 Unyielding for her children's consciences !  
 Cargill and Peden, Guthrie and Cameron,  
 Always remembered names, while undefiled

And pure religion has her place 'mongst men !  
We may not justify their every act,  
Their every word, but Scotland owes to them  
Religious freedom and her Sabbath rest !  
What were her Sabbaths once ? When down her vales,  
Brave Claverhouse led on his brave dragoons,  
Eager to slay old men, women, and babes,  
Or drag them to the Tolbooth ? Yonder see,  
In that green valley 'mongst the Pentland Hills,  
A group have met to worship ; mark around,  
On the hilltops encircling, shepherd boys  
Recline in thoughtlessness assumed, but keen  
To watch and signal the approach of foes !  
Hark to the song of praise ! Is it low,  
Lest enemies should hear ? No ! clear and strong  
It fills the summer air, defiant, glad,  
Although the song hath oft enticed the sword !  
Now mark the wayworn preacher ! Haggard, weak,  
You scarce can hear his whisper : Let us pray !  
Ere long his voice gains strength, and wrestling now  
He agonizes for his native land,  
His country's persecuted Church, and asks,  
Prophetically confident, her rise,  
God-blessed and prosperous ! But now a shepherd boy  
Signals alarm ! The pastoral blessing breathed,  
The farewell given, the next appointment made,  
They separate, to reach circuitously,  
Their several homes, sad but rejoicing,  
Faint but firm resolved ! Scotland may well  
Cherish the memory of her noble sons,  
Her covenanting sons, who bought with blood,  
The peaceful Sabbaths Scotland now enjoys !

### December 13.

The Sabbath in England.

Is there an hour on earth that seems like heaven ?  
'Tis Sabbath in the glorious summer-tide !  
An English Sabbath in a village home !

Far, far away from cities, far from towns ;  
Far, far from railway stations, or the buzz  
Of full excursion trains, our Sabbaths' shame !  
Oh, how delightful 'tis to wake at morn  
To the glad song of sky-birds, then to hear  
The hamlet belfry ringing joyously  
Free invitation unto all to come !  
To come to Jesus, that their souls be saved !  
To come and leave their burdens at His cross !  
To come to Him in all emergencies,  
Who liberally gives, upbraiding not !  
To me alike indifferent if I praise,  
And pray, and love, in chapel or in church,  
If my Lord meet me there, meeting me  
By one of His accredited ambassadors,  
Dispensing out of what himself receives !  
Oh, these are precious Sabbaths, undisturbed  
By earth's associations ! World ! come not thou,  
Tempting with hollow pleasures ; neither come  
Threatening with pale anxieties ! be all forgot  
In that bright, sunny hour, when, close to God,  
The soul almost escapes terrestrial things,  
And almost enters heaven ! Full of faith,  
And full of hope, and love, and happiness,  
And only turning from her joy to see  
How she can shew her gratitude to God,  
By beckoning others to Him, who not yet,  
Have turned their faces Zionward ! Come, she says,  
As Moses said to Hobab : Come with us,  
For surely we will do thee good !

Sabbaths like these,  
Although on Monday we descend the Mount,  
And mix again with earth, strengthen and heal ;  
Constantly whispering to the soul : Walk thou,  
As one who hath been with Jesus !



## December 14.

## The Missionary's Sabbath.

'TWERE well,  
When worshipping at home in sanctuaries  
Conspicuous for their beauty and their calm,  
Their comfort and repose; when a slight draught,  
A seat uncushioned, or gas-light too near,  
Wake angry murmurs; 'twere well to think  
Of Sabbaths in the wilds of Africa,  
In Madagascar, or those coral isles  
Which gem the bosom of the southern sea!  
There the pale missionary, lonely stands,  
Stammering in dialect scarce yet attained,  
Salvation's story! Like Orpheus' fabled lute,  
It tames the uncouth savage, who exerts  
Vainly his stunted intellect to guess  
Why the white man should come so far to tell  
These wondrous tidings! There the place of prayer  
Is perhaps beneath a tree, on some hillside,  
Or in a rude log cabin! There, unlike  
The peaceful Sabbaths in his English home,  
The missionary works in constant dread,  
Hazarding life for Jesus and for souls!  
Few comforts there, and few encouragements,  
Few sympathies, few consolations, few rewards;  
And yet that pale, worn man would not exchange  
His embassy, to be ambassador  
For king, or czar, or emperor! No, no, no!  
He is ambassador for heaven's great King,  
And his credentials are accredited  
To every lost, and poor, and sin-sick soul!  
This is his errand, and he braves all want,  
All danger, all reproach, that he may win  
Sinners to Jesus! In the last great day,  
When Jesus counts His jewels, who shall tell  
The missionary's joy as he beholds,  
Resplendent in the Saviour's diadem,

The sinners gathered instrumentally,  
Gathered in savage lands, 'mongst barbarous tribes,  
By his long self-denial !

## December 15.

### The Millennial Sabbath.

WHEN Jesus, the great Mediator-King,  
Full satisfied, shall see the travail of His soul ;  
When the large promise, that o'er every land  
The knowledge of the Lord shall, wide and free,  
Flow boundless as the ocean ; when all shall know,  
And all shall love, and all shall willing serve,  
The manifested Saviour ; when, bound in chains,  
The vengeful tempter shall seduce no more ;  
When the bright period of the world's repose  
Shall flush upon its forehead ; when the earth,  
Tired with its children's sin, and worse than tired,  
Shall wake that morning long desired, and hear,  
Circling all lands, the cry : Behold He comes,  
The great Restorer, Healer, Conqueror ;  
He comes with all His risen saints to reign  
On Sion, and in Salem gloriously !  
Who shall conceive, what language shall describe  
The splendour or the bliss earth then shall know ?  
All days will be as Sabbaths ; all be praise !  
Think of a blightless world ; of Sabbath Days  
Unvexed by Sabbath scorners ; think of praise  
Ascending limitless from every tongue,  
Reverberating wide through every land !

'Tis not a baseless prospect ; earth, that day,  
Swept clean from its pollutions, from its sins,  
From all its false ambitions, from its pride,  
Its enmities, vicissitudes, and wants,  
Shall bloom again like Eden ; then, once more,  
Shall peace and innocence the sceptre sway ;  
The sword, the spear, shall be unmeaning words ;  
The lamb, the lion, and the little child,  
Shall sport together with the cockatrice ;

Harvests shall spring spontaneous, and earth's fruits,  
Knowing no canker, shall no limit know !

Bright antepast of heaven ! dawn, quickly dawn !  
The Spirit and the bride say : Come ! and they  
Who hear, say : Come ! and the great Comer, answer-  
ing,  
Says to all : Surely, I come quickly !

### December 16.

The Sabbath in glory.

TIME's chronicle is done !  
All earthly Sabbaths now are at an end,  
And to the spirits of the justified  
Heaven's long eternal Sabbath now unfolds !  
God hath gone up with a shout ! the loud shout  
Of myriads far 'bove our arithmetic,  
Ransomed, and meetened, and now glorified !  
The shout of dire defeat from distant hell,  
Answered by shouts of radiant seraphim,  
Peopling the battlements of heaven, all glad  
To see the King of glory and His bride,  
For whom He stooped, and suffered, died, and rose !  
Throw wide the pearly gates ! Onwards they march,  
Right up the golden streets to the emerald throne ;  
There Jesus, our great Mediator, waits,  
And bows before the Father ! There He claims  
His early bond, given ere the world was made ;  
There introduces to the court of heaven  
His spotless bride, his ransomed Hephzibah !  
And while hosannas 'bove hosannas rise,  
He yields His Mediator crown, assumes  
His ancient seat, and God, one God is all in all !  
Then was high festival in heaven ! Heaven may have  
Many red-letter epochs, none surpass  
The enthroning day of Jesus and His bride,  
One Christ in marriage union ! He  
On His Father's throne, the Church on His,



Encompassed by that other Comforter  
 Proceeding from the Father and the Son !

Oh, do not stay to criticise; seek not to know  
 What yet we cannot know, the work, the character  
 Of heaven's eternal Sabbath; seek ye first  
 The witness of the Spirit, giving thee  
 Thy title-deeds to heaven; and be thou sure,  
 Sabbaths improved on earth will best prepare,  
 For glory's Sabbath, be it what it may !

### December 17.

"Without fault." Rev. xiv. 5.

Not from the palaces of luxury,  
 Not from the gay saloons of dance and song,  
 Not from the bowers of indolence and ease,  
 Not from ambition's courts and battle-fields,  
 God gathers those who in the better land  
 Circle the great white throne, in robes of white,  
 Acknowledged without fault ! Every one  
 Being, like David, born in sin, is born  
 In close alliance with iniquity;  
 And only when felt, sin and helplessness  
 Lead the new wakened soul to solitude,  
 To prayer, to meditation, and to God,  
 Doth God reveal the power of saving faith,  
 The purifying influence of love,  
 And give the promised Comforter to teach,  
 To lead, to cleanse, to sanctify, to save,  
 Those who shall one day join the ranks above,  
 In whom God sees no fault !

Glad gathering !

The first-fruits of salvation perfected;  
 Twelve times twelve thousand when the prophet saw  
 The white-robed company before the throne;  
 But when shall come through tribulation's fires  
 All those who suffered with their Lord below,  
 Who washed their robes in Calvary's purple fount,  
 And rise to mingle in the faultless throng,

They shall become indeed a multitude  
Which none can count !

How sweet and how encouraging to think  
That all these faultless ones so near the throne  
Like us, once sojourned in life's wilderness ;  
Once tasted life's anxieties and pains ;  
Once knew bereavement, sorrow, calumny ;  
Once knew desertion, failing faith and hope,  
And love beclouded !

But these, all these, were God's preparatives,  
His education process to refine,  
And these, all sanctified by God's own grace,  
Became the means of purifying them,  
As they may be of purifying us,  
Fitting us to unite with those who stand  
For ever without fault.

### December 18.

" God is love." 1 JOHN iv. 8.

GRAND, glorious revelation !  
All should appreciate its priceless worth !  
We learn from nature's open page, God is !  
None but the obstinately blind can fail  
To witness in creation's mysteries  
The handiwork of God ! These proclaim,  
In universal, praiseful utterance,  
God is ! These tell His greatness, majesty,  
Purity, and power ! But nature's page  
Discloses nothing of His wondrous love !  
'Tis Holy Scripture tells us, God is love,  
Love in its essence, love diffusing love,  
Love which, foreseeing sin ere sin was born,  
Melted in love towards sinners ! God so loved  
The world He had created that He gave  
His only Son to die vicariously !  
Ample atonement to the uttermost !  
'Tis excellent to realize, God is !  
Delightful more to learn that God is love !

More rapturous still to know that God so loved  
 His sinning children that He gave His Son,  
 Who willingly became the Substitute,  
 To justify and sanctify and save !  
 But oh ! how much more precious, precious most  
 When Jesus Christ is seen and known and felt,  
 The evidence of God's own love to me,  
 To me a sinner individually !

Nature with all her tongues declares the God !  
 The Bible shews His name and nature Love !  
 The Bible tells man's fearful lapse in sin,  
 And then reveals the Saviour, born to save !  
 But only God the Holy Spirit brings  
 Home to each soul the love of Jesus Christ,  
 And seals that love upon the sinner's heart,  
 Awakening love responsive and sincere !

### December 19.

" Every one shall die for his own iniquity." JER. xxxi. 30.

SIN is both corporate and personal !  
 When the first head of all humanity  
 Yielded and fell, he introduced the bane  
 To man, and man's whole nature ; all partake  
 Thenceforward the corrupt original !  
 Stained at the fountain, all are born impure ;  
 And, born impure, transgression grows with growth,  
 Involving each in universal guilt !

Thus in a twofold view God looks at sin ;  
 He sees mankind, at first created good,  
 Plunged in iniquity by one man's fall,  
 But God, the God of love, would not condemn  
 Adam's posterity for Adam's sin !  
 The fathers may have eaten the sour grape,  
 And thus the children's teeth be set on edge,  
 But Eden's promise, then yet in the bud,  
 Blossoms in prophecy, and in full flower  
 Radiates all brightly in Christ's words and work !  
 By one man, Adam's, disobedience, sin

Entering, brought condemnation upon all ;  
 So by the obedience of one greater Man,  
 The Second Adam, the Incarnate Son,  
 The general condemnation is removed ;  
 And thus Christ tasted death for every man !  
 All men are sinners, being born in sin ;  
 But none by Adam's sin are reprobate !

Sin corporate hath caused the general blight,—  
 Only sin personal consigns to woe !  
 Thus infants of all colours and all climes  
 Share in the grand Atonement, and as much  
 Men irresponsible and imbecile  
 Are sheltered in the Saviour ! All in vain  
 You search throughout the Scriptures to find aught  
 Condemning men for sin original !  
 Salvation's gates wide open ever stand  
 To all but wilfully impenitent !  
 Salvation's voice asks, urges, and entreats,  
 Persuading all to enter and be saved,  
 And whosoever will may freely come !  
 Salvation's lamentation over man  
 Is still, Why will ye die ?

### December 20.

“ The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the  
 Lord : but the prayer of the upright is His delight.”  
 PROV. xv. 8.

DEVOTION has two daughters, one, born blind,  
 Continuing blind ; her name is Ignorance !  
 She takes her faith on trust from crafty priests ;  
 Thrills at their threats ; all penances fulfils ;  
 Treasures her beads ; and reckoning one by one,  
 Doles out a prayer monotonous for each !  
 Adoringly she bends to images ;  
 Gazes enraptured on a crucifix ;  
 Worships the image of some sculptured saint ;  
 Submissively believes false miracles  
 Ascribed to relics ; and then proudly claims,

So dutiful a daughter of the Church,  
To be secure, doubly secure, of heaven!

Devotion's other daughter's name is Love!  
She was born blind, some time continuing blind;  
But once one met her in the way and told,  
Delightful tidings! there is One who gives  
Sight to the blind; told her His name, His house,  
And led her to the door, and bade her knock!  
As she approached the door, and raised her hand,  
She heard melodious music from within:  
Come unto Me, ye heavy laden, come!  
Knock, and it shall be opened! Buy,  
Priceless, of Me the milk, the wine, the balm;  
None shall be sent unsatisfied away!  
She heard, and was encouraged; quick she knocked,  
Once, twice, yea, many times, till hope depressed  
Gave up all hope, and sinking, she exclaimed,  
Help, Lord! I perish! Never yet in vain  
Rose that heart-cry to heaven! While unheard  
And unregarded prayers unfelt recoil,  
This prayer of need arrests the ear of God,  
And heaven's full treasury the succour yields!  
Thus learning how to pray, her eye unscaled,  
Her faith invigorated, and her heart renewed,  
Love prays not now by rote, counts not her beads,  
But in necessity, with thankfulness,  
In faith and confidence, she bends the knee,  
And pleading the great Mediator's name,  
She prays assured of answers!

### December 21.

"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and  
between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head,  
and thou shalt bruise his heel." GEN. iii. 15.

### THE promise-prophecy!

The first, the composite, the unfulfilled,  
Daily fulfilling in developed facts,  
And daily yielding new encouragement!

As Adam was the prototype of Christ,  
So Eve was of the Church, of whom the Head  
Emphatically is Christ, the woman's Seed.

When in the garden God disclosed His grace,  
He said,—strange words!—"I will put enmity  
Between the serpent and the woman's Seed;  
The woman's Seed shall bruise the serpent's head,  
And it shall bruise His heel." So it has been;  
So it will ever be unto the end!

This enmity is not alone towards Christ;  
'Tis threefold, constant, and implacable!  
The serpent hates the universal Church,  
Ceaselessly plotting to effect its hurt,  
Injuring out of enmity towards God!  
The serpent hates each individual saint,  
Endeavouring to seduce, entrap, defile,  
These cherished jewels of Immanuel's crown!  
But most of all the serpent hates the Christ,  
His Conqueror on the earliest battle-field,  
When there was war in heaven, and Lucifer  
Was hurled clean o'er its battlements to hell:  
Son of the morning then no more his name,  
But Satan, God's malignant adversary!

History exhibits how the serpent hates,  
Bruising the heel of Jesus and His Church;  
While every saint's experience manifests  
How much he hates, and ought to hate, this foe!  
This hatred is the Church's crucible,  
The furnace where God purifies His saints;  
But God, who put the enmity, observes,  
Restrains, and overrules, the serpent's wiles;  
And Christ, the woman's Seed, will in due time  
Bruise with a deadly bruise the serpent's head.



## December 22.

"If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this Book."  
Rev. xxii. 18.

I WAS one of the jury  
When England's Lord Chief Justice once reproved  
A boisterous counsel with the gentle words :  
Brother, that is not in the record !

So would I reply  
When bold free-thinking men enunciate  
Crude speculations on mysterious things :  
Brother, that is not in the record !

It is the Christian's joy and privilege  
To find in God's own Book all saving truth,  
And all that Book reveals the Christian owns,  
Though science, logic, prejudice deny.

When learned sceptics publish theories  
Of pre-adamic periods manifold,  
Establishing from strata, fossils, shells,  
The world without beginning, without end,  
I only ask them : Saith the record so ?

When men, all overfilled with charity,  
Assert that everlasting punishment  
Is only rhetoric, and not in harmony  
With God, His character and attributes ;  
And when, advancing further, some assert  
Annihilation is the sinner's death ;  
And some that restoration all complete  
Of sinners even in hell, and devils too,  
Will one day crown the Lord's redemptive work ;  
That sin put quite away will perfectly  
Restore a fallen world to innocence,  
And lift our whole humanity to heaven,  
I ask again : What doth the record say ?

Who would desire to crush hope's pleasant dreams ?  
But let them stand as what alone they are,  
Not revelations of God's mind and will,  
But fond embodiments of carnal thoughts !  
The Bible is God's record, and is ours !

The Bible tells us nothing about these !  
 The Bible tells when earth's beginning was,  
 Much of its long career and final doom !  
 The Bible tells us of the joys of heaven,  
 Secured to all in Christ ! The Bible tells  
 Of hell and horrors for the impenitent !  
 And what the Bible tells the saint believes,  
 Accepting nothing that opposes it.

### December 23.

"Fight the good fight of faith." 1 TIM. vi. 12.

SOLDIERS ! said Hannibal,  
 When from the summit of the snow-crowned Alps  
 They first discerned the plains of Italy,  
 Her golden orange groves, her vine-clad hills,  
 Lakes bathed in sunlight, valleys rich with corn,  
 And countless cities : Soldiers, said Hannibal,  
 See what ye fight for ! on to victory !  
 Christians ! exclaims the soldier of the cross,  
 The ambassador of Heaven, see what ye fight for !  
 No doubtful prize ; no victory half gained,  
 To lose at Capua ; no perishable wealth ;  
 No groves or hills or valleys bright to-day,  
 To-morrow blighted or perhaps destroyed  
 By the volcano's pestilential fire !  
 Christians ! ye fight to win a different prize !  
 Ye fight with other foes than Roman swords !  
 Behold your enemies : your bosom-sins,  
 Your heart-corruptions, fanned to greater strength  
 By that arch-foe who spoiled humanity,  
 Hating our race because he hated God !  
 But, full of love and of compassion full,  
 God would not yield His children to His foe ;  
 And though the price of pardon was the blood,  
 The precious blood, of God's co-equal Son,  
 He gave the gift unspeakable ; and now,  
 By His own Spirit, by His holy word,  
 And by His own sent ministers, He calls



Men stained with sin to accept the antidote ;  
Men guilty, helpless, paralysed, and lost,  
To come to Calvary's fountain and be cleansed ;  
To Calvary's cross, and there to enlist for fight :  
To fight the devil, his allies to fight,  
The world, the flesh, temptation, pleasure, pain,  
And fight all confident of victory !  
All confident, because sufficient strength  
The Source of strength waits ready to bestow.  
What do ye fight for ? Not a blighted world,  
A dying life, a laurel soon to fade ;  
No, but eternity's perpetual crown ;  
A heaven where immortality endures,  
And where, encompassed with the smile of God,  
Ye shall for ever and for ever praise !

### December 24.

" And Elkanah went to Ramah to his house."  
1 SAM. ii. 11.

WERE I an artist,  
My pencil should a pleasant homestead sketch,  
A farm amongst the pretty Syrian hills,  
Where the sun brightly shines ; where the vines,  
Climbing the fragrant slopes of Ramah, bear  
Luxuriant grapes ; where the olives yield  
Perfume and oil ; and where the cedars stand,  
Umbrageous, lofty, on the mountain's brow,  
Watching like giant sentinels the fields  
Yellow with harvests ! 'Tis Elkanah's home ;  
Where at the porch, now by honeysuckle  
And wild roses almost hid, Hannah sits,  
No longer sad, dreading no more the sneer  
Of the unkind Peninnah, envying not now  
Her sons and daughters, for at Hannah's knee,  
Fondling in love, the consecrated boy,  
The prayed-for child at Shiloh, looks and smiles,  
Asking the kiss as readily bestowed !  
Hannah is busy ; she is making now

A linen ephod for her dark-haired boy,  
The infant Levite, given before his birth  
To Tabernacle service, and the day  
Draws near for him to enter his career.  
Delightful task! the work itself suggests  
The lesson, and fond Hannah fluently  
Tells little Samuel of her former grief,  
Her answered prayer, and God-accepted vow!  
Then filling his young mind with thoughts of God,  
The God that doeth wonders, she would point  
To Egypt and the wilderness, telling him  
The earlier history of the chosen tribes,  
And of the promised Saviour, typified  
Both in His mission and His character  
By Tabernacle service, his employ.

Think ye the future prophet e'er forgot  
The lessons taught at Ramah, at the porch,  
When at his mother's knee, loving and loved,  
He listened to a mother's tenderness,  
And felt the sunshine of a mother's smile?

## December 25.

### Christmas.

My soul! this is the celebration day  
Of thy loved Lord's nativity! Stretch the wing,  
Imagination's strongest wing, and soar  
Over earth's continents, and climb the scroll  
Of drawn-up ages, till before thine eye  
Is Bethlehem's manger, and therein the view  
Of heaven's high majesty in swaddling clothes!  
What dost thou see? Only a feeble babe  
Reposing on its mother's arm, while one,  
An aged man, whom the world calls its sire,  
Stands pondering reverently! Now the rude door  
Opening, gives entrance to a rustic throng;  
And now a venerable train, with gifts,  
Pays adoration! Canst thou believe, my soul,  
That Child is tenanted by Him whose voice

Spake this green world to life, and striking then  
 A spark of His own glory to yon orb,  
 Commissioned it to illuminate His work!  
 What is His errand? Oh, the men He made  
 Inhabitants of this His pleasant world,  
 Rebelled, enlisting 'neath a vanquished foe!  
 Thus the worst thunders of a broken law  
 To their own brows inviting! Canst thou believe,  
 He comes, this mighty One, by love inspired,  
 Comes to sustain Himself the punishment,  
 By His own death to ransom, by a life,  
 Squared to the law's requirements, justifying,  
 And at last, by bursting bands too strong  
 For all but Him, to shew this stiff-necked race  
 He was indeed the God, and could fulfil  
 All which His word hath promised!

Go, my soul,

Go muse beneath thy fig tree, the vast love  
 Of God to fallen man!

### December 26.

“Take ye heed, watch and pray.” MARK xiii. 33.

AND is it possible to pray too much?  
 To rest too much on prayer? Yea, verily,  
 When prayer displaces duty! Prayer is faith,  
 And faith in prayer may well be exercised  
 When hand and head are occupied in work!  
 The man who, indolent, forsakes his work,  
 Praying in slothfulness and apathy  
 For God to do what his own hands might do,  
 Will find such prayer unanswered, unapproved!

When Hur and Aaron held up Moses' hands,  
 Performing thus their part towards victory,  
 They worked the work of love and trustfulness,  
 While prayer breathed from their hearts; but had they  
 said:

Let us withdraw awhile! God can sustain!  
 Let us in quietude in yonder vale

Hold a fraternal prayer-meeting! asking God,  
 Who can do all things—honouring thus our faith—  
 To strengthen and restore the prophet's might,  
 To give new muscles and new energy  
 That Moses may unaided lift his arms!  
 Would such a prayer have been acceptable?  
 Prayer never hinders, never interferes  
 With life's employ, or nature's sympathies!  
 The prayer the Lord invites is frequently  
 Embodied in a sentence or a sigh!  
 Prayer periodical and stereotyped,  
 Cold, formal, and unfelt, may push aside  
 Life's several claims and kindred's just demands;  
 But prayer, true prayer, asks never to escape  
 Whate'er may be our duty or our cross!  
 Prayer asks for strength, for wisdom, and for love,  
 To endure, sustain, fulfil what God appoints,  
 And asking, realizes personally  
 Fulfilment of the precious promise given:  
 My grace shall be sufficient e'en for thee!

### December 27.

"Goodwill toward men." LUKE ii. 14.

WHEN travellers search  
 'Mongst ruined cities of remoter times,—  
 Nineveh, Thebes, Delhi, Athens, Rome,—  
 They find remains of palaces and towers,  
 Of temples, forums, amphitheatres,  
 Of statues, mausoleums, baths, and shrines,  
 Of all that ministered to pride or power,  
 To luxury and vice and cruelty,  
 But not one building to benevolence!  
 'Twas Thine, Immanuel, Thine to introduce  
 Compassion to our nature, hard till then;  
 And Christianity where'er she comes,  
 Melting the heart, sows in that softened soil  
 The seeds of mercy towards the sick, the poor,  
 The wounded, helpless, fallen, and bereaved!

Where was the first infirmary? On the road  
 Between Jerusalem and Jericho,  
 Where the faint, wounded, waylaid traveller,  
 Sheltered and nursed, regained departing life,  
 And where the good Samaritan subscribed  
 The first-recorded donative to aid  
 Suffering humanity in its hour of need!

Where the first poor-house, where the indigent  
 Were fed and filled without a recompense?  
 On the green grass around Gennesareth,  
 Where Jesus with two fishes and five loaves  
 Feasted five thousand, leaving much to spare!

Where was the earliest refuge for the fallen?  
 The banquet-room at Bethany, where Christ  
 Pardon and peace and consolation gave  
 To the poor Magdalen, repentant then!

Thus Jesus to His gospel gave the seal  
 Of sympathy, forgiveness, kindness, love,  
 And thus, as Christ's disciples follow Him,  
 They manifest His Spirit, lavishly,  
 Up to their means, sometimes beyond their means,  
 Proving their love by liberality!

### December 28.

"Faith which worketh by love." GAL. v. 6.

WHAT is faith?

Trust in the Unseen, Incomprehensible!  
 But true and saving faith is God's own gift,  
 Implanted by God's Spirit in man's heart,  
 The heart where love, in longing attitude,  
 Is waiting to receive and prize and use!

What is faith?

Faith is the soul's response to Jesus Christ,  
 "Dost thou believe upon the Son of God?"  
 Inquiring faith receives the Lord's reply,  
 The Lord's instruction, and the Lord's command,  
 Accepting the encouragements vouchsafed!  
 Faith grasps the gospel promises, and pleads,

Always successful, at the mercy-seat  
The name and love of God !

What is faith ?

Faith is the evidence of things not seen !  
Faith lives and thrives and trusts e'en in the dark !  
But faith with never-lessening earnestness  
Prays, longs, entreats, strives, wrestles, supplicates :—  
“ Enlighten, Lord, my darkness ! ”.

What is faith ?

Faith is the substance of things hopèd for !  
Faith is no fiction, fancy, or conceit ;  
No mental picture ; no ideal thought ;  
No superstition built on sentiment !  
Faith is reality ; faith, loving faith,  
When faith is in full, healthful exercise,  
Treads on impossibilities, and laughs  
At doubt, distrust, despair !

What is faith ?

Faith is the empty hand stretched to receive,  
The waiting heart soliciting the grace,  
The longing soul seeking fresh views of Christ ;  
Faith is the anchor fixed within the vail ;  
Faith is the telescope discovering heaven ;  
Faith is the magnet drawing and yet drawn ;  
Faith is the lever lifting souls to God !  
And when, its work accomplished, faith shall die,  
Faith, phoenix-like, shall from its ashes rise  
To the new life of sight !

### December 29.

“ The Lord hath done it.” ISA. xliv. 23.

How joyously sometimes  
The harp of prophecy exulting bursts  
In glad hosannas for some wondrous act  
Yet unaccomplished, but beheld as done !

Eden first

The world's great promise of redemption heard,  
Sin's antidote prepared ere Satan shed

Sin's mildew on creation, and infused  
 Rebellion into man! Ages saw  
 In sacrifice, in type, in services,  
 The promised Saviour and His saving work!  
 Ages watched and waited wishfully,  
 And after much long looking, ages asked,  
 Where is the promise of His coming?  
 The world grew grey in waiting! Patriarchs  
 Talked to their children of this certain hope;  
 Young maidens sang in hopeful minstrelsy  
 The coming Child, the coming Saviour; kings  
 Built temples full of grandeur, full of priests;  
 Prophets warned, prayed, entreated, publishing,  
 The near approach of the Expected One,  
 Israel's Messiah; until at last one climbed,  
 Higher than other seers, the sacred hill,  
 And with an eye faith-strengthened saw so clear  
 The Incarnate Saviour and His enterprise,  
 His birth, His life, His sufferings, and His death,  
 His finished work, and His triumphal crown,  
 His victory and ascension—saw so clear  
 The Man of sorrows in Gethsemane,  
 On Tabor, Olivet, and Calvary—  
 Saw so clear the renovated world,  
 The earth restored, the long millennial reign,  
 And Eden's tempter vanquished and in bonds,  
 That rapturously he sang with loudest note,  
 In strains like history more than prophecy:—  
 The Lord, the Lord, hath done it!

### December 30.

"Is Christ divided?" 1 Cor. i. 13.

THE Athenians banished Phidias because  
 Upon the sculptured statue of their god  
 He carved his name, wishing, they said, to share  
 The homage only to Apollo due!

We seek not to determine if in this  
 Athenians acted rightly, but we know

That all who worship Jesus Christ the Lord  
 Must yield to Him all honour and all praise !  
 Christ, as an all-sufficient Saviour, claims  
 All adoration, confidence, and love !  
 He trod the winepress of God's wrath alone,  
 None aided, none could aid Him in the work !  
 None else could bear the accumulated weight,  
 The aggregate of penalties for sin !  
 None but the incarnate God, who left His throne,  
 Shrouding the Deity in human form,  
 That thus He might be fitted to atone,  
 To suffer and to die to save mankind !  
 Who then shall share the glory with the Lord,  
 The all-triumphant and ascended Christ ?  
 None would desire it who have known His grace,  
 None who have found the fulness of His love,  
 The extent of His accomplished enterprise !  
 As God, He needed no coadjutor !  
 As Man, there were none able to assist !  
 As the God-Man, He is the only One !  
 And never will there be another Christ !  
 His work unaided, indivisible,  
 Shall ever be His glory ! None are saved  
 Partly by Christ and partly by themselves !  
 Salvation's universal anthem gives  
 To Jesus Christ the undivided praise,  
 The unlimited hosanna !

### December 31.

"Thy years are throughout all generations." Ps. cii. 24.

SOLE Dweller in Thine own unfathomed now,  
 With whom, as touching Thy great self, hours, days,  
 Weeks, months, and years, all meaning lose !  
 We, sojourners in time, would bring to Thee  
 Our homage, our thank-offerings and our love !  
 All-wise, All-mighty, and All-merciful !  
 Creator and Upholder, Saviour, Guide !  
 Walk with us now, and take us by the hand



As we climb up the tombs of buried years  
And retrospectively survey the path,  
The trodden path, of our life's pilgrimage !

Thine eye beheld us in our infancy,  
Childhood, and youth, while yet we knew not Thee ;  
Preserved in Jesus Christ, while yet uncalled ;  
Called by the Gospel's general call in vain ;  
But when the effectual call was personal,  
Follow *thou* me ! our words, our thoughts, our hopes,  
All our affections, a new bias gained,  
And God and heaven our high ambitions filled !

Fountain of life ! from whom when dead in sin,  
Frozen in cold indifference, our souls  
Received a rill of warm and quickening power !  
Fountain of light ! who on our darkness shone,  
And gave to our benighted souls a ray  
Developing our peril not alone,  
But leading with a mild, unwavering beam,  
To safety's only outlet, pointing there  
To the suspended Saviour on the cross !  
Fountain of love ! exhibiting the height,  
The depth, the breadth, the length, of love Divine :  
Love which embraces in its sheltering arms  
Aliens and rebels, and whose melting warmth  
Transforms them into friends, yea, sons and heirs,  
Heirs of the heritage of endless life,  
Of fadeless glory, and of perfect joy !  
Fountain of blessedness ! giving sometimes  
Even to this blighted world a glimpse of heaven !  
O God most wonderful ! Fountain of life,  
Fountain of light, of love, of blessedness !  
We bring our glad oblations unto Thee  
For all Thou hast done for us ! and closing up  
A year of blessings, pray for blessings still,  
Blessings for each new year, till time with us  
Shall land us in that home where blessings flow  
Boundless as God Himself !

FINIS.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,  
**TENDRILS, IN VERSE.**  
THIRD EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

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Butler & Tanner, The Selwood Printing Works, Frome, and London.





the 1990s, the incidence of *S. flexneri* has increased in the United Kingdom [10]. In the United States, *S. flexneri* has been reported as the most common serotype in children with acute bacterial dysentery [11].

There is a paucity of data on the epidemiology of *S. flexneri* in the United Kingdom. In the 1980s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype from patients with acute bacterial dysentery in the United Kingdom [12]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype from patients with acute bacterial dysentery in the United Kingdom [13]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype from patients with acute bacterial dysentery in the United Kingdom [13].

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